

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1920

THE THIRD WINDOW

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

'I LOVE this window,' said Antonia, walking down the drawing-room; 'and this one. They both look over the moors, you see. This view is even lovelier.' She stopped at the end of the long room, and the young man with the pale face and the limping step followed and looked out of the third window with her. 'But — I don't know why — I hate it. I wish it were n't here.'

Captain Saltonhall looked out and said nothing.

'I wonder if you see what I mean,' said Antonia.

'No; I don't. I like it.'

The young man spoke gently and with something of a drawl, unimpressed, apparently, by her antipathy, and putting up the back of a placid forefinger to stroke along the edge of his moustache.

'One gets the hills, peaceful and silvery; one gets the walled garden and the cedar,' she enumerated. 'The little pond with its fountain is as serene as a happy dream. It's all like a happy dream. Yet — I wish there were n't this window here.'

'You could wall it up if you don't like it,' Captain Saltonhall suggested, his eyes, as he stood behind her, turn-

ing from the walled garden beneath to fix themselves with a rather sad attentiveness upon the head of the young woman. Her dark hair was near him, and the curve of her cheek; he thought that he felt against his the warmth of her shoulder in its thin black dress.

She looked out, motionless, for a little while; then, turning suddenly, as if with impatience of her thoughts, found him so near, and his eyes on hers. She, too, was pale and tall; but all in her was soft, splendid, and almost opulent, while he was sharp-edged and wasted. He looked much the older, although they were of the same age; both, indeed, were very young.

He did not move away as she faced him, nor did his look alter. Sad and attentive, it merely remained attached upon her; and if he felt any nervousness, it showed itself only in the slight gesture of his forefinger passing meditatively along the edge of his moustache.

It was she who spoke.

'Well, Bevis?' she said gravely. Her look asked, 'Have you anything to tell me?'

'Well, Tony,' he returned. He had, apparently, nothing to say.

She studied him for a moment longer,

and then, with an added impatience, — if anything so soft could so be called, — walking away to an easy chair before the fire, she said, 'You think me very silly, I suppose.'

'Silly? Why?'

'Because of the window — my hating it.'

He came and leaned on the back of her chair, looking across her head up at the mantelpiece where a row of white fritillaries stood in tall crystal glasses, their reflections showing as if through a film of sea-water in the ancient mirror behind them. There had been white fritillaries among the flagged paths of the walled garden, and, finding them again, he recognized that they had been the only things he had felt uncanny there; for he had always felt them wraith-like flowers.

'I think you'd better wall it up, quite seriously, if you really hate it'; he repeated his former suggestion. 'It would rather spoil the room. But I would n't, if I were you, live with a discomfort like that — if it's really a discomfort.'

The young woman beneath him laughed, a little sadly, if lightly. 'How you suspect me.'

'Of what, pray?'

'Oh, of unconscious humbug; of unconscious posing; of induced emotions generally. It's always been the same.'

'I rather like induced emotions in you,' said Captain Saltonhall. 'They suit you. They are like the color of a pomegranate or the taste of a mulberry or the smell of a branch of flowering hawthorne; something rich, thick, and pleasingly oppressive.'

'Thanks. I don't take it as a compliment.'

'I don't mean it as one. I merely said I liked it in you; and if I do, it's only because I'm in love with you.'

He lowered his eyes now from the fritillaries, to watch the very faint color that rose, very slowly, in her cheek. It

could hardly be called a response. It was merely an awareness. And after a moment she said, still with her soft impatience, 'Do come and sit where I can see you. It's bad for your leg to stand too long, I'm sure.'

He obeyed her, limping to a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, laying his hands on either arm as he lowered himself with some little awkwardness. He was not yet accustomed to the complicated mechanical apparatus, the artificial leg, which, always, he felt hang so heavily about his thigh. Antonia Wellwood's dark eyes watched him, with solicitude, it seemed, rather than tenderness; though indeed their very shape — the outer corners drooping, a line of white showing under the full iris — expressed so much melancholy sweetness that their most casual glance seemed to convey tenderness. The young people sat then for a little while in silence. Though the spring day was sunny, it was sharp. On a bed of ashes the log-fire burned softly and clearly. The silvery light of the high, northern sky shone along the polished floor.

The room was on the first floor, and, modern, like the house, imaged carefully — but not too carefully for ease — eighteenth-century austerities and graces. The walls were paneled in white; the chintzes were striped in white and citron-color. In spite of bowls of flowers, books and magazines, a half-knit sock here, its needles transfixing the ball of heather-colored wool, and the embroidery there with tangled skeins, it was an impersonal room, an object calmly and confidently awaiting appraisal rather than a long-memoried presence, making beauty forgotten in significance.

It was not a room expressive of the young woman sunken in the deep chair. Appointed elaborately as she was, in her dense or transparent blacks, her crossed feet in their narrow buckled

shoes stretched before her, her hands lying along the white-and-citron chintz, she was neither disciplined nor austere. Brooding, melancholy, restless, and with a latent exasperation, her eyes dwelt on the flames, and her wide, small lips puckered themselves at moments as if with the bitterness of unshed tears.

She did not move for a long time, nor did the young man who, his elbows propped, rested his chin on the backs of interlaced hands and surveyed her over them. He noted her, as he had done for many months now; just as, for months before that, he had, in France, dreamed over her; not her mystery, her clouded, drifting quality; he had perhaps got round that or perhaps given it up — sometimes he did not himself know which; but the pictorial incidents of her appearance: the black velvet bow in the gauze upon her breast; the heavy pins of tortoise-shell that held up her great tresses; the odd, dusky mark on her eyelid that looked like the frecking of a lovely, else unblemished fruit; her pale cheek; her child-like forehead; her hand, beautiful and indolent, with its wedding-ring. He dwelt on all these appearances with a still absorption, and whether with more delight or irony he could not have told; but it was an irony at his own expense, not at hers; for he had always been a young man aloof from appearances, tolerant yet contemptuous of their appeal, and he knew that they absorbed him now because he was in love with her, and he sometimes even wondered if he was in love with her because of them.

He did not, however, wonder much. Before the war he would have computed, analyzed, perhaps done away with his passion, with the fretting of over-acute thought. That sort of vitality, the analytic, destructive sort, had been, he imagined, bled, beaten, and cut out of him. He was now a wraith, a wreck of his former self, fit only for

contemplation and acceptance. She was enough for him now, just as she was: ignorant, for all her accomplishment; indolent and self-absorbed; and she could more than satisfy him. The old acuteness remained, but it no longer tormented. He was aware of everything, and all he asked was to possess it all. That, however, did n't mean that he pretended anything. If he had no illusions and asked for none, he did not let her think he had them.

'When did you begin to know you were in love with me?' she said at last; and now, in spite of the tearful pucker in her lips and liquid fullness of her eyes, he knew that the theme was the one to which she had intended to bring him. But it had not been deviously; for all her shifting shadows and eddies, she was one of the straightest creatures he had ever known. Perhaps, after all, it was that quality in her, rather than the appearances, that accounted for his state.

'How long since I've loved you? Oh — since before Malcolm's death, I'm afraid.'

It was what she had feared; he saw that, and that it hurt her. Yet it pleased her, too.

'I never guessed,' she said.

He laughed. 'Rather not! How could you have guessed?'

'Women do — these things.'

'Perhaps you are less clever than other women, then, or I more clever than other men.'

'I don't think I'm less clever than other women,' said Antonia, and a smile just touched her lips; another evidence of that straightness in her. She was willing to smile, even though smiling might be misunderstood. Yes, more than anything, perhaps, it was her genuineness he cherished.

'You're cleverer than most,' he assured her. 'Far. But I'm cleverer than most men.'

'We are a wonderful pair!' she exclaimed.

And he agreed: 'We are, indeed.'

'And why was it?' she went on, more happily now; for — another precious point, and it seemed more than anything else to pair them — they were happy with each other. Apart from her woman's craving to feel her power over him, apart from his definitely amorous condition, they were comrades, and it crossed his mind, oddly, at the moment of thinking it, that this could not have been said of Antonia and Malcolm. Their relation had been that, specially, of man and woman, lover and beloved. He doubted, really, whether Antonia would have cared much about Malcolm had he not been a man and a lover. Whereas, had he himself been another woman, Antonia, he felt sure, would have made a friend of him.

These reflections took him far from her question, and before the vague musing of his look she repeated it in an altered form. 'Why did you begin — after having known me so long without?'

'Ah, that I can't tell. Perhaps it did n't begin. Perhaps it was always there. I knew it for the first time when I was ordered to France; that day I came to say good-bye to you and Malcolm in London — before he went.'

The name of her dead husband brought the cloud about her again. 'Oh, yes,' she murmured. 'I remember that day. I was horribly frightened over the war. I had a presentiment. I knew he was going to volunteer.'

'It could hardly have been a presentiment. He evidently would.'

She showed no resentment for his clipping of her dark pinions. It was as if she still hovered on them as she said, 'Of course. I mean presentiment of what came after that — what had to come. Don't you believe in Fate, Bevis? Perhaps it was that you felt in me. You had never seen me suffering before.'

'Perhaps,' said the young man, skeptically if kindly. 'However, I don't want to talk about it,' he added. 'That is, unless you do, very much.'

She looked up at him, still unresentful, but now a little ironic, though irony was not her note. 'You are an odd lover, Bevis.'

'Am I?'

'You don't like declaring your love.'

'I have declared it.'

'You don't like talking about it.'

'Why should I? Unless you'll talk about yours, too. What you mean, I suppose, is that you miss pleading and passion in me and would like to see them displayed. I quite understand that in you. Perhaps it's what's needed to bring you round. But I'm not that sort of person. I could n't do it naturally. I think, though you miss it in me, you'd not really find it natural, either. We're too clever, too civilized, I suppose.'

'I suppose we are,' she conceded, though a little wistfully. 'I don't exactly miss it. I know it's there. It's merely that I'd like you to talk about it, even if you don't display it.'

'I'm glad you recognize that it's there,' said the young man.

'Shall I tell you what I really feel about the window?' Antonia now asked.

Her back was to it as she sat, and its great cedar, cutting against the pale-blue sky, made a distant background to her head. Like a Renaissance portrait, sombre, serene, splendid in tone, the picture she made was before him: an allegorical figure of poetry, youth, or melancholy, with its dwelling eyes and spacings dark and pale. He was often to see her afterwards as she then looked across at him.

'We never lived here, you know, Malcolm and I,' she said, 'though Malcolm, of course, spent his life here until we married. But we visited his mother,

often, and I never thought about the window then. It was only after Malcolm's death, and hers, when I stayed here alone for the first time a year ago — alone except for Cicely.'

'Miss Latimer has always lived here, has n't she?' Captain Saltonhall inquired.

'Yes. But she is so much a part of it that it was like being alone. I used to walk up and down here and look out. Just a year ago it was; spring, like this. And, as I walked, I found that while I loved looking out of the front windows, I shrank, I could n't tell why, from looking out of the third, the end one.' Antonia turned herself still farther in her chair, leaning both elbows on the wide arm. 'I shrank from it, yet it drew me, too. And when I yielded, and looked, I felt frightened. And one day it came over me, as I looked out, that what I feared was that I should see Malcolm standing there, beside the fountain.'

Her voice had dropped. Her eyes dwelt on him, full of their genuine distress.

'Ah, I see.' Captain Saltonhall nodded. 'That was very natural, I think.'

'Why natural?'

'He had died so shortly before. Your thoughts were full of him. The place is full of him — with all the years he lived here.'

She listened to his alleviations, finding them, apparently, irrelevant.

'But why the third window? Why only that one? Why not the others? He is more on the moors than in the flagged garden.'

'A flagged garden, with a fountain and a cedar tree, is obviously a more suitable place for a ghost than the moors would be.'

'You do believe in ghosts and apparitions, then?'

'I don't know whether I believe in them or not. There may be appear-

ances we can't account for. There's a good deal of evidence for them. But I don't believe they embody any consciousness. It's far more likely, from what I've read, that they are a kind of photograph of some past emotion.'

'But, Bevis, would n't it frighten you dreadfully to see one, whatever it was?'

'Perhaps. Yes. It might be very nasty,' he agreed.

'Yet if I could be sure that it embodied consciousness, as you say, it might frighten me, but it would mean such rapture, too. I should know, then, that Malcolm had survived death and still thought of me.'

'Yes. I see,' Captain Saltonhall murmured, rather awkwardly. 'Yes. Of course. That would be a great comfort to you.'

'Comfort hardly expresses it, Bevis.'

Silence fell between them for a little while, and when the young man next spoke it was still with the slight awkwardness. 'But then, if that's what you need, you ought to like the third window and the chance you feel it gives you.'

She heaved a weary, exasperated sigh, stretching out in her chair, stretching up her arms, letting them fall again along her sides, while, sunken, extended, she seemed to abandon to him the avowal of her own perplexity and extravagance. 'I don't know what I want. I don't know what I fear. I don't know anything,' she said.

II

A step came outside at this point and, the door opening, there entered a woman, older than the other two, though still not old, with a bleached face and bleached wisps of hair, a straight, old-fashioned little fringe showing under her hat.

She paused at once on the threshold. 'Am I interrupting?' she asked. Her

voice was curiously high; not sharp or shrill, but high and reedy, like a child's.

'No. Not a bit. Of course not. Come in, Cicely,' said Antonia sadly.

She did not turn her eyes on the newcomer; but Captain Saltonhall did so, watching her as she crossed the room with her basket of spring flowers. She was dressed in weather-beaten mourning, with a knitted black silk scarf thrown back from her open jacket. The basket she carried was full of primroses and windflowers, and, setting it down on a distant table, she began to fill the bowls and vases that she had evidently placed there in readiness.

Her entry and her presence, which might be prolonged, were, he felt, very inopportune; yet Antonia showed no impatience of the interruption. Perhaps, indeed, Miss Latimer's presence was a relief to her, since she had really no answer to give to his rather arid and even provocative logic. It had been a little vicious of him to put it to her like that; but there was, he recognized, an instinct in him to show her that her perplexities were irrelevant and even absurd, rather than to argue with them.

She remained silent and sunken in her chair, slowly twisting her wedding-ring round and round her finger, and it must have been apparent to Miss Latimer that she had interrupted a conversation. He felt this to be a little unfortunate; why, he could not quite have said.

Miss Latimer, whom he had seen for the first time at dinner the night before, after his late arrival, had not endeared herself to him. He had not liked her stillness, or her whiteness, or her sudden piping voice. She was effaced, but not insignificant, and had an air, for all her silence, of taking everything in. Her small face, peaked and pinched rather than delicate, would have been childish, like her voice, were it not for her eyes. He reflected now, watching her move quietly among her flowers,

that it was really because of her eyes he had not liked her. They were so unchildish; so large; so bright; so pale; and her broad eyebrows, darker in tint than her faded hair, gave them an almost startling emphasis. Her face seemed barred across by those eyebrows, and beneath them her eyes were like captives looking out.

The flowers at last were finished and placed, beautifully placed, beautifully arranged, the primroses in shallow white earthenware, the windflowers in glasses that showed their thin rosy stems; and when Cicely Latimer went at last, closing the door softly behind her, he felt himself draw a long breath of relief.

'That's a singular little person,' he remarked.

Antonia, it was evident, was not thinking of Cicely Latimer. Her eyes came back to him from far distances. Or were they far, those distances? Was it in shallows or in depths that her mind had lain dreaming?

'Is she a cousin, did you tell me?' he asked.

'Cicely?' She recovered his comment as well as his question and answered that first. 'She's a great dear, and not singular at all. Yes — a cousin — Malcolm's first cousin. A niece of old Mrs. Wellwood's.'

'And she's always lived here?'

'Almost always. Mr. and Mrs. Wellwood built the house, you know, when they were first married, and Cicely came to them here as a child. She had been left an orphan.'

'How old is she, then?'

'Oh, she must be quite old now,' Antonia in her secure youth computed. 'She was older, a good deal, than Malcolm; nearly forty, perhaps.'

'She's still in mourning, I see.'

'Yes. So am I,' said Antonia, not resentfully, but with an added sadness. 'It's not yet two years, Bevis. And

hardly more than a year since Mrs. Wellwood's death.'

'It's a matter of feeling, naturally. One does n't expect a cousin to wear mourning as long as a widow. But they were like brother and sister, I suppose.'

'Absolutely. Malcolm went to her with everything. He told her all about me when he first fell in love, and she helped him in it all.'

'Will she go on living with you here?'

'Go on? Cicely? Of course she will. I can't think of this place without her. I think it would kill her if she were to be taken from it. Mrs. Wellwood spoke to me about it before she died. It's like a sacred trust. She has a little money. It's not that. But she's as much a part of it as the trees and hills. She came to me at once, all the same, after everything happened, and said she would perfectly understand if I would rather start anew, quite by myself. There was n't a quaver or an appeal. She was, I saw, quite ready. She is the sort of person who is ready for anything. I told her that as long as she lived it was her home. I took her in my arms, and, in a sense, she's been there ever since. Though, in another sense, perhaps the deeper, it's I who am in hers. She takes such wonderful, such devoted care of me.'

'I see' — Captain Saltonhall was feeling for his cigarette-case. 'It's lucky you are so much attached to each other. — Do you mind? Will you have one?'

'Please.'

He was preparing to hoist himself out of his chair with the cigarette-case and match-box, but she sprang up and came to him.

'You can't give yourself these luxuries of convention,' she smiled, rather as if at an unruly patient. 'You must let me wait on you, rather. At all events till you get more used to it. Dear old Bevis. You're so brave that one forgets all about it.'

She leaned over him while he gave

her a light, and then, the match having gone out in his rather unsteady fingers, leaned still nearer to light his cigarette from hers. But, gently, he laid his hands upon her arms and held her there, looking closely into her eyes.

'Do you love me?' he asked.

Her cigarette was between her lips. She could not answer. He released one hand so that she might free herself, and although the gesture might have brought an element of mirth into their gravity, she sought no refuge in it. Half-leaning, half-kneeling beside him, she made no attempt to draw away, and he saw her eyes widen in their grief, their perplexity, and their delight.

'I don't know, Bevis dear. — I don't know. How can I know?' she almost wept.

'You do know. I can tell you that you know, for I do. You love me.'

He had laid his hold again upon her and he slightly shook her as he spoke.

'I can't. I can't. — You must let me wait. You must give me time.'

'All the time you want. I've nothing to do but go on waiting. I'm ready for it. But don't be too cruel. What do you gain by it?'

'I don't mean to be cruel. Please believe that; please do.'

'You don't mean it; but you are. It's enough for you to have me here, waiting, and making love to you, day after day, month after month, as I did in London. I understand it all. You keep him like that, and you keep me. And what torments you is that you can't see how you can keep us both if you give me more.'

'Oh — Bevis! You are so horrible! So horribly clear! You are far, far clearer than I can ever be. Yet — no, that's not all there is to it. Give me time to think. I told you that I should think better up here, in his home — with you to help me. I can only think clearly if I'm given time.'

'You can't do anything clearly. You're always in a mist. You want to know yourself; I grant you your honesty; but your feeling makes a mist around you. Listen to me. Let me show it to you. You love him still, of course. I should n't care for you if you did n't. You'll go on loving him. And it will hurt sometimes. It will hurt me, too. People are made up of these irreconcilable knots. It can't be helped. We're here in life together, and we belong to each other, and there's nothing between us but a memory. Perhaps you could go on holding out against me; but you can't go on holding out against yourself. You want to be mine nearly as much as I want you to be. Darling Tony, your eyes are full of love as you look at me now.'

He had held her more tightly, drawn her more near, and now, his haggard young face lighted with the sudden ardor of his conviction, he saw his light flash back to him from her, so that, dropping his hands from her arms, he seized her, drew her down to him, enfolded her, and, feeling her yield, kissed her again and again.

'Bevis!' she whispered — amazed, aghast, yet, in her yielding, confessing everything.

When she drew herself away and stood up beside him, it was blindly, putting her hand out for the table, her face averted; and so she stood for a moment, while he saw that the color bathed her face and neck. Then he saw that the tears rained down. He had, strangely, never seen her cry before, though he had seen her at the earlier moments of her great grief. She had been frozen, gaunt, lost, then.

'Darling Tony — forgive me.'

'Oh,' she wept. 'It's not your fault!'

'Yes, it is. Don't ask me to regret it, but it is.'

'No, no. It's not your fault,' she repeated. And she moved away, blindly.

'Tell me you forgive me.' He had drawn himself up in his chair and looked after her.

'Of course I forgive you. I can't forgive myself.'

'That's just as bad. Must you go?'

'I must. I must. Later — we'll talk. I'll try to think. I'll try to understand. I'll try to explain everything.'

She had got herself to the door and she had not turned her face to him again. 'Don't despise me,' she said as she left him.

III

Though the traces of her tears were still visible, Antonia met him at lunch with composure. Like all the rooms at Wyndwards, the dining-room was too accurate and intended, and, darkly paneled as it was, the low mullioned windows looking out on the high ring-court, it had, through some miscalculation in the lighting, an uncomfortably sombre air. They sat there, the three of them, around the polished table with its embroidered linens, its crystal and silver, highly civilized and modern in the highly civilized and modern room. He and Antonia, at all events, were that. Miss Latimer, perhaps, belonged to a more primitive tradition. It struck him that he would have liked Wyndwards better if it had kept to that tradition — the tradition, in fact, of making no attempts. As it was, it did n't match Miss Latimer, nor did it match him and Tony. It was modern and civilized; but so differently.

Antonia leaned her elbow on the table while she ate and looked out at the ring-court. Miss Latimer never lounged. She still wore her hat and sat erect in her place, eating swiftly, and throwing from time to time a bit of bread or biscuit to the dogs. The task of talking to her fell entirely upon him, for Antonia, though composed, was evidently in no mood for talking. He

asked her questions about the country and its birds, beasts, and flowers, and she answered, if not affably, yet with an accuracy that betrayed a community of taste. She told him that they were rather too far north to get stone-curlews, as he had hoped they might.

'I found a nest once,' she said; 'but that was when I was staying with some people ten miles away.'

'What luck! Did you see the birds?'

'Yes. I hid near by for some hours and saw them going to and fro. I could have photographed them if I had had a camera.'

'What luck,' Captain Saltonhall repeated, with sincerity. 'I've only once had a glimpse of one, flying. Queer, watchful, uncanny birds, are n't they? with great, clear eyes.'

'They are rather strange-looking birds.'

It struck him suddenly that Miss Latimer herself looked like a stone-curlew.

'They've the same cry, nearly, as the ordinary curlew, have n't they?' he asked. 'You get plenty of those up here, I suppose?'

'Oh, yes. You can hear them any day. It is rather the same sort of cry.'

Antonia knew little about the country and was not observant of nature; but now, leaning her head on her hand and looking out of the window, she remarked, unexpectedly, 'I hate their cry; if it is the cry of curlews, I mean. Aren't they the birds that have that high, bleak, drifting wail?'

'Oh, I rather like it,' said Captain Saltonhall. 'Yes; that's the bird. It's the sort of melancholy ordained by providence to go with tea-time and a wood-fire, as eggs are ordained to go with bacon.'

'No,' said Antonia. 'It's ordained to go with nothing. It makes me think of something that has been forgotten; something that has given up even the

hope of being remembered, yet that laments.'

'But the curlew is n't forgotten. It is probably calling to its mate.'

'Probably. I am not talking of the natural history of the bird. Its cry sounds like the cry of a creature that has been forgotten by its mate.'

'What do you think it sounds like?' he asked Miss Latimer. He distrusted the direction taken by Antonia's thoughts.

And, looking before her, seeming not to follow their definitions, she answered coldly, 'I think Antonia describes it very beautifully.'

After lunch Antonia said that Miss Latimer must show them the garden. He saw that she intended to keep this companion near them and would not, for the present, be alone with him.

In the flagged hall, wide and light, there were oaken chests and tables and large framed engravings of cathedrals. Antonia selected a sunshade from the stand. None were black; they were all pre-war sunshades, and the one she found made her lovely head, when they went out into the sunlight, seem still paler and darker against its faded poppy-red.

They turned first into the little walled garden of Antonia's fears.

'That cedar is the oldest thing here, is n't it?' asked Captain Saltonhall.

'The only old thing,' said Antonia, who walked before them. 'There was a border-castle here long ago — was n't there, Cicely? One can see bits of its ruined walls in the kitchen garden — and the cedar must have belonged to its later days. I'm glad it's all so new, are n't you? I don't like old places. Not to live in.'

Miss Latimer, walking beside the young man, gave no expression of preference.

'How charmingly planned this is,' he said.

He stopped to look at the fountain, the fritillaries, and the stone bench under the cedar. He had never seen so many white fritillaries growing together; their alabaster and jade green, rising from narrow beds among the flags, seemed almost like another expression of the stone. Antonia had passed out into the sunlit kitchen-garden and Miss Latimer paused politely beside him. She agreed calmly to his praise, but it was as if, in answering him, she avoided some attempt at intimacy, and as if he could make no reference to the place without being too personal. This was rather funny, since, behind his praise, was the judgment that what the place lacked was personality; and he had n't the faintest wish to be intimate with Miss Latimer.

In the spacious kitchen-garden there were cordon fruit-trees around the vegetable-beds, and daffodils grew against the wall. Farther on, a wide herbaceous border showed already its clumps and bosses of green and bronze. Antonia still walked before them.

'She plans it all and does heaps of the work herself, with spade and fork, you know,' she said. 'Mrs. Wellwood kept only the one gardener and a boy.'

'It was she who planned it all,' said Miss Latimer. But she could not disown the work.

He was seeing her more and more clearly as one of those curious beings whose personalities are parasitic on a place. He doubted whether her thoughts ever wandered beyond Wyndwards. All her activities, certainly, were conditioned by it. It was not only that she dug and planted, hoed and watered in the garden. He felt sure that she cut out the loose chintz covers for the furniture; superintended the making of marmalade in spring and jam in summer; kept a careful eye on the store-cupboard, and washed the dogs with her own hands.

There were two dogs, an old Dandie Dinmont and a young fox-terrier, and he had, all the while they walked in the garden, a feeling, not a bit ghostly, amusing rather than sad, that they were bits of Malcolm's soul, the Dandie Dinmont the soul of his happy boyhood at Wyndwards and the fox-terrier the soul of his maturity. Miss Latimer would find in tending them the same passionate satisfaction she had in all of it, the place and the persons it still embodied for her and who survived in it, indistinguishably mingled. All of it was her life; she could imagine no other.

Antonia would never be that sort of woman. Places were, if not parasitic on her, at least mere settings and back-grounds. She made the silvery forms of the distant hills subservient to her beauty as, with her faded silken sunshade, she drifted before them along the paths. She wore still her little black-satin house-shoes, high-heeled and laced about the ankle with satin ribbon; and as she walked, she cast admiring but unobservant glances to right and left and stooped now and then to pat the dogs.

It was he who still did all the talking to Miss Latimer, earning, he felt, less gratitude for his accurate appreciation of her gardening exploits than Antonia won by the vaguest smile. But Miss Latimer was certainly an excellent gardener, and his interest in her theories of mulching and transplanting was not feigned.

It was not till after tea that he found himself alone with Antonia. The tea-table had been taken away, they were in the drawing-room, and Antonia was embroidering before the fire.

'Would she hate me if I ever did come to marry you?' he asked. He asked it without seeming to recall the morning and its avowal.

Antonia, following his advice, was selecting another shade of azalea green

to lay against her pearly gray; and as he considered the skeins she spread for his decision, he recalled how many summer afternoons before the war, when, on week-ends in the country, Antonia had held up a fire-screen or a cushion to ask, 'Is that right, Bevis?' while Malcolm smoked beside them, amused by their preoccupation over the alternative of pink or orange.

'Cicely, you mean?' Antonia asked.

'Yes. Would she resent it? Would she hate me for it — and you?'

Antonia considered, and he knew while she considered, her eyes on the azalea silk, that he filled her again with deep delight. He and his passion were there, encompassing, yet not pursuing her. She gave nothing and betrayed nothing, and she was secure of all.

'I don't think she could hate me. That sounds fatuous; but I believe it's true. I don't know about you. But no; I don't think she'd resent it. Why should she?'

'Well, caring for him so much and seeing me here in his place.'

'How brave you are, Bevis,' said Antonia after a moment, drawing out her silk. It was the quality in him to which she most often reverted.

'Am I? Why?'

'You are not afraid to remind me.'

'Why should I be afraid? I know your thoughts. But I'm not going to talk about them, or about mine. I want you to explain Miss Latimer.'

'There's not much to explain. She shows it all, I think. She's deep and narrow and simple. You don't like her. I can see that.'

'I can't imagine how. I'm constantly making myself agreeable.'

'To me; not to her. She knows as well as I do why you take trouble over her. Not that I blame you. I did n't think I should like her when I first saw her. And then I came to find that I did — more and more; very, very much. Or,

perhaps, it is trust rather than liking,' Antonia mused. 'Poor little Cicely! Do you know, I don't think anyone has ever really liked her much. Not old Mrs. Wellwood, really, nor even Malcolm. It hurt me to feel, in a moment, that Mrs. Wellwood liked even me, whom she hardly knew, better.'

'I am not surprised,' Captain Salton-hall commented.

'No; but that's not relevant, Bevis; because one does n't expect one's mother-in-law to like one, however charming one may be. What I felt about it was that Cicely had starved her, just as she starved Cicely. Neither could give the other anything except absolute trust. Cicely was the fonder, I think, for old Mrs. Wellwood was cold as well as shy — cold to everyone but Malcolm; even with me she was cold; and even with Malcolm she was, always, shy.'

'Dismal it sounds, for all of them.'

'No, it was n't that. Cheerful and serene, rather. But all the same, Cicely is pathetic. And the more I think of her, the more I admire her. She's so individual, yet so impersonal, if one can make the distinction. There's no appeal of any sort; no demand. She never seems to need anything or to ask anything; perhaps that is why she does n't win devotion; the more self-absorbed and demanding people are, the more devotion they get, I'm afraid. At all events, she's absolutely devoted, absolutely selfless and straight.'

'What did they do with themselves, she and Mrs. Wellwood, when Malcolm was n't here to give them an object? I never saw his mother. He said she hated coming to town.'

'Oh, it was miserable to see them in town, as I did once; forlorn caged birds. Malcolm was their object, you see, even when he was n't here. And they lived together just as Cicely lives now alone. There are country neighbors, and the village, and the garden.

Cicely still goes to read to old bedridden women and to take them soup. I thought, in my London ignorance, that the lady bountiful was a figure of fun to everyone nowadays, flouted from the cottage door, and all the rest of it. But I've found out that there's nothing the cottager really loves so well. Independence and committees bore them dreadfully; they have all that here; there's an energetic vicar's wife, and she got even poor Mrs. Wellwood on her committee; it bores the village people, but it frightened her. Cicely never would. I can't imagine Cicely on a committee. She'd have nothing to say, though it would n't frighten her.'

He always had savored Antonia's vagrant impressionism. 'Did they read?' he asked.

'I should rather think so!' she laughed a little. 'They were great on reading. All the biographies in two volumes, and all the travels, and French *mémoires* — translated and expurgated. Cicely has the most ingenuous ideas about the court of Louis the Fourteenth. Novels, too; but they contrived always to miss the good ones. I don't suppose they ever attempted a Henry James or heard of Anatole France.'

'And never danced a tango, *à plus forte raison*, or saw a Russian ballet.'

'They did see a Russian ballet, that once they were up. Malcolm and I took them. I think it distressed Mrs. Wellwood, and Cicely was very dry about it. And they saw me dance the tango; I did it for them, here,' said Antonia; and involuntarily she sighed, although she did not look up at her companion.

She and Bevis, adepts of the dance, had, before the war, danced together continually. 'They liked seeing me do it,' she said. 'They liked my differences and what they felt to be my audacities. But they'd have liked anything Malcolm did.' And then she came back to his first question. 'As far as that goes, my remarrying, if I ever did, as long as it was n't too quickly, and someone Malcolm liked, I don't for a moment think she'd mind.'

Captain Saltonhall did not agree with her, but he did not say so. They talked, thus, very pleasantly, till the hour for dressing, and after dinner Antonia sang to him and Miss Latimer.

'What shall it be, Cicely?' she asked.

And Miss Latimer said, 'The old favorites, please.'

So that Captain Saltonhall, who had only heard her sing Brahms, Duparc, and Debussy, heard now old English folk-songs and 'Better lo'ed you could na be.' She had a melancholy, sweet, imperfect voice, and though her singing had magic, it was the flute-like, expressionless magic of the woodland. She sang indolently, like a blackbird, and the current of the song carried her. But, as the song of the woodland bird may do, it moved him more than any other voice he knew; and as he sat, impassive, apparently, his hands clasped round his knee, he felt the tears continually rising to his eyes.

Miss Latimer sat staring into the fire. She was dry-eyed. But he felt sure that she, too, was only apparently impassive. He felt sure that the songs had been Malcolm's favorites, too.

(To be continued)

THE LURE OF KARTABO

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

A HOUSE may be inherited, as when a wren rears its brood in turn within its own natal hollow; or one may build a new home such as is fashioned from year to year by gaunt and shadowy herons; or we may have it built to order, as do the drones of the wild jungle bees. In my case, I flitted like a hermit crab from one used shell to another. This little crustacean, living his oblique life in the shallows, changes doorways when his home becomes too small or hinders him in searching for the things which he covets in life. The difference between our estates was that the hermit crab sought only for food, I chiefly for strange new facts — which was a distinction as trivial as that he achieved his desires sideways and on eight legs, while I traversed my environment usually forward and generally on two.

The word of finance went forth and demanded the felling of the second growth around Kalacoon, and for the second time the land was given over to cutlass and fire. But again there was a halting in the affairs of man, and the rubber saplings were not planted or were smothered; and again the jungle smiled patiently through a knee-tangle of thorns and blossoms, and the charred clumps of razor-grass sent forth skeins of saws and hanks of living barbs.

I stood beneath the familiar cashew trees, which had yielded for me so bountifully of their crops of blossoms and hummingbirds, of fruit and of

tanagers, and looked out toward the distant jungle, which trembled through the expanse of palpitating heat-waves; and I knew how a hermit crab feels when its home pinches, or is out of gear with the world. And, too, Nupee was dead, and the jungle to the south seemed to call less strongly. So I wandered through the old house for the last time, sniffing the agreeable odor of aged hypo still permeating the dark room, recovering the empty stains of skins and traces of maps on the walls, and refilling in my mind the vacant shelves. The vampires had returned to their chosen roost, the martins still swept through the corridors, and as I went down the hill, a moriche oriole sent a silver shaft of song after me from the sentinel palm, just as four years ago he had greeted me.

Then I gathered about me all the strange and unnamable possessions of a tropical laboratory — and moved. A wren reaches its home after hundreds of miles of fast aerial travel; a hermit crab achieves a new lease with a flip of his tail. Between these extremes and in no less strange a fashion I moved. A great barge pushed off from the Penal Settlement, piled high with my zoölogical Lares and Penates, and along each side squatted a line of paddlers, — white-garbed burglars and murderers, forgers and fighters, — while seated aloft on one of my ammunition trunks, with a microscope case and a camera close under his watchful eye, sat Case,

King of the Warders, the biggest, blackest, and kindest-hearted man in the world.

Three miles up river swept my moving-van; and from the distance I could hear the half-whisper — which was yet a roar — of Case as he admonished his children. 'Mon,' he would say to a shirking, shrinking coolie second-story man, 'mon, do you t'ink dis the time to sleep? What thoughts have you in your bosom, dat you delay de Professor's household?' And then a chanty would rise, the voice of the leader quavering with that wild rhythm which had come down to him, a vocal heritage, through centuries of tom-toms, and generations of savages striving for emotional expression. But the words were laughable or pathetic. I was adjured to

'Blow de mon down with a bottle of rum,
Oh, de mon — mon — blow de mon down.'

Or the jungle reëchoed the edifying reiteration of

'Sardines — and bread — OH!
Sardines — and bread,
Sardines — and bread — AND!
Sardines — and bread.'

The thrill that a whole-lunged chanty gives is difficult to describe. It arouses some deep emotional response, as surely as a military band, or the reverberating cadence of an organ, or a suddenly remembered theme of opera.

As my aquatic van drew up to the sandy landing-beach, I looked at the motley array of paddlers, and my mind went back hundreds of years to the first Spanish crew which landed here, and I wondered whether these pirates of early days had any fewer sins to their credit than Case's convicts — and I doubted it.

Across my doorstep a line of leaf-cutting ants was passing, each bearing aloft a huge bit of green leaf, or a long yellow petal, or a halberd of a stamen.

A shadow fell over the line, and I looked up to see an anthropomorphic enlargement of the ants, — the convicts winding up the steep bank, each with cot, lamp, table, pitcher, trunk, or aquarium balanced on his head, — all my possessions suspended between earth and sky by the neck-muscles of worthy sinners. The first thing to be brought in was a great war-bag packed to bursting, and Number 214, with eight more years to serve, let it slide down his shoulder with a grunt — the self-same sound that I have heard from a Tibetan woman carrier, and a Mexican peon, and a Japanese porter, all of whom had in past years toted this very bag.

I led the way up the steps, and there in the doorway was a tenant, one who had already taken possession, and who now faced me and the trailing line of convicts with that dignity, poise, and perfect self-possession which only a toad, a giant grandmother of a toad, can exhibit. I, and all the law-breakers who followed, recognized the nine tenths involved in this instance and carefully stepped around. When the heavy things began to arrive, I approached diffidently, and half suggested, half directed her deliberate hops toward a safer corner. My feelings toward her were mingled, but altogether kindly, — as guest in her home, I could not but treat her with respect, — while my scientific soul reveled in the addition of *Bufo guttatus* to the fauna of this part of British Guiana. Whether flashing gold of oriole, or the blinking solemnity of a great toad, it mattered little — Kartabo had welcomed me with as propitious an omen as had Kalacoon.

II

Houses have distinct personalities, either bequeathed to them by their builders or tenants, absorbed from

their materials, or emanating from the general environment. Neither the mind which had planned our Kartabo bungalow, nor the hands which fashioned it; neither the mahogany walls hewn from the adjoining jungle, nor the white-pine beams which had known many decades of snowy winters — none of these were obtrusive. The first had passed into oblivion, the second had been seasoned by sun and rain, papered by lichens, and gnawed and bored by tiny wood-folk into a neutral inconspicuousness as complete as an Indian's deserted *benab*. The wide verandah was open on all sides, and from the bamboos of the front compound one looked straight through the central hallway to bamboos at the back. It seemed like a happy accident of the natural surroundings, a jungle-bound cave, or the low, rambling chambers of a mighty hollow tree.

No thought of who had been here last came to us that first evening. We unlimbered the creaky-legged cots, stiff and complaining after their three years' rest, and the air was filled with the clean odor of micaceous showers of naphthaline from long-packed pillows and sheets. From the rear came the clatter of plates, the scent of ripe papaws and bananas, mingled with the smell of the first fire in a new stove. Then I went out and sat on my own twelve-foot bank, looking down on the sandy beach and out and over to the most beautiful view in the Guianas. Down from the right swept slowly the Mazaruni, and from the left the Cuyuni, mingling with one wide expanse like a great rounded lake, bounded by solid jungle, with only Kalacoon and the Penal Settlement as tiny breaks in the wall of green.

The tide was falling, and as I sat watching the light grow dim, the water receded slowly, and strange little things floated past down-stream. And I

thought of the no less real human tide which long years ago had flowed to my very feet and then ebbed, leaving, as drift is left upon the sand, the convicts, a few scattered Indians, and myself. In the peace and quiet of this evening, time seemed a thing of no especial account. The great jungle trees might always have been lifeless emerald water-barriers, rather than things of a few centuries' growth; the rippleless water bore with equal disregard the last mora seed which floated past, as it had held aloft the keel of an unknown Spanish ship three centuries before. These men came up-river and landed on a little island a few hundred yards from Kartabo. Here they built a low stone wall, lost a few buttons, coins, and bullets, and vanished. Then came the Dutch in sturdy ships, cleared the islet of everything except the Spanish wall, and built them a jolly little fort intended to command all the rivers, naming it Kyk-over-al. To-day the name and a strong archway of flat Holland bricks survive.

In this wilderness, so wild and so quiet to-day, it was amazing to think of Dutch soldiers doing sentry duty, and practising with their little bell-mouthed cannon on the islet, and of scores of negro and Indian slaves working in cassava fields all about where I sat. And this not fifty or a hundred or two hundred years ago, but about the year 1613, before John Smith had named New England, while the Hudson was still known as the Maurice, before the Mayflower landed with all our ancestors on board. For many years the story of this settlement and of the handful of neighboring sugar-plantations is one of privateer raids, capture, torture, slave-revolts, disease, bad government, and small profits, until we marvel at the perseverance of these sturdy Hollanders. From the records still extant, we glean here and

there amusing details of the life which was so soon to falter and perish before the oppressing jungle. Exactly two hundred and fifty years ago one Hendrik Rol was appointed commander of Kyk-over-al. He was governor, captain, store-keeper, and Indian trader, and his salary was thirty guilders, or about twelve dollars, a month — about what I paid my cook-boy.

The high tide of development at Kartabo came two hundred and three years ago, when, as we read in the old records, a Colony House was erected here. It went by the name of Huis Naby (the house near-by), from its situation near the fort. Kyk-over-al was now left to the garrison, while the commander and the civil servants lived in the new building. One of its rooms was used as a council chamber and church, while the lower floor was occupied by the company's store. The land in the neighborhood was laid out in building lots, with a view to establishing a town; it even went by the name of Stad Cartabo, and had a tavern and two or three small houses, but never contained enough dwellings to entitle it to the name of town, or even village.

The ebb-tide soon set in, and in 1739 Kartabo was deserted, and thirty years before the United States became a nation, the old fort on Kyk-over-al was demolished. The rivers and rolling jungle were attractive, but the soil was poor, while the noisome mud-swamps of the coast proved to be fertile and profitable.

Some fatality seemed to attach to all future attempts in this region. Gold was discovered, and diamonds, and to-day the wilderness here and there is powdering with rust and wreathing with creeping tendrils great piles of machinery. Pounds of gold have been taken out and hundreds of diamonds, but thus far the negro pork-knocker

with his pack and washing-pan is the only really successful miner.

The jungle sends forth healthy trees two hundred feet in height, thriving for centuries, but it reaches out and blights the attempts of man, whether sisal, rubber, cocoa, or coffee. So far the ebb-tide has left but two successful crops to those of us whose kismet has led us hither — crime and science. The concentration of negroes, coolies, Chinese, and Portuguese on the coast furnishes an unfailing supply of convicts to the settlement, while the great world of life all about affords to the naturalist a bounty rich beyond all conception.

So here was I, a grateful legatee of past failures, shaded by magnificent clumps of bamboo, brought from Java and planted two or three hundred years ago by the Dutch, and sheltered by a bungalow which had played its part in the development and relinquishment of a great gold mine.

II

For a time we arranged and adjusted and shifted our equipment, — tables, books, vials, guns, nets, cameras, and microscopes, — as a dog turns round and round before it composes itself to rest. And then one day I drew a long breath, and looked about, and realized that I was at home. The newness began to pass from my little shelves and niches and blotters; in the darkness I could put my hand on flash or watch or gun; and in the morning I settled snugly into my woollen shirt, khakis, and sneakers, as if they were merely accessory skin.

In the beginning there were three of us and four servants — the latter all young, all individual, all picked up by instinct, except Sam, who was as inevitable as the tides. Our cook was too good-looking and too athletic to last. He had the reputation of being the

fastest sprinter in Guiana, with a record, so we were solemnly told, of $9\frac{1}{2}$ seconds for the hundred — a veritable Mercury, as the last world's record of which I knew was $9\frac{3}{4}$. His stay with us was like the orbit of some comets, which make a single lap around the sun never to return, and his successor Edward, with unbelievably large and graceful hands and feet, was a better cook, with the softest voice and gentlest manner in the world.

But Bertie was our joy and delight. He too may be compared to a star — one which, originally bright, becomes temporarily dim, and finally attains to greater magnitude than before. Ultimately he became a fixed ornament of our culinary and taxidermic cosmic system, and whatever he did was accomplished with the most remarkable contortions of limbs and body. To watch him rake was to learn new anatomical possibilities; when he paddled, a surgeon would be moved to astonishment; when he caught butterflies, a teacher of physical culture would not have believed his eyes.

At night, when our servants had sealed themselves hermetically in their room in the neighboring thatched quarters, and the last squeak from our cots had passed out on its journey to the far distant goal of all nocturnal sounds, we began to realize that our new home held many more occupants than our three selves. Stealthy rustlings, indistinct scrapings, and low murmurs kept us interested for as long as ten minutes; and in the morning we would remember and wonder who our fellow tenants could be. Some nights the bungalow seemed as full of life as the tiny French homes labeled, '*Hommes 40: Chevaux 8,*' when the hastily estimated billeting possibilities were actually achieved, and one wondered whether it were not better to be the *cheval premier*, than the *homme quarantième*.

VOL. 125 - NO. 2

For years the bungalow had stood in sun and rain unoccupied, with a watchman and his wife, named Hope, who lived close by. The aptness of his name was that of the little Barbadian mule-tram which creeps through the coral-white streets, striving forever to divorce motion from progress and bearing the name Alert. Hope had done his duty and watched the bungalow. It was undoubtedly still there and nothing had been taken from it; but he had received no orders as to accretions, and so, to our infinite joy and entertainment, we found that in many ways it was not only near jungle, it *was* jungle. I have compared it with a natural cave. It was also like a fallen jungle-log, and we some of the small folk who shared its dark recesses with hosts of others. Through the air, on wings of skin or feathers or tissue membrane; crawling or leaping by night; burrowing underground; gnawing up through the great supporting posts, swarming up the bamboos and along the pliant curving stems to drop quietly on the shingled roof — thus had the jungle-life come past Hope's unseeing eyes and found the bungalow worthy residence.

The bats were with us from first to last. We exterminated one colony which spent its inverted days clustered over the centre of our supply chamber, but others came immediately and disputed the ownership of the dark room. Little chaps with great ears and nose-leaves of sensitive skin spent the night beneath my shelves and chairs, and even my cot. They hunted at dusk and again at dawn, slept in my room, and vanished in the day. Even for bats they were ferocious, and whenever I caught one in a butterfly-net, he went into paroxysms of rage, squealing in angry passion, striving to bite my hand and, failing that, chewing vainly on his own long fingers and arms. Their teeth were wonderfully intricate, and seemed

adapted for some very special diet, although beetles seemed to satisfy those which I caught. For once, the systematist had labeled them opportunely, and we never called them anything but *Furipterus horrens*.

In the evening great bats as large as small herons swept down the long front gallery where we worked, gleaning as they went; but the vampires were long in coming, and for months we neither saw nor heard of one. Then they attacked our servants, and we took heart, and night after night exposed our toes, as conventionally accepted vampire-bait. When at last they found that the color of our skins was no criterion of dilution of blood, they came in crowds. For three nights they swept about us with hardly a whisper of wings, and accepted either toe or elbow or finger, or all three, and the cots and floor in the morning looked like an emergency hospital behind an active front. In spite of every attempt at keeping awake, we dropped off to sleep before the bats had begun, and did not waken until they left. We ascertained however that there was no truth in the belief that they hovered or kept fanning with their wings. Instead, they settled on the person with an appreciable flop, and then crawled to the desired spot.

One night I made a special effort and, with bared arm, prepared for a long vigil. In a few minutes bats began to fan my face, the wings almost brushing, but never quite touching my skin. I could distinguish the difference between the smaller and the larger, the latter having a deeper swish, deeper and longer drawn-out. Their voices were so high and shrill that the singing of the jungle crickets seemed almost contralto in comparison. Finally, I began to feel myself the focus of one or more of these winged weasels. The swishes became more frequent, the returnings almost doubling on their

track. Now and then a small body touched the sheet for an instant, and then, with a soft little tap, a vampire alighted on my chest. I was half sitting up, yet I could not see him, for I had found that the least hint of light ended any possibility of a visit. I breathed as quietly as I could, and made sure that both hands were clear. For a long time there was no movement, and the renewed swishes made me suspect that the bat had again taken flight. Not until I felt a tickling on my wrist did I know that my visitor had shifted, and unerringly was making for the arm which I had exposed. Slowly it crept forward, but I hardly felt the pushing of the feet and pulling of the thumbs as it crawled along. If I had been asleep, I should not have awakened. It continued up my forearm and came to rest at my elbow. Here another long period of rest, and then several short, quick shifts of body. With my whole attention concentrated on my elbow, I began to imagine various sensations as my mind pictured the long, lancet tooth sinking deep into the skin, and the blood pumping up. I even began to feel the hot rush of my vital fluid over my arm, and then found that I had dozed for a moment and that all my sensations were imaginary. But soon a gentle tickling became apparent, and in spite of putting this out of my mind, and with increasing doubts as to the bats being still there, the tickling continued. It changed to a tingling, rather pleasant than otherwise, like the first stage of having one's hand asleep.

It really seemed as if this were the critical time. Somehow or other the vampire was at work with no pain or even inconvenience to me, and now was the moment to seize him, call for a lantern, and solve his supersurgical skill, the exact method of this vesper-tillial anæsthetist. Slowly, very slowly, I lifted the other hand, always thinking

of my elbow, so that I might keep all the muscles relaxed. Very slowly it approached, and with as swift a motion as I could achieve, I grasped at the vampire. I felt a touch of fur and I gripped a struggling, skinny wing; there came a single nip of teeth, and the wing-tip slipped through my fingers. I could detect no trace of blood by feeling, so turned over and went to sleep. In the morning I found a tiny scratch, with the skin barely broken; and, heartily disappointed, I realized that my tickling and tingling had been the preliminary symptoms of the operation.

Marvelous moths which slipped into the bungalow like shadows; pet tarantulas; golden-eyed gongasocka geckos; automatic, house-cleaning ants; opossums large and small; tiny lizards who had tongues in place of eyelids; wasps who had doorsteps and watched the passing from their windows — all these were intimates of my laboratory table, whose riches must be spread elsewhere; but the sounds of the bungalow were common to the whole structure.

One of the first things I noticed, as I lay on my cot, was the new voice of the wind at night. Now and then I caught a familiar sound, — faint, but not to be forgotten, — the clattering of palm fronds. But this came from Boom-boom Point, fifty yards away (an out-jutting of rocks where we had secured our first giant catfish of that name). The steady rhythm of sound which rose and fell with the breeze, and sifted into my window with the moonbeams, was the gentlest *shusssssing*, a fine whispering, a veritable fern of a sound, high and crisp and wholly apart from the moaning around the eaves which arose at stronger gusts. It brought to mind the steep mountainsides of Pahang, and windy nights which presaged great storms in high passes of Yunnan.

But these wonder times lived only

through memory, and were misted with intervening years, while it came upon me during early nights, again and again, that this was Now, and that into the hour-glass neck of Now was headed a maelstrom of untold riches of the Future — minutes and hours and sapphire days ahead — a Now which was wholly unconcerned with leagues and liquor, with strikes and salaries. So I turned over with the peace which passes all telling — the forecast of delving into the private affairs of birds and monkeys, of great butterflies and strange frogs and flowers. The seeping wind had led my mind on and on from memory and distant sorrows to thoughts of the joy of labor and life.

At half-past five a kiskadee shouted at the top of his lungs from the bamboos, but he probably had a nightmare, for he went to sleep and did not wake again for half-an-hour. The final swish of a bat's wing came to my ear, and the light of a fog-dimmed day slowly tempered the darkness among the dusty beams and rafters. From high overhead a sprawling tarantula tossed aside the shriveled remains of his night's banquet, the emerald cuirass and empty mahogany helmet of a long-horned beetle which eddied downward and landed upon my sheet.

Immediately around the bungalow the bamboos held absolute sway, and while forming a very tangible link between the roof and the outliers of the jungle, yet no plant could obtain foothold beneath their shade. They withheld light, and the mat of myriads of slender leaves killed off every sprouting thing. This was of the utmost value to us, providing shade, clear passage to every breeze, and an absolute dearth of flies and mosquitoes. We found that the clumps needed clearing of old stems, and for two days we indulged in the strangest of weedings. The dead stems were as hard as stone outside, but the

axe bit through easily, and they were so light that we could easily carry enormous ones, which made us feel like giants, though, when I thought of them in their true botanical relationship, I dwarfed in imagination as quickly as Alice, to a pigmy tottering under a blade of grass. It was like a Brobdingnagian game of jack-straws, as the cutting or prying loose of a single stem often brought several others crashing to earth in unexpected places, keeping us running and dodging to avoid their terrific impact. The fall of these great masts awakened a roaring swish ending in a hollow rattling, wholly unlike the crash and dull boom of a solid trunk. When we finished with each clump, it stood as a perfect giant bouquet, looking, at a distance, like a tuft of green feathery plumes, with the bungalow snuggled beneath as a toadstool is overshadowed by ferns. The vitality of this growth was remarkable, and after we cut and planted a seventy-five-foot stem for a flag-pole, the joints sprouted green shoots so rapidly that we had to lower and trim it from time to time, in order to raise the flag.

Scores of the homes of small folk were uncovered by our weeding out — wasps, termites, ants, bees, wood-roaches, centipedes; and occasionally a small snake or great solemn toad came out from the débris at the roots, the latter blinking and swelling indignantly at this sudden interruption of his siesta. In a strong wind the stems bent and swayed, thrashing off every imperfect leaf, and sweeping low across the roof, with strange scrapings and bamboo mutterings. But they hardly ever broke and fell. In the evening, however, and in the night, after a terrific storm, a sharp, unexpected *rat-tat-tat-tat*, exactly like a machine-gun, would smash in on the silence, and two or three of the great grasses, which perhaps sheltered Dutchmen generations

ago, would snap and fall. But the Indians and Bovianders who lived nearby knew this was no wind, nor yet weakness of stem, but Sinclair, who was abroad and who was cutting down the bamboos for his own secret reasons. He was evil, and it was well to be indoors with all windows closed; but further details were lacking, and we were driven to clothe this imperfect ghost with history and habits of our own devising.

The birds and other inhabitants of the bamboos were those of the more open jungle — flocks drifting through the clumps, monkeys occasionally swinging from one to another of the elastic tips, while toucans came and went. At evening, flocks of parrakeets and great black orioles came to roost, courting the safety which they had come to associate with the clearings of human pioneers in the jungle. A box on a bamboo stalk drew forth joyous hymns of praise from a pair of little God-birds, as the natives call the house-wrens, who straightway collected all the grass and feathers in the world, stuffed them into the tiny chamber, and after a time performed the ever-marvelous feat of producing three replicas of themselves from this hay-filled box. The father-parent was one concentrated mite of song, with just enough feathers for wings to enable him to pursue caterpillars and grasshoppers as raw material for the production of more song. He sang at the prospect of a home; then he sang to attract and win a mate; more song at the joy of finding wonderful grass and feathers; again melody to beguile his mate, patiently giving the hours and days of her body-warmth in instinct-compelled belief in the future. He sang while he took his turn at sitting; then he nearly choked to death trying to sing while stuffing a bug down a nestling's throat; finally, he sang at the end of a perfect

nesting season; again, in hopes of persuading his mate to repeat it all, and this failing, sang in chorus in the wren quintette — I hoped, in gratitude to us. At least from April to September he sang every day, and if my interpretation be anthropomorphic, why so much the better for anthropomorphism. At any rate, before we left, all five wrens sat on a little shrub and imitated the morning stars, and our hearts went out to the little virile featherlings, who had lost none of their enthusiasm for life in this tropical jungle. Their one demand in this great wilderness was man's presence, being never found in the jungle except in an inhabited clearing, or, as I have found them, clinging hopefully to the vanishing ruins of a dead Indian's *benab*, waiting and singing in perfect faith until the jungle had crept over it all and they were compelled to give up and set out in search of another home, within sound of human voices.

Bare as our leaf-carpeted bamboo-glade appeared, yet a select little company found life worth living there. The dry sand beneath the house was covered with the pits of ant-lions, and as we watched them month after month, they seemed to have more in common with the grains of quartz which composed their cosmos than with the organic world. By day or night no ant or other edible thing seemed ever to approach or be entrapped; and month after month there was no sign of change to image. Yet each pit held a fat, enthusiastic inmate, ready at a touch to turn steamshovel, battering-ram, bayonet, and gourmand. Among the first thousand-and-one mysteries of Kartabo I give a place to the source of nourishment of the sub-bungalow ant-lions.

Walking one day back of the house, I observed a number of small holes, with a little shining head just visible in

each, which vanished at my approach. Looking closer, I was surprised to find a colony of tropical doodle-bugs. Straightway I chose a grass-stem and, squatting, began fishing as I had fished many years ago in the southern states. Soon a nibble and then an angry pull, and I jerked out the irate little chap. He had the same naked bumpy body and the fierce head, and when two or three were put together, they fought blindly and with the ferocity of bulldogs.

IV

To write of pets is as bad taste as to write in diary form, and, besides, I had made up my mind to have no pets on this expedition. They were a great deal of trouble and a source of distraction from work while they were alive; and one's heart was wrung and one's concentration disturbed at their death. But Kib came one day, brought by a tiny copper-bronze Indian. He looked at me, touched me tentatively with a mobile little paw, and my firm resolution melted away. A young *coati-mundi* cannot sit man-fashion like a bear-cub, nor is he as fuzzy as a kitten or as helpless as a puppy, but he has ways of winning to the human heart, past all obstacles.

The small Indian thought that three shillings would be a fair exchange; but I knew the par value of such stock, and Kib changed hands for three bits. A week later a thousand shillings would have seemed cheap to his new master. A *coati-mundi* is a tropical, arboreal raccoon of sorts, with a long, ever-wriggling snout, sharp teeth, eyes that twinkle with humor, and clawed paws which are more skillful than many a fingered hand. To the scientists of the world he is addressed as *Nasua nasua nasua* — which lays itself open to the twin ambiguity of stuttering Latin, or the echoes of a Princetonian football

yell. The natural histories call him *coati-mundi*, while the Indian has by far the best of it, with the ringing, climatic syllables, *Kibihée!* And so, in the case of a being who has received much more than his share of vitality, it was altogether fitting to shorten this to Kib — Dunsany's giver of life upon the earth.

My heart's desire is to run on and tell many paragraphs of Kib; but that, as I have said, would be bad taste, which is one form of immorality. For in such things sentiment runs too closely parallel to sentimentality, — moderation becomes maudlinism, — and one enters the caste of those who tell anecdotes of children, and the latest symptoms of their physical ills. And the deeper one feels the joys of friendship with individual small folk of the jungle, the more difficult it is to convey them to others. And so it is not of the tropical mammal *coati-mundi*, nor even of the humorous Kib that I think, but of the soul of him galloping up and down his slanting log, of his little inner ego, which changed from a wild thing to one who would hurl himself from any height or distance into a lap, confident that we would save his neck, welcome him, and waste good time playing the game which he invented, of seeing whether we could touch his little cold snout before he hid it beneath his curved arms.

So, in spite of my resolves, our bamboo groves became the homes of numerous little souls of wild folk, whose individuality shone out and dominated the less important incidental casement, whether it happened to be feathers, or fur, or scales. It is interesting to observe how the Adam in one comes to the surface in the matter of names for pets. I know exactly the uncomfortable feeling which must have perturbed the heart of that pioneer of nomenclaturists, to be plumped down in the

midst of 'the greatest aggregation of animals ever assembled' before the time of Noah, and to be able to speak of them only as *this* or *that*, *he* or *she*. So we felt when inundated by a host of pets. It is easy to speak of the species by the lawful Latin or Greek name; we mention the specimen on our laboratory table by its common natural-history appellation. But the individual who touches our pity, or concern, or affection demands a special title — usually absurdly inapt.

Soon in the bamboo glade about our bungalow ten little jungle friends came to live, and to us they will always be Kib and Gawain, George and Gregory, Robert and Grandmother, Raoul and Pansy, Jennie and Jellicoe.

Gawain was not a double personality — he was an intermittent reincarnation, vibrating between the inorganic and the essence of vitality. In a reasonable scheme of earthly things he filled the niche of a giant green tree-frog, and one of us seemed to remember that the Knight Gawain was enamored of green, and so we dubbed him. For the hours of daylight Gawain preferred the rôle of a hunched-up pebble of malachite; or if he could find a leaf, he drew eighteen purple vacuum toes beneath him, veiled his eyes with opalescent lids, and slipped from the mineral to the vegetable kingdom, flattened by masterly shading which filled the hollows and leveled the bumps; and the leaf became more of a leaf than it had been before Gawain was merged with it.

Night, or hunger, or the merciless tearing of sleep from his soul wrought magic and transformed him into a glowing, jeweled spectre. He sprouted toes and long legs; he rose and inflated his sleek emerald frog-form; his sides blazed forth a mother-of-pearl waistcoat — a myriad mosaics of pink and blue and salmon and mauve; and from

nowhere if not from the very depths of his throat, there slowly rose twin globes, — great eyes, — which stood above the flatness of his head, as mosques above an oriental city. Gone were the neutralizing lids, and in their place, strange upright pupils surrounded with vermillion lines and curves and dots, like characters of ancient illuminated Persian script. And with these appalling eyes Gawain looked at us, with these unreal crimson-flecked globes staring absurdly from an expressionless emerald mask, he contemplated roaches and small grasshoppers,

and correctly estimated their distance and activity. We never thought of demanding friendship, or a hint of his voice, or common froggish activities from Gawain. We were content to visit him now and then, to arouse him, and then leave him to disincarnate his vertebral outward phase into chlorophyll or lifeless stone. To muse upon his courtship or emotions was impossible. His life had a feeling of sphinx-like duration — Gawain as a tadpole was unthinkable. He seemed ageless, unreal, wonderfully beautiful, and wholly inexplicable.

GEOGRAPHY

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

THE geography teacher is a girl of twenty-five or so, who touches up her face a little with paint and powder, wears the light-topped and high-heeled shoes and the short skirts of the 'shop lady' and her customer, and is teaching until some male picks her off the tree of the knowledge of good and evil as a ripe and desirable apple, thinking that the Garden of Eden goes with it.

She chose geography because she might just as well teach that as anything, and she seemed particularly good at remembering the boundaries of things and the principal rivers. She cares considerably less for geography, *per se*, than she does for a book of Hall Caine's. Its importance consists in the fact that you can make a living — \$850 or \$1000 a year — by teaching it to children. By the use of a book written by a man who was also interested in writing

about geography as a means of making money, and by the further use of maps and globes manufactured by people who care no more for geography than the people who make stoves or hats, she can 'put over' a certain process called 'teaching geography' and get enough to pay room and board and allow something for her real interests besides; until, as stated, a stray man, looking into the little inclosure where she lives, has a queer feeling that this geography teacher is a rare and priceless thing to possess.

And so indeed she may be — but *not* as a geography teacher. As a fiancée and as a wife and mother, perhaps, her real life begins, and her life as a thinker about geography probably stops absolutely, and the last thing that you can catch that girl doing is giving a single thought to geography thereafter. That

is perfectly right. At last, she is honest.

But why should a person ever have been selected to teach children, to whom geography was *nothing* except so many dollars a month, and to whom children's aching minds were nothing except receptacles into which you could stuff a few maps and a few names — so that they might answer the necessary questions and move on to the next grade?

Here is the class: thirty children — say ten years old. They are like maple trees in April, all shivering with pistillate flowers to catch pollen, thirsty for the words that shall fertilize.

The geography teacher has a map on the wall. When the map is there, the children are asked questions like this: 'What are the main exports of the State of Massachusetts?' When the map is not there, the children are asked to bound the various states — to give the names of the capitals.

Even when they draw maps, — a most delicious diversion, — they get no sense of what they are about: that they are engaged in a most astonishing adventure of walking or riding or sailing with the people who first laid out the lines of those bays and islands and promontories, startling the beavers, or the walrus, or the moose, or the lion or giraffe.

It is one thing to draw the lines which inclose Hudson's Bay, for instance. It is another thing to think, while you draw those lines, or while you look at Hudson's Bay on the map, of old Captain Hendrik Hudson, sailing about up there in that most inhospitable and lonely place, making the map. And also that Hudson's Bay is there now, exactly as it was, and that you certainly must see it and not be satisfied with a map of it. All around it are little camps, very far apart and extremely quiet camps, where, in the deep snow, the Indian trapper goes softly about his ancient

business and lives comfortably all winter where you would die in one week. But you could train yourself to live like that Indian. And that's one thing you hope you will not forget to do when you grow up — make a close friend of one of those Indians, and have him teach you geography — the geography of Hudson's Bay. For *he* knows it, oh, *how* he knows it! And yet it never occurs to him to teach it; nobody in school would think for a minute of bringing an Indian to teach children the geography of the place where he lives, — or a trapper, or a French-Canadian, a *voyageur*, — even though you could get him for less than you pay the young lady who cares much more for a well-furnished little apartment on Belden Avenue than for any nasty cold place up north or dirty hot place down south.

One time something incredible happened. A man from up that way, from Alaska, — a mail carrier, — did actually give a lesson in geography to a room full of children. And in order to do it properly what did he have to have — maps and books? Dear Lord, no! he had twelve or so Esquimaux dogs, and he had one dog in particular which he wanted particularly to talk about, a dog that was really a great gray wolf. That dog understood the geography of Alaska even better than his master did, and that dog and his master together so impressed the geography of Alaska on those children that their souls and bodies trembled and shook with the power of that experience, and thereafter, to their dying day, that lesson in geography was at least one perfectly real and ecstatic piece of life.

It would be something of the same thing if you could get the geography of the Malay Archipelago, for instance, taught by some native friend of Mr. Conrad's; if you could get Sven Hedin or Ekai Kawagouchi to pick a man from Thibet to teach the children about the

Himalayas. But no — they must be taught by someone who prefers the security of a flat to the rigors of climate on the open surface of the earth under the windy sky.

The superintendent picks out the geography teacher. The superintendent ventures only to the golf field, and his wife ventures to the musicale at the woman's club, and they both venture to a hotel at Holland, Michigan, for a few weeks in rocking-chairs there, taking pains to avoid sunburn and anything violent.

But I met a geography teacher once — a professional too: not an Indian, but a Norwegian. In point of fact I have met several geography teachers, but only one — this one — was a professional. The others were men who dropped in from the ends of the earth, who sat for a while at the table, or by the fire, sometimes on the floor, smoking and talking to the family about geography.

One used to talk about the Rocky Mountains and Arizona — about the Rocky Mountain sheep and the Moki and Zuni Indians. And as he talked he modeled the Rocky Mountains with his big hands, and painted the great walls of ochre rock; and there, on that sharp profile on the remotest ledge — look! — do you recognize that silhouette, that perfect thing? — the wild sheep! And one time, sitting under a precipice of a hundred feet, over his head poured an *avalanche* of wild sheep, landing like thistle-down, without a scramble or a slip, and poured down the valley like a turbid steam. And then the buffalo of the prairie, the cougars and the grizzly bears, the Indians of the Mesas and of the Pueblos. The great desert, the shadowy coyote, the naked Indian runner, with a red scarf about his black hair, appearing on one burning horizon, crossing your trail without a glance, disappearing over the other horizon in silence and beauty.

Another was a man who casually walked across Turkestan, Afghanistan, and some part of Mongolia and China. He knew how people live in the huge vacant spaces on the roof of the world, where the wind is incessant and terrific, and the sand blows like a torment of hell, and the shepherds move from place to place, following the scanty water and grass in their red-skin tents, and receive you with all the grace and dignity and courtliness of the great traditions of an ancient race.

You get some impression from both these teachers of geography that we people of the trolley car and the department store and cheap theatre are certainly no ornament to the earth or to the race of men. Rather, we are an abominable blemish, and against the poise and grace and courtesy and graciousness of these barbarians our own bodily characteristics and a considerable part of our mental characteristics are as dust and ashes.

That is their experience. They have met both kinds.

Then there was a man the other day, — just yesterday, — who stretched himself out in a chair, blew smoke up to the ceiling, and in the presence of my two boys who were congealed into stone images, who forgot to breathe, told a simple tale of the cocoanut business in New Guinea.

It appears he was invited to go into the cocoanut business, being engaged at the time in drifting through the opalescent mysteries and terrors of the Malay Archipelago. A big Dutchman made it seem most alluring to plant twenty thousand trees, wait ten years, and then make every year thereafter a dollar a tree from copra.

So he went down to look over the location where he was invited to spend the remainder of his life. It was a beautiful place beside those enigmatic seas — beautiful with that poisonous beauty,

that serpentine remorseless beauty, that we know so well from Joseph Conrad. And he was disposed to go in with the big Dutchman until somebody whispered the word 'Tigers.' He listened to that word and made a few inquiries. It appeared that the tigers in the cocoanut orchard were about as usual as the hornets in a peach orchard. Of course, if you could afford it, you rode on an elephant — notice the boys — and thereby avoided some risk. But, on the whole, the daily presence of that brightly burning beast — who could never be detected until it was a case of being a dead shot or being dead — made the cocoanut business seem less desirable than the lemon business in San Domingo, which now engages a part of his attention. What would New Guinea ever mean to those two boys if they got the news from New Guinea out of geographies and professional geography teachers?

But this professional I mentioned is a Norwegian. I suppose, because I know one real teacher of geography who is also a professional, that there must be others in the profession. For it is not at all likely that I know the only one. But this is certain — their value has never been realized.

This man walks the crust of the earth with adoration, as old John Muir used to walk it. And in the confinement of a city flat and a city school, with the crashing debasements of noise and the defilements of dirt and smoke, his spirit sweeps like eagles over all the mountains or wades with the heron in all the rivers of the world.

He made some maps of his own. How did they differ from other maps? They were so beautiful that as mural decoration they could not be excelled. Some indication of the mural value of a map may be seen in the Pennsylvania Terminal of New York City. And of course these maps had not a single name on

them. A beautiful map is defiled with names, and yet it is the names only that make a map intelligible to the standard geography teacher, or to her superiors.

This Norwegian seems to think that the earth is not composed of cities and towns and railroad routes. It is a very strange, wild, and romantic place to live in still.

'Land and sea have, with the help of the sun, bred a curious fungoid thing that creeps over it. But that did not exhaust land and sea.

'They are yet young and sing at their work; and if you want to get a sense of how young and how vital and how generous and honest and relentless and terrible these giants of Jotunheim are, clear out of this! If you must be an insect, — a fly, — do not choose to be a house-fly about apartment houses, office-buildings, theatres, clubs: be at least a dragon-fly.'

Then the wistfulness of those faces of regimented boys and girls sitting before him caught in the nets of circumstance, prompts him to say, 'But my dear children, if you come to love the land, the sea, the rivers, the sky; if you come to love geography through thinking about geography, then you may be sure you will one day *experience* geography! And if you don't, then the door into geography is locked against you forever. There are those resounding words, "Unto him that knocketh, it shall be opened." All we can do in this class is to knock at the geography door lightly, timidly, perhaps, at first, but more and more resolutely; and before you know it, the door flies open — and there you find yourself, as I have found myself so many times, drifting along the lovely contours of the Alleghanies or the Blue Ridge, among dogwood and Judas-tree blossoms; exploring the bays and islands of Puget Sound, or the Florida Keys; drinking from glacial streams in the Dolomites, or climbing

among the purple rocks of Norway in the twilight and sleeping in a hut against the very stars. And without money and without price — that is to say, with so little money that you can get enough by saving on the things that are totally unimportant compared with this thing.

‘For this seems to me to be Life, and Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness; and most of the goings and comings of men and women, who are old enough to know better, seem to me to be Death and Slavery and the Pursuit of Misery.

‘I would like to state the whole case for geography, but I can’t — it is too big. You know how it was with Thor when he tried to lift the Utgard snake, or throw down the old woman; and Thor was a god. I say, you can’t even state the case for geography adequately, much less scratch the surface of the subject. You can do just one thing, you can associate yourself with this magnificent thing, first here in this class and afterwards outside, and see what it does to you.

‘Geography makes all people what they are, as far as their vital habits and customs are concerned. There is no good-will about it, and no morality at all; so it has been hard to introduce those elements into human affairs. All the same, if you want to keep clear of the fevers and flaccidity and obesity of human society, you will have to get back to geography over and over again; and *not in parties* — far from it. You must go alone. The impact of parties, of groups of laughers and jokers and witty commenters and preoccupied duffers full of law or medicine or anything else, breaks all the little wires which carry those currents to the soul that David had in mind when he said, “He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul.”

‘And that is why I have written those words on the blackboard to-day,

at the beginning of our acquaintance in geography: “He restoreth my soul.” This is from one of the very greatest poems in any literature — by a shepherd who naturally expressed geography in every thought and word. And if your association with geography does not restore your soul, and even lead you in the paths of righteousness, then, children, I have not taught the subject, and you have not learned it.’

And so the year’s work in geography begins. It is the work required by the school. But it is all kinds of geography together — it is synthetic geography — and it is informed by this geographer with something of its own profound and prodigious character, *plus* the reactions of a man who knows that children in schools are entitled, by every canon of honesty and fair dealing, to intellectual and spiritual bread, not stones.

Now there is, of course, a geography of information, but it does not become educational until it is transformed into a geography of inspiration. Most of the geography of information with which children are stuffed until they can recite it, — regurgitate it, — is forgotten. Naturally it has to be forgotten. There is no use, except the bad use of display, in remembering the boundaries of states, or, in fact, anything very arbitrary of that sort which takes the place of strong visualizations, both of the countries and of the people and animals and plants which live and die in them.

If you want to teach geography in the best way, you take the children to the place you wish to have them learn about. The geography book and its expositor usually take them to no place that they will remember.

Moving pictures are most valuable in producing the illusion. The Seventh Grade, for instance, can go to the Great Barrier and beyond with Lieutenant Scott — can see the killer whale’s interest in the baby seal, and the big

sea-lions come up out of a hole in the ice and bask sleepily in their shining wet hides in a temperature of forty below, while the penguins nod approvingly nearby.

Yet what we have to depend on most are collateral books written by people who have 'been there' and who can state the case adequately, *plus* a teacher of geography who, if he has n't been there in body, has been there in spirit, and, in his own Patmos, has been transported and can also write a Book of Revelation, if called on to do so.

The policy of the open door for the spirits of children will be his rule of life. With him the child who lives back of the Yards in Chicago or in Avenue B in New York may escape the prison-house whose shades approach so early in life and into which he will certainly go.

The map of North America hangs here on my wall — a map by the Norwegian aforesaid. What should it suggest? Do you see the map, or do you see what the map stands for? Well, what does it stand for? It stands for a very beautiful but a very terrible thing.

A thousand years to it are but as yesterday, and its categorical imperative is, 'Return.' Generation after generation comes up out of it and goes back into it; and how differently they spend their time! While the lady in New York goes to Mouquin's after the opera, her sister in the Aleutian Islands is getting up to a breakfast of hot walrus blood and blubber. The dog-team is struggling across Labrador while folks in

Florida are bathing in the surf. Silver or muddy rivers are moving forever. Steamers and trains poke painfully along, like insects in high grass. In little spots, illuminated by electricity and smudged with smoke, there is a rather repulsive swarming of the otherwise invisible human being.

The Valley of the Mississippi waves in wheat and corn. The Rocky Mountains stand rigid in the grimace of the last convulsive agony of the crust. The Gulf of Mexico holds in its bowl the elixir of life for an otherwise dead England and Scandinavia.

The migratory birds stream north or south, following those mysterious lines established by a million years of practice.

The oceans frame it in cobalt and foam. The clouds, the sky, and the stars roof it over with a great majesty, and the sun works the chemistry and the consolation that makes the thing go at all, turns mineral into vegetable, and allows the smallest cricket to chirp, and man himself to sing, under conditions that are really desperate.

The whole thing goes whirling on through black and frigid space — at an incredible pace. North America spins, in all its ponderosity, like a spoke in a flywheel. In other words, it is an unspeakable mystery, an atrocious contradiction, an extravagant anomaly. And will what you have to say about North America consist of everything that is dull and wearisome as a piece of bookkeeping or the minutes of the last meeting of the School Board?

WHERE WE STAND

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

CIVILIZATION? Is it learned and wealthy social organization? Or general gentility? Without agreeing on any ethical definition, we may admit that the most civilized state will be that wherein is found the greatest proportionate number of happy, healthy, wise, and gentle citizens. Whether civilization, judged by this standard, has ever been high, is more than doubtful; it was certainly still low before the war, and is at the moment even lower. The Great War was not a thunderbolt from the blue launched at an unoffending mankind: it was a stealing Fate carefully nurtured within the bosom of modern civilization; the natural and gradually reached result of a crude competitive system pursued almost to its limits — the climax, in fact, of the individual, political, and national rivalries which have been speeding to this end since the Middle Ages.

The march of mankind is directed neither by his will, nor by his superstitions, but by the effect of his great and, as it were, accidental discoveries on his average nature. The discovery and exploitation of language, of fire, of corn, of ships, of metals, of gunpowder, of printing, of coal, steam, electricity, of flying machines (atomic energy has still to be exploited), acting on a human nature which is, practically speaking, constant, moulds the real shape of human life, under all the agreeable camouflage of religions, principles, policies, personages, and ideas. After the discovery and exploitation of gunpowder and printing, the centuries stood some-

what still, until, with coal, steam, and modern machinery, a swift industrialism set in, which has brought the world to its recent state.

In comparison with the effect of these discoveries and their unconscious influence on human life, the effect of political ideas is seen to be inconsiderable. For theories arise from and follow material states of being, rather than precede and cause them. British Liberalism, for example, did not give birth to that hard-headed child Free Trade (by Wealth out of Short Sight); it did not even inaugurate the 'live and let live' theory; it followed on and crowned with a misty halo a state of long-acknowledged industrial ascendancy. Prussian 'will to power' did not cause, it followed and crowned with thorns, the rising wave of German industry and wealth. And outstanding personalities such as Gladstone and Bismarck are rather made outstanding by the times they live in, than make those times outstanding.

This is one of two sober truths with which one has to reckon in forecasting the future of civilization; the other is the aforesaid constancy of human nature. The fact that modern human nature is much more subtle, ambitious, and humane than the nature of primitive man, is not greatly important to creatures who live but three-score years and ten, and who in their mental and spiritual stature are on the whole no higher, and in physical development probably lower, than the Greeks and Romans.

A cataclysm such as this war makes

stock-takers of us all; and we are now recording in a hundred ways, with a sort of automatic busyness, where we stand, with the praiseworthy intention, no doubt, of standing somewhere else. We shall point out to ourselves where we failed, and what we have now to do, and probably proceed to do what our inventions and discoveries, acting on our general nature, make us. This fatalistic reflection, however, should incite us to effort, rather than discourage us therefrom; for it is no use laboring under illusions; mankind, which does not see the grip his discoveries have on him, is the more powerless against that grip. Nor is there any use in being blind about the sort of beings we are. Consider a moment that queer compound, average human nature. Plain everyday man, superior to his exploiters, pastors, and masters, in the qualities of hardihood, endurance, patience, and humor, is inferior to them in power of imagining, speculating, devising, competing, and telling others what to do. The competitive and scheming qualities of these leaders — of politicians, militarists, industrial captains and exploiters, of pressmen, labor leaders, lawyers, pastors, and writers — form, with the simple qualities of those they lead, that amalgam which we call average human nature. But leaders and led are almost equally deficient in pure altruism — the impersonal quality; so that, in sum, human nature is personal, strenuous, hardy, enduring, ingenious, shortsighted, combative, and competitive — just the right material to be stampeded by its own discoveries and inventions.

The war has not changed human nature by jot or tittle, and has added to, rather than taken from, our undigested inventions and discoveries: it has, for instance, developed engines of destruction, and flying machines, whether for purposes of trade or war, and increased

general ingenuity and the possibilities of material production. What else has it done? It has carted the hay of old national boundaries and problems, — preserving, of course, the Irish problem, — and produced a luxuriant crop of fresh ones. It has destroyed some autocracies, and given such stimulus to so-called democracy as to threaten the world with fresh tyrannies of the part over the whole. It has disrupted Greater Russia, probably forever; and has wasted the youth and wealth of Europe to such a degree as to shift the real storm-centre of the world to the Pacific Ocean, and the three unexhausted countries lying east and west thereof. It has exaggerated the conception of nationalism, and, on the whole, lowered that of individual liberty.

It has brought forth the theory of a league of nations, which will, alas, remain a theory unless, to their uneasy surprise, the now dominant powers should suddenly become altruistic. It has greatly advanced the emancipation of women, and loosened family life. It has increased the hopes and wants of 'the workers' — a name which suggests a monopoly by no means existing. It has, by development of flying, turned both land-warfare and sea-power into gambles in the air. It has demonstrated the need for nations to be self-sufficing in the matter of food-growth, without inspiring, apparently, in this English land any real intention of so becoming. It has not, so far as one can see, altered in the least the only accepted ideal of modern states — maximum production of wealth to the square mile.

Now the sole hope that the future of civilization may be better than its past or present centres round the possibility of substituting for that bankrupt ideal the ideal of the maximum production of health and happiness; for, whatever the fashion of our speech and the complexion of our thought, this is not precisely

the same thing. To judge from the speeches of some of their leaders, the 'workers,' indeed, would seem to be feeling after such a substitution. But it may well be doubted whether many of their followers have risen to more than a partisan conception of the need, or fathomed the roots of the evil.

For an example by the way: there is going on in this country a great hubbub concerning coal-production, nationalization of mines, and so forth. Only a wildered pelican here and there croaks of the need to concentrate national attention on chaining the tides and using water-driven electricity, on opening up oil-deposits and abolishing altogether the need for coal. Coal is a curse, if there is any way of doing without. It has done more to destroy health and happiness than any of our great discoveries. And, even if it were rendered smokeless, it has still to be extracted, and millions of men in this beautiful world must work below ground. We are told, with clamor, that on coal-production our exporting power depends — power to pay for the food we now have to import. Only in apologetic whispers are we told that we should grow the food instead, — which is perfectly possible if we set our minds to the task, — and save that amount of need for coal. And why this fatalistic attitude about coal? Simply because we are still in the rut made by an exploited discovery acting on average human nature: we know that we have huge unextracted stores of coal; many of us own coal-mines or shares therein; more of us make a living by extracting coal; our rulers depend on the votes of a coal-worshipping community; *we want wealth quickly*; in sum, we are human beings and prefer each of us his own immediate profit to what will benefit us all in the future. That is a short concrete example of why the future of civilization looks so black.

We are all borne along in the car of industry, driven by that blind driver, our own competitive mood. What applies to ourselves applies to other nations. America and Japan are going our way fast, becoming town-ridden, industry-mad communities. The next great war will probably begin between them. Even the Chinese are now infected by the Western idea of maximum wealth to the square mile. Their 'advanced' men are saying, 'We must adopt Western methods or we cannot compete with Western industry.' Pursue Industrialism without the two basic safeguards, — self-growth of food by every nation, and the diversion of the spirit of competition to things of the mind, to art, and to sport and adventure, — pursue it thus unguarded, and civilization cannot hope to advance. Proceed as the nations may with plans for economy, for housing, sanitation, education, industrial expansion, a hundred other things, they cannot keep pace with the ruin implicit in their progress, while their ideal remains maximum production of wealth to the square mile.

Nations, like men, can be healthy and happy, though comparatively poor. Better, if need be, limit population scientifically, than go on scuttling and scuffling down this road of danger. Wealth is a means to an end, not the end itself. As a synonym for health and happiness, it has had fair trial, has failed dismally, and brought on us this war.

Remembering that human nature remains the same, that inventions are always with us, and that men almost invariably learn by experience too late, — '*si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*,' — civilization appears to be in an *impasse*. When we are assured by statesmen that the bad old world must and shall pass away, we naturally ask ourselves why — failing any real change of directing mood — it should become

anything but worse. Must we, then, throw up our hands and say, 'Well, we're only human beings: we do what we can, and after all, in some respects the world is better than it was, even if we *are* heading for a conflagration more hideous than the last'? Or is there any way in which we can try to struggle up out of the *impasse*?

If there be a saving way, at all, it is obviously this: substitute health and happiness for wealth as a world-ideal; and translate that new ideal into action by *education* from babyhood up. To do this, states must reorganize education *spiritually* — in other words, must introduce religion; not the old formal creeds, but the humanistic religion of service for the common weal, a social honor which puts the health and happiness of all first, and the wealth of self second.

The only comfort in the situation is the curious fact that, underneath all else, the sociability inculcated in modern nations by quick communications and incessant intercourse is already tending toward the formation of this new humanistic religion. But at present the tendency lacks proper machinery for expression of itself. The main object of education now is material advancement, with some honorable hankering after spiritual training. It should be the other way round. Boys and girls should be taught to think first of others in material things; they should be infected with the wisdom to know that in making smooth the way of all lies the road to their own health and happiness. It is a question of the *mood* in which we are taught to learn. That mood, from school-age up, should be shaped so as to correct, and not, as at present, to emphasize, our natural competitive egoism. None can do this save teachers themselves inspired by this ideal of service for the common welfare. The first need of civilization, therefore, is

the finding and equipping of such teachers.

The teaching profession should be honored before all others; the direction of its ideals, standards, and curricula, the choice of its man-power and woman-power placed in the hands of the most truly enlightened and sweet-living persons in the state — not mere capable administrators or scholars, but men and women who have shown in practice that they can rise to an altruistic conception of human existence. States should spend money and effort as freely on this great all-underlying matter of spiritual education, as they have hitherto spent them on beating and destroying each other.

Economic production, science, development, discovery cannot save us, pursued in the rampant competitive mood. Trade is not a good in itself; it is almost, if not quite, an evil, fostering as it must the sharp and selfishly competitive qualities. Instead of the trading mood, we need a sort of universal sportsmanship, the basis of a mood which, competing keenly in things of the spirit, — in architecture, art, music, letters, and such science as ministers to health and happiness, — competing, too, in sports and in adventure, agrees to pool all productive and industrial endeavor, and to put the material welfare of mankind first, and the material welfare of self second; and we need that such a mood should be beyond and above all narrow national prejudice and partisanship.

The real and supreme importance of the League of Nations consists in its power of giving such a mood the first chance it has ever had in international affairs. For it must freely be confessed that, without this chance in *international* affairs, there is no hope that the mood will be adopted and fostered nationally.

Failing then the success of the League

of Nations in leading to the general establishment of this new mood governing our lives, civilization will continue to advance only in the public press and the mouths of statesmen in all countries, deeply, if unconsciously, committed to the devil. Nay, it must steadily lead us to another world-catastrophe

many times worse than that we have just encountered, because of our blind progress in the use of destructive mechanism. In that event those of us who are left alive will console ourselves with the thought that we are human beings — of whom too much cannot justly be expected.

FIDDLERS MILITANT

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

MY adventures as a fiddler militant began with the extremely musical sound made by a postal card as it came clicking through the letter-slot. Filled with gloomy forebodings by what the examiner for the first Plattsburg Reserve Officers' Training Camp had told me a few days before, I had been watching that slot with a ferret's eye and the mind of a prisoner at the bar when the jury is filing in.

'You're all right,' the examiner had said, 'except your age. Of course, you know, your thirty-seven years are against you.'

But now through the slot this magic postal card, with its rich roseate hue, burst into the middle of Blue Monday. The resulting shade was a royal purple of triumph. It directed me to report as No. 2056 to the commanding officer at Plattsburg the day after to-morrow. Whoop-la! what a relief!

Then I turned the radiant thing over to the address side, half expecting to see myself already called by the honorable title of 'Candidate.' Name of a name! *It was addressed to another man!*

VOL. 125 - NO. 2

B

I descended into hell, and there and then decided to attend the Williams College R.O.T.C. and prepare for a more successful assault on the portals of the second Plattsburg. My plan of campaign was to execute a frontal attack in person, while dispatching my publisher on an expedition against the Washington flank, heavily armed with propaganda to the effect that the present chief need of the infantry was veteran writers thirty-seven years of age.

I will flit in an airy manner over my musical activities at Williamstown. You remember the one good thing that Philip Gilbert Hamerton said? He remarked that old writers like Sir Thomas Malory sometimes condensed a whole psychological novel into the single phrase: 'When twenty years had come and gone.' In like manner my adventures as a fiddler militant at Williamstown might be summarized in a still more compact formula, which was to recur so often in the reports of my scout officers in the trenches: 'N.T.R.'

Nothing to report. That is to say,

unless we except those Sunday afternoon groups around a certain hospitable piano, when dear old enthusiastic Walthers appeared, fiddle in hand and with double bars on his shoulders, and we played trios, while, at every other movement, I was spelled off by the nephew who, a few weeks hence, was to hitch his ambulance to a star, and his Ford 'cello to the ceiling of his ambulance, and 'fliv' about France for two years as an up-to-date good Samaritan, pouring in oil and gas, and fiddling his *blessés* back to life and the front-line trenches.

Stay! There *was* one bona-fide musical adventure, when my half-brother, the real honest-to-goodness pianist, came to spend a week-end with me. That is, everyone swore that he had rounded into a real pianist. Personally I did n't know, for I had n't seen more than twenty-four hours' worth of him since the early days when his musical performances, though vigorous, were exclusively vocal. I did n't know, for I never take such statements at second-hand any more. I've been disillusioned too often: I've got to be shown.

Well, here was the kid brother, and here was my own Gaspar, the strangest, funniest, oldest, nicest 'cello that the Italian Renaissance ever handed down for the ultimate delectation of that new world which had been discovered only about a half-century before its advent. And here was a genial professor, with a succulent Steinway grand set in the studio of his wife, whose paintings gladdened the eye whenever the eye had a measure's rest or so. What was it Browning once wailed about never the time and the place and the pianist all together? We fooled him that day.

Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!

Here was the young upstart of a brother, whom I had mislaid all his life

long, sitting down to Brahms sonatas for piano and Gaspar, and reading them at sight with the ease and *abandon* to the sound and sense with which I myself could read Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*: yes, and with his delicious touch achieving that well-nigh mythical feat — for a pianist — of playing softly when he encountered the mystic hieroglyph *pp*. Now most manipulators of the ivories are so innocent of this accomplishment that they should not be called pianists at all. They should be called *fortists*. But this kid brother actually played the hyphenated piano-forte, holding a just balance on either side of the hyphen.

I was filled with a sense of the joy of life, and its absurdity. Here was I, after having hunted all over creation for a large part of thirty-seven years for the ideal chamber-music pianist, and having found only two or three (who would never stay put), stumbling inadvertently upon one in the bosom of the family. And here were we, not proposing to stay put, either, but — while ravished by the beauties of Brahms — both setting forth on diverging paths to slay as many of the compatriots of Brahms as possible.

One final vignette. The dormitories had been turned into barracks, and in the next room lived banjos, banjourines, mandolins, mandolas, guitars, guitar-ettes, ukeleles, and, in a musical sense, every creeping thing. During the day, we were given five minutes' rest between drill periods. During the night, we had an hour between lectures and taps. After meals, we had at least a quarter of an hour for undiluted repose. These periods were always employed, to the uttermost second, by the comrades next door, in laying offerings upon the altar of the Muse Polyragthymnia. The process sounded at times as if the altar were constructed of sheet-iron, and the gifts took the form of a

varied sheaf of kitchen utensils, let fall on it from a considerable height.

One Sunday evening Gaspar and I could no longer resist the siren lures of Music—not Heavenly Maid, but ready made. We entered next door, and close on our heels there thronged in performers upon the flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, kazoo, snare-drum, and all kinds of music. The entire mantelshelf was replete with the entire banjo family, two deep. The trombonist sat enthroned upon the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Eleventh Edition, to the apparent disadvantage of the latter.

We were just at the height of a spirited rendition of 'They wear 'em higher in Hawaii,' whose sonority must have immobilized the clock on the distant tower, and made the wretched factory children of North Adams stir uneasily in their troubled sleep, when I saw a face peering in over the heads of all Williamstown, which were inserted raptly into the large window. The face was ghastly white. The eyeballs were well-nigh popping from their sockets. The whole expression was one of terrified stupefaction, which was transformed into malevolent comprehension when it caught sight of my own unworthy features.

The bow dropped from my nerveless grasp. With a low moan of shame, not unmingled with compassion, I recognized in that face the distorted features of one of the most celebrated organists of New York City. As a music critic I had once attacked him for not being sufficiently high-brow.

II

We were still a long way from France—in fact, the exact distance between Plattsburg and Brest; and we were lined up in company front, when an orderly arrived with a note for our captain. He read it and exclaimed, —

'Candidate Schauffler, report at once to the Post Commandant.'

Now you may dispatch a chap on a tight-rope reconnaissance from the top of the Metropolitan Tower to the top of the Flatiron Building, or cause him to patrol Fifth Avenue from Twenty-third to Forty-Second Street clad in his birthday clothes, and he will feel no more uncomfortably conspicuous than a three-days-old candidate, not yet reconciled to the eccentricities of canvas leggings, who should be haled without warning out of company front to visit the commandant on business unspecified.

The business was as yet unspecified, but, in the marrow of my bones I felt what was up. The commandant had discovered, through the detective service of his Intelligence Section, the damning fact that I was a poet; had added this up to my thirty-seven years like two and two, and had decided that such a combination could never make a doughboy. I was going to be kicked out and disgraced. Shedding my pack and Springfield, I advanced toward headquarters with inelastic tread.

The portal yawned. I girded myself together, stepped inside, schooled my features to look somewhat like those of the Admirable Crichton in the first act, where he is a butler, and pulled off a well-nigh perfect textbook salute. The commandant pulled off a far less perfect one, smiled pleasantly, rose to his feet, and, to my utter astonishment, shook hands in a genial manner and offered me a chair. This, thought I in bewilderment, is not what any of the books have led me to expect. It is administering the fatal pill dissolved in a large, sweet Martini.

'So you're a fiddler militant,' observed Colonel Wolf. 'I know all about you. I've read your stuff. Pleased to meet you. Now, won't you play that big fiddle of yours for the men some

night in our open-air stadium? And I want you to serve on the entertainment committee.'

He pressed a bell and introduced me to his adjutant. I explained to the adjutant that I'd be glad to play if I could brush aside certain slight difficulties which were: —

1. I was out of practice, owing to the exigencies of squads right and right-shoulder arms.

2. I had no music.

3. I had no accompanist.

4. I had no 'cello.

Apart from this, I was quite ready.

The adjutant expressed his confidence that I would easily make as nought these trifling handicaps. 'You know,' said he, 'America expects each man to do the impossible.' Then he introduced me to my fellow members of the Entertainment Committee: Candidate Bud Fisher, Candidate Robert Warwick, and others equally good and great.

It next fell to my lot to direct the activities of these gentlemen in decorating the stadium stage with evergreen branches, — to secure which we reverted to type and became arboreal, — and with ferns, to secure which we groveled in the thick undergrowth of deep swamps. To this day I recall with pleasure the appearance of a renowned but sedentary sporting editor as he swung from branch to branch, and that of a celebrated but somewhat sybaritic tenor as he emerged from that swamp, having bitten the muck and mingled it with his golden vocal cords.

To complicate matters, we had all just had a 'shot in the arm' that noon, which was taking with especial virulence. It was a sorry-looking crew of celebrities who, under my temporary control, stood about viewing their handiwork as exterior decorators and working their poor arms like pump-handles in a misguided and vain attempt to ward off stiffness. I wish I

could introduce a snapshot of them at this point.

It now occurred to me that I must play in public that evening; so I obtained an extension of respite from 'Squads right,' hurried into the metropolis, and persuaded the leading, and in fact the only, 'cellist to lend me the leading, and in fact the only, 'cello of Plattsburg.

I still remember with mingled emotions that night's performance. Aside from the fact that an icy wind blew full upon the ill-starred dog-house that I clutched between my knees, thus rapidly altering the pitch of the strings while I played; and that my arm was so stiff from the shot and the subsequent tree-climbing and wallowing that I could scarce lift hand to string; and that a laboring freight locomotive came puffing and groaning along on the tracks nearby and quite drowned out the latter half of the tune, the performance was fairly successful in showing that as an amateur fiddler I was an excellent soldier. For no performance could have failed entirely, with that radio-active accompanist pushing on the reins at the piano behind my back — he who had composed 'The Last Long Mile' only the day before, and given it its first performance just before my solo.

Will any Plattsburg man ever forget the sings we had while waiting for those sempiternal lectures? One dramatic moment comes back vividly to mind, when the entire body of candidates, who had never before sung together anything more devotional in character than 'The Bells of Hell Go Ting-a-ling-a-ling,' suddenly burst forth by common telepathic consent into a superb, nobly moving rendition of 'O Come, All Ye Faithful.'

An eccentric old party, dear to the hearts of all R.O.T.C. men, used to visit us once in a while and teach us to improve our tones of military command

by vibrating our 'head spaces,' — presumably the places where the brain ought to be but was n't, — and by holding our noses and blowing through our ears, and other devices generally supposed to be acquired only through interminable and expensive courses of lessons with singing teachers whose names end in *ini* and *elli*. This gentleman's name, however, ended as soon as it began. He was prosaically but fittingly known as Mr. Noyes. It was the second most fitting name I have ever known. The first belonged to a lady who weighed five hundred pounds and rejoiced in the name of Madame Hellbig. Mr. Noyes's name was, as the grammarians would say, highly onomatopoeic, if one might judge from the volume of tone he produced from us three thousand candidates.

His methods were as short as his name. Reasoning from the swiftness with which he taught the gang 'Keep Your Head Down,' and 'K-k-k-Katie' in about ten minutes apiece, I believe that Mr. Noyes could have taught us César Franck's monumental oratorio, 'The Beatitudes,' in three sittings — provided, of course, that instead of allowing the pious words of the original to reveal that this was 'high-brow music' the damning fact had been camouflaged by translating the text into the popular idiom of the doughboy.

Thus, for example, instead of the part about they that mourn being comforted, the candidates would have gulped down Franck's soothing strains to such words as, —

'What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while.'

Such low-browness was, of course, most deplorable, but I did not raise my voice in denunciation, knowing full well the truth of that portion of Scripture which declares: 'A prophet is a loss in his own company.'

III

The months at Plattsburg resolved themselves into a second lieutenant's commission in the infantry. My instructors informed me rather apologetically that they would have given me a higher rank if I had n't been a fiddler and a poet; the inference being that, to have a mixed command consisting of young-lady muses and young-gentleman doughboys would not be considered the thing in the best military circles. It would be an affront to the conventions of the most conventional set in the world.

As for me, I was delighted to get any commission at all. For I had long ago resolved that, if I received in lieu of a commission that bitter and acrid fruit, the raspberry, I would enlist. And I did not begrudge the handicap of the muses. For I would far rather be a gold-barred fiddler militant in crowded barracks than dwell in the tents of Colonel X at Camp —. Colonel X was our most celebrated low-brow. He it was who scolded his bugle-corps for the monotony of their four-noted music. 'It's all too much on the same key,' he said to the leader. 'Liven things up with some runs and trills and flourishes. Now for to-morrow I want you to play, "Joan of Arc."'

It was no other than Colonel X who once broke up a rehearsal of his regimental band by waving his arms in an impressive manner and roaring, 'Here, what're you trying to do?'

LEADER. We are rehearsing 'The Stars and Stripes Forever,' sir.

COLONEL X (leveling a minatory finger at the alto, tenor, and bass trombones). I want to see those instruments dress up. Want to see those trombone-slides all go in and out together in a military manner!

On another occasion this colonel stopped the same unfortunate band

with a rough, 'Here, here, what's all this foolishness?'

LEADER (patiently). What, sir?

COLONEL X (withering the solo trumpeter, with a glare). Why is n't that man working?

LEADER. He has four measures' rest before his solo, sir.

COLONEL X. Now then, I want you to understand that I won't stand for any more of this slacking. Want you to get music that will keep every man busy all the time. Make 'em all work! Make 'em all work!

By good luck I was not assigned to this colonel's outfit, but to the finest regiment in the 79th Division. The 313th Infantry, besides containing the best fighting men in camp, had the highest quota of gentlemen and sportsmen among its officers, and the best band. (This is invariably the way every soldier talks about his own outfit.) Our band was directed by Louie Fisher, then an enlisted man, later a captain and the leader of Pershing's band. As Regimental Intelligence Officer, I commanded the first platoon of Headquarters Company, which included among a vast and heterogeneous throng Louie Fisher and his musicians.

One reason why our music was so good was that Fisher had an eagle eye peeled all the time for promising material. One day he came to me in high excitement and said, —

'I've made a wonderful find!'

'Where?'

'In a rifle company. I know him. He's the greatest pianist within a hundred miles. Came to camp two weeks ago, a raw recruit. They've had him out there on the parade ground dragging a rifle around till he's half dead. I've asked for him for the band, and got him, by Jove!'

'But you can't use a pianist in the band.'

'No, but we can set him learning

some other instrument. He's an all-around musician. What would you advise?'

I advised the oboe. The oboe was as rare as the dodo. Now that we had a good musician at our mercy, here was a chance to supply a long-felt want. So our pianist was given an oboe, and soon was making day hideous within a radius of one hundred yards.

That evening Fisher brought him over to the Y.M.C.A. hut to show me what he could do. I can never get out of my mind how incongruously noble and beautiful was his rendering of Chopin's B minor Sonata and the A minor Prelude and Fugue of Bach, as it competed with the rip-roaring atmosphere of that hut. It was as if, out yonder on the bayonet course, someone had hung up the Hermes of Praxiteles by the neck in one of the gallows, instead of the usual straw-stuffed dummies of Boches, for the yelling doughboys to jab with their bayonets as they rushed past. And, looking somewhat like a Hermes thus treated, our pianist rose up after he had finished the Bach selection, amid the ribald though innocent whoops of his fellow doughboys, and declared that he could play no more.

Remembering how the muse had been penalized at Plattsburg, I had thus far kept from Camp — the fact that I was a fiddler militant. But now, in the enthusiasm of finding this great virtuoso in spiral puttees, the truth somehow leaked out. It did n't matter so much, however, because I had already exchanged my gold bars for silver, and because we had no such low-brow colonel as the one who insisted that the trombone slides must all go in and out together.

In fact, our colonel sent for me and said that he liked music a lot, and would n't I take my 'cello along over to France, so that, in the regiment's

moments of relaxation, I might play to them with the new pianist.

I said I would be glad to play for them if it would n't be held against me and put down as a large black blot on my efficiency record; but that my 'cello was nearly as old as Columbus, and that such a fragile and temperamental rarity would stand just about as much chance in the A.E.F. as a butterfly in a hamburg-steak machine.

'All right,' said the colonel; 'then we'll buy you a good, strong, tough, armor-plated 'cello out of the regimental fund. We've got to have that music.'

So next day Fisher and I went into Baltimore and bought the regiment a 'cello, quartermaster-proof, yet sweet and mellow withal. Very fittingly, we were helped by a gentleman who was a good amateur musician on the flute, and had been a close friend of that flute-playing hero of my boyhood, the noble poet and musician militant, Sidney Lanier.

I saw this patriotic amateur draw the violin dealer aside and whisper to him in an authoritative manner; and I have always attributed to this whispered conversation the fact that our available three hundred dollars bought a 'cello that seemed to me worth more like five hundred, together with a good bow, an almost bomb-proof case, and enough strings, glue, clamps, sound-post setters, and extra bridges and tail-piece gut, to guard against most eventualities in the S.O.S., except those which the insurance policies so elegantly denominate 'foreign enemies and civil commotions.'

Alas for the best-laid plans of fiddlers militant! The bomb-proof 'cello duly arrived at Camp — along with our embarkation orders. There was no time to play it to the regiment — only to nail it up in its immense coffin, along with half of my musical lib-

rary. With the rest of the heavy freight, it set forth for France a few days ahead of us.

Now follows the dim horror of my tale,
And I feel I'm growing gradually pale;
For even at this day,
Though its sting has passed away,
When I venture to remember it, I quail.

The following day I was informed by the colonel that we had lost our great pianist. Colonel X (the one who had admonished his band leader to 'Make 'em all work!') had for some reason become even more acutely than ever dissatisfied with that functionary, and, hearing of our pianist, wished to give him the position. He promised to make him a commissioned officer at once, if the 313th would let him go. And our colonel, not wishing to stand in the young musician's upward way, reluctantly consented.

A few days later, however, in marching past Colonel X's barracks, *en route* to the Leviathan, I noticed our pianist, still clad in the blue jeans of the enlisted man, watching us wistfully from the side of the road. Could it be, thought I, that a colonel who could insist on the bugles, with their four notes, playing 'Joan of Arc,' might be so far swayed by his vague general distrust of music, that he could bring himself to grab a great pianist on the pretext of commissioning him, and then withhold the commission in order to stymie the divine art? The event proved that it could be. Our pianist retained to the end the blue jeans of the enlisted man.

But poetic justice overtook the wicked Colonel X. Let me anticipate and show him in action. In a crisis of the Meuse-Argonne offensive a piece of shrapnel came and severely wounded him in the canteen. Feeling his life-blood chilling in his veins and gushing rapidly down his limb, he raised a frantic howl of

'Tourniquet! tourniquet!' First aid appeared and examined the colonel, and pointed out to him that the skin had not even been broken by the projectile. 'Makes no difference!' cried Colonel X. 'Get to work here. I won't have any of this slacking. Tourniquet! tourniquet!'

The tourniquet was applied by the furtively grinning medical staff. It was applied with considerable force, however; and after a time, when all the water had been shed (for he had but one canteen to give for his country), the sufferer decided to take his chances without the aid of science. Not long after, Colonel X was relieved from duty on the field of honor, for incompetence. Long may he rave!

To return to the regimental 'cello. It was raped from me more utterly than my pianist. This time, however, I suspect, not Colonel X, but the Boche. It was seen to leave these shores. So far as can be learned, it never landed in France. There is a chance, of course, that it may have been diverted to some other route. At this very moment it may be the soul of the musical life of the bazaars of Bagdad, or be brightening the long winter nights of Archangel. But my personal belief is that it was submarined.

But, even if it had been submarined, it would have floated, unless weighed down too much by all that heavy sonata music. I never look out of my Larchmont window across Long Island Sound without scanning the offing for a 'cello cast upon the waters. And I always retain the hope that glue, which was a part of its trousseau, is insoluble in brine.

Too bad, even for purely military reasons, that it should have been submarined! In open warfare, for example, a 'cello would be invaluable. I can imagine few more effective weapons. Getting out the long, sharp end-pin, fixing it in place like a bayonet, and then bearing down resolutely upon the foe, you would transfix with astonishment every Hun that beheld you, until you had transfixed him with the end-pin.

Alas for all these vain imaginings! In my inmost heart I fear that the regimental 'cello is no more. But my chief regret is that it had to perish so fruitlessly. Now, if that 'cello had only been submarined along with Colonel X, and had gone down under him irrevocably while he was using it for a raft and screaming to his staff for a life-preserver, I should be resigned to the sacrifice. It would have perished in a worthy cause.

TRYSTS

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

My father and my mother sleep
Under the snow and dead rose-stem.
Not once in many months I keep
A tryst in that still place with them.

Their faces from my walls look out.
Not many times I sigh and stay
To speak with them, or turn about,
Whispering, 'How excellent were they!'

But green-speared, gold-tubed daffodils
Make my cold windows shout with spring.
Leaning across the lovely sills,
My mother helps my harvesting.

And when I sit in the sun and mend,
She plies the needle, telling me
Deep thoughts that make me more her friend
Than little foolish daughters be.

In church, the high dim pulpit blurs.
My father's eyes burn dark and proud.
I know their dreams. His spirit stirs,
Unspent across the careless crowd. . . .

My father and my mother sleep
Under the snow and dead rose-stem.
They do not wonder why I keep
No tryst in that still place with them.

Smiling, they pass and touch my hand.
'Child! child! — At last you understand!'

SKETCHES IN PEASANT RUSSIA

NON-COMMITTAL

BY EDWIN BONTA

My office-door stuck badly. In fact, it had stuck badly ever since Mefódi settled me in these new quarters. But I was obliged, nevertheless, to close it after me as I came in; for it was cold in the hallway, and I had already grown to require the same hot, air-tight room the Russian peasant loves.

A dozen times I had told Pável to plane off that door; a dozen times he had assured me he would do it 'this hour'; and a dozen times I had found him curled up behind the kitchen stove reading *Nat Pinkerton, King of the Detectives*, beloved by young Russia as well as young America.

The building Mefódi had found me was the former People's House of the town of Páchipolda, of which his little village of Kófkula was, as it were, a suburb. The typical people's house was a community centre, consisting chiefly of a theatre and a large tea-room or *bufét*, and was admirably suited for the entertainment of the many troops quartered here at present.

Like all buildings of the region, it was built entirely of logs, cleverly seated one on the other, and caulked with moss against the cold and the fine, driving snow. The logs showed everywhere, inside as well as out.

I had told Mefódi that I needed a cook for our establishment, and he had promised to send in a girl who he was sure would be what I required. And he soon kept his word.

Just as I had settled down to my work on this particular morning, there was a knock at the closed door.

'May I?' asked a shrill girlish voice.

'Please!' said I.

The knob turned and an arm pressed heavily against the door; but nothing budged.

'Unlock!' ordered the voice outside.

'Not needful, already unlocked!' I replied.

Upon which a powerful shoulder was applied as well. Door, frame, and log-wall creaked in protest; but something just had to give, somewhere. There was a loud crack, a shriek of rending fibres, a great splinter ripped off the door-frame — and a placid peasant girl proceeded slowly and serenely into the room.

As she stood and crossed herself before the ikon, I noted her low brow, her broad cheek-bones plumply upholstered, her wonderfully clear and rosy complexion, and the brilliant whites of her cool gray eyes.

Her brief devotions ended, she turned herself to me.

'Be in good health!' said she.

And who would not wish to be, with such an example to emulate?

'Sit down,' said I.

She seated herself facing me, and breathed a deep, deep sigh. I hastily weighted down the loose papers on my desk.

'So Mefódi sent thee to me?' I asked.

'Sent,' echoed the shrill voice.

'How do they call thee?'

'Me?'

'Thee.'

'By Irína.'

'To thee how many years?'

'To me?'

'To thee.'

'Twenty and some.'

At times the 'some' proves to be twenty-five, but in this case it is quite evident that it is not. And, moreover, why should n't we respect a woman's reserve?

'Art married?'

'I?'

'Thou.'

'Praise God!'

For which? Now we know no more than we did before. But if she is, he will soon be living in the kitchen too, and we shall know within a few days at latest.

'Canst cook?'

'I?'

'Thou.'

'Can.'

'Canst cook well?'

'*Nichegó!*'

Here is a useful word! Literally it means 'neither of what,' is generally translated 'nothing,' but can mean anything. If you asked a suffering soldier in hospital if the pain was hard to bear, and he replied '*Nichegó,*' there would be no doubt what he meant to convey. Or if you had occasion to say, 'Nura, if you mind my kissing you, you have only to say so,' and she replied, '*Nichegó,*' again, you would know exactly what was meant.

But this answer of Irína's is a poser. Does it mean that she can cook nothing at all, or nothing to speak of, or nothing to complain of? I decide to try another tack.

'What canst cook?'

'I?'

'Thou.'

'What is it wished you to cook?'

What indeed? Worse and worse. How do I know what I want cooked? I never was a housewife before! And for the life of me, all that I can think of is ham and eggs. And I know very well that we don't want ham and eggs. Moreover, where should we get the ham — and where should we get the eggs?

Surely the only thing to do is to take her on and try her. But how much will she expect us to pay?

'What did they pay thee last?'

'Whom, me?'

'Yes, thee.'

'God knows.'

'Knowest thou?'

'Know not.'

'Why not?'

'Never did not serve before.'

'Well, how much would it be wished thee to receive?'

'Me?'

'Thee.'

'God knows.'

That we are quite willing to admit; but a direct reply from that source is just as hard to get as a direct reply from Irína.

'Now, very well, Irína, we will give thee eighty roubles a month and thy board.

'Give me?'

'Give thee!'

'Now, give then!'

So Irína agrees for eighty roubles a month and establishes herself in our kitchen.

There she may be found any morning after seven. There you may hear her throaty voice singing over her work up to ten o'clock at night — the strange minor melodies of the peasant world.

And she still contents herself with eighty roubles. Lazy Pável, who continues to tend our stoves indifferently, and who chops the wood, has to receive two hundred roubles a month — but he's a

man. Irína works fifteen hours a day, cooks for nine of us, makes cocoa and tea for three hundred soldiers every day, helps Pável chop the wood when he is particularly lazy, and even insists on doing our washing and mending

rather than let it get into other hands — so she says.

All power to the future Russia! And may the day soon come when woman-kind has the name, as well as the game, of running it!

INTELLECTUAL AMERICA

BY A EUROPEAN

I

My first 'hobbies' were geography and ethnology; later came botany and zoölogy, then history and sociology. At the age of sixteen I began to study philosophy. I still remember the deep emotion which I experienced when I made my first philosophical reasoning, reproducing the argument of Descartes's *Discours de la Méthode* from some remarks found in Bourget's *Le Disciple*. This pushed me into philosophy at once. I found in the latter much more complete satisfaction than in anything I have ever studied, and I would have probably settled down very early to a peaceful student's career, if it had not been for the fact that, shortly afterwards, I came to the conclusion that my proper vocation was literary productivity, particularly poetry.

I had by then a rather wide knowledge of Polish, French, and German literature; I was a fast reader, and not only read much while at home in the country, but during my years in gymnasium used for literary reading most of the five or six hours which I spent daily in class. But I could not distract my attention entirely from what was going

on in the classroom, and gave up all attempts to read there anything more difficult than literature. Thus, I think, I read more of it than was good for me, in view of my already strong romantic tendencies. I memorized an enormous amount of poetry in all the languages I knew, even in Russian, though I was ashamed of liking some of the latter and never confessed it. I began, of course, to write verses rather early, at ten or eleven, but did not give much attention to them until my first fully conscious love-story, a very simple and uneventful case of a 'platonic' love for a girl a little younger than myself. My love lasted nearly two years. I never told the girl a word about it, but expended my feelings in a flood of poems which, to my great detriment, won much applause from my school friends and real encouragement from older and more experienced critics. At seventeen I began to publish in magazines, and at eighteen began to be noticed, so much so that one of my poems was put in an anthology. All this gave my life for several years a definite ideal toward which my ambitious efforts and aspira-

tions more and more completely converged.

I do not remember in detail the process by which my active ambition became gradually absorbed by poetic productivity, but between seventeen and eighteen my dream became very definite: it was to become the great poet whom Poland needed. For over three years this was the chief interest of my life, along with two or three romantic and purely platonic love-stories. I learned English, and partly Spanish and Italian, in order to read the poetry of these literatures in the original. The content of my poems continually grew in philosophical, social, and mystical suggestions — and the poems in size. I actually began to think that I was going to discover, by a half-philosophical, half-aesthetic intuition, some new all-wonderful meaning of life, — reveal a new ideal which would give Poland a new spiritual energy.

Gradually, however, at the end of this period some doubts began to rise in my mind, not as to my power of discovering or creating new ideals, but as to my ability to give them adequate poetic expression. The success which I had with small lyrical poems failed to extend to my larger productions. A dramatic poem was refused by the best literary review on the ground of æsthetic imperfections, and although I published it in book form, it was coolly received. An epic and two dramas which I started were greeted without enthusiasm by friendly critics to whom I read them: though my ideas were praised as deep and original, their execution was judged inadequate. I could have continued writing occasionally small pieces, and have ranked among third-rate, or even second-rate poets, while doing something else as my main occupation. But I would not even think of accepting such a modest rôle after my grandiose dreams.

This was also the time when my aristocratic aspirations, temporarily revived, received a final blow as a consequence of my acquaintance with the standards of the highest aristocracy. Curiously, however, this double shock, far from diminishing the intensity of my ambition or my faith in myself, seemed to raise both to a still higher pitch. I resigned all expectations of becoming a member of the aristocracy; but the consciousness that there was an unattainable limit to my ambition in this line made me want to rise higher than I had ever dreamed of in some other line. National greatness would not satisfy me any longer: I wanted world-fame and world-influence. On the other hand, I felt that I had to resign the hope of ever getting to be very prominent as a poet, since my capacity of literary expression was limited; but this made me put more faith than ever in the content of what I could say, in the ideas which I expected to promulgate. In short, I not only did not cease to believe that I was able and destined to bring a great 'revelation' to men, but I wanted and hoped that this revelation should regenerate, not only Poland, but all mankind.

The only difficulty was the question of the form in which my revelation was going to be promulgated, since the literary form had failed. In my cooler moments I thought, indeed, that the content of my revelation, which reduced itself to a few social, ethical, and metaphysical ideas, might and should be simply developed, with much hard work, into a more or less original philosophical theory. But in my periods of enthusiasm, which were much more lasting, this prospect of laboring for many years in order to bring forth a mere theoretic system which would appeal only to intellectuals and have none of the emotional power necessary to revolutionize the world, seemed far

from satisfactory. What I wanted was a quick, direct, strongly emotional influence upon the masses, easily reaching everywhere. Examples of great religious founders and reformers stirred my imagination; and in the state of exaltation in which I found myself as a consequence of my abnormal social life, of my absorption in poetry, and probably also of suppressed and romantically idealized sexual needs, the idea of becoming a religious founder, of proclaiming an 'ethical religion' of the type of Buddhism but radically different from Buddhism in its optimistic affirmation of life, was too suggestive not to lead to an attempt at realization. Nietzsche's works, which I read then for the first time, helped crystallize the plan.

But it was evident to me that, particularly after the time spent in luxury, flirtation, and revelry in aristocratic circles, I needed a preparation for such a task. And from the histories of religious movements I drew the conclusion that one of the chief obstacles to the success of such an enterprise was the initiator's social bonds, the social group of which he was a part, and the habitual conditions of his life. I resolved therefore to break off entirely all my social connections. Profiting by an opportunity to go abroad, I left for Switzerland and there arranged a stage-setting which made the local authorities conclude that I was drowned in a lake.

With very little money, I passed to France. I thought that what I needed most at that moment was a life of hardship and strong discipline, and also a closer acquaintance with the life and the psychology of the lower classes. With this idea, I enlisted as a private in the French army.

(After a very brief period of service, the author was discharged because of disabling injuries. He then entered the editorial service of a spiritualist magazine

in France, with which he remained a few months; then went to Switzerland to continue his studies, and there married a Polish girl — a fellow student. Four years later he returned to Galicia for his doctor's degree.)

II

I was then twenty-eight years old. During the five years of my studies, partly under the influence of my marriage, but chiefly perhaps because of very hard and continuous intellectual work, all my tendencies became in a large measure redefined and stabilized on the basis of intellectualism. I settled definitively upon purely theoretic aims and decided to lead a purely intellectual life, without letting any external or internal factors disturb my activities. I confined all my desire for new experiences within the field of theoretic research. I had a placidly happy home life, and lost apparently all desire for change in love-matters, which before my marriage had been very marked. I excluded all economic considerations from the field of my attention, deciding not only never to work for economic advance, but not even to bother about economic security; living on whatever I could get, much or little, without thought about the future, and giving as much energy as possible to economically disinterested intellectual work.

This plan did not prove very wise, because it brought me more economic troubles than a regularly sustained interest in economic security would have done; but it did work for several years, and was not even disturbed by my family situation; for my wife willingly accepted it, and my only son, born during the time of my studies, was brought up by my wife's parents who, except later for one year, always refused to part with him. My wife spent with them a few months every year, and as

I loved her, these separations were my only serious trouble. I gave no more thought to 'aristocratic' pursuits, and became in so far a democrat that I came to the conclusion that the social rôle of birth-aristocracy, and of the specific standards evolved under its influence, and consciously or unconsciously imitated even by democratic societies, was growing more and more useless.

But I was still emotionally repulsed by any familiar contact with the uneducated, and all my reflections about social organization led me to the conclusion that some aristocratic system was indispensable to prevent the further growth of ochlocracy in modern society. The only organization which appeared compatible with cultural progress was, in my opinion, an institutionally guaranteed rule of a freely recruited intellectual aristocracy, taking the term 'intellectual' in its widest significance. But I had no ambition whatever to play a leading social or political rôle; on the contrary, I decided carefully to avoid all temptation to obtain any kind of practical influence upon social life. Neither did I return to literary activities. I was, indeed, more than ever determined to achieve greatness and fame, but exclusively in the theoretic line. This gave me a feeling of security which I had never experienced before. I felt that the success of my aspirations was almost entirely in my own hands, dependent on my conscious will alone. I knew that in the theoretic field the objective importance of human products was due at least as much, if not more, to the intensity, persistence, thoroughness, and good method of intellectual work than to original talent, and I knew that I had enough of the latter to develop a new philosophical system on the basis of the leading ideas which I already had, and which certainly were not commonplace. I had plans for philosophical work enough to

fill two normal lives, all laid out, and I looked calmly into the future.

However, the conditions in which I found myself after returning to Warsaw were not very propitious for the realization of my plans, and made me see, after some time, that I could not be as independent of external circumstances as I had hoped. A professorial career was practically excluded, as the University was Russian, and private Polish schools were poor, and, except for two, were on the gymnasium level: that is, they had only a little logic and psychology in the upper classes.

I took a position in a social institution and became superintendent after a year; but even this did not pay enough to make a living. Some help could be obtained from the Mianowski Institute, whose aim was precisely to assist scientific workers; but even so, I had to supplement my income by private lectures, translations, and the like, all of which left relatively little time and energy for the thorough great works which I had planned.

There was, indeed, something to compensate in a certain measure for these disadvantages. If material conditions were bad, moral conditions could not have been any better. The encouragement extended to intellectual workers by all spheres of Polish society was incomparable; I can appreciate it fully only now, in comparison with America. Thus, when I published a philosophical book, — and a very hard one to read, — not only bibliographical and philosophical journals, but popular magazines and daily newspapers gave detailed accounts. I remember a critical review running through two issues of a monthly magazine, and one of the leading dailies giving a full-sized page to its analysis. All this was done without any personal 'push,' and mostly by men whom I did not know.

In the congenial sphere of intellectual

workers, penetrated with the highest scientific aspirations, animated by continual discussions, always ready with enlightened criticism, or appreciation, I enjoyed my theoretic activity thoroughly, and did during the three years and a half of my stay in Warsaw more work than many a scientist who has only some university teaching to do for his living. But I felt that this could not continue indefinitely; my health began to break down, and I saw that, if I wanted to realize at least a part of my philosophical plans, I had to find some way of living which would not force me to spend most of my time and energy on practical occupations.

My social work brought me in contact with the emigration problem, and I had often to study the question of the opportunities which various countries offered to the emigrant. I began to think seriously about leaving Poland and trying somewhere else for a university career, which seemed the only one compatible with free scientific work. I knew that in Western Europe universities were crowded with candidates for professorships, and that I would have to teach as *Privat Dozent* for many years, which was, of course, out of the question, since I had no money. In Russia it was very easy; but Russia was excluded for patriotic reasons. South America attracted me, for no definite reason — probably because of some forgotten childhood associations. But it was too isolated from intellectual centres; moreover, since I always wanted a more than national recognition and intellectual influence, I had to choose a country whose language was more generally known than either Spanish or Portuguese.

Thus, North America was the only country worth trying. I cannot say that American conditions, from what I knew about them, seemed particularly attractive. Of course, the American tra-

ditions of political liberty had a strong appeal for me; democracy, at that stage of my evolution, seemed also all right as far as it went. But I was rather repelled by the American 'cult for money,' as the phrase went in Europe. I well remember the unpleasant astonishment with which I heard an American statistician employed by the government, a man of high scholarly achievements, calmly tell me that few really intelligent and efficient men in his country went into university work, because there was no money in it. The practical tendency of the American mind, the heedless rush of American business, the excessive industrialism, did not seem very enticing; nor, on the other hand, did I like the reports about American religious and moral conservatism. But all these, I thought, were marks of a new country which had to build the foundations of its material prosperity before developing a higher intellectual culture, and I saw in the recent growth of American science and philosophy proofs that this development had already taken its swing.

I expected to find here a fresh enthusiasm for intellectual progress, an intense faith in the unlimited possibilities of future scientific productivity, which would give this country the leading place among the nations of the world in science, literature, and art; a desire to raise higher and higher the standards of intellectual values, and a ready welcome for every new worker who could contribute in some measure to create this wonderful future.

Besides, emigration to America was less objectionable from the Polish national standpoint than emigration to any other country, not only because of the pro-American sympathies which had existed in Poland since the time of Pulaski and Kosciuszko, but also because there already was a large and well-organized Polish population which

lacked intellectual leaders; and I imagined that, on the ground of my education and of the rôle which I had already begun to play in the intellectual life of Poland, I could easily become the intellectual leader of American Poles, particularly since I did not expect from them any material or political profit.

III

With such ideas, I took the first opportunity which presented itself, in the form of some work to be done for Professor X, a prominent American sociologist whom I met in Poland. I came here and settled in one of the most important American university centres, within a short distance of a big city. My wife accompanied me, but we decided, in view of the general uncertainty of my future and at the request of her parents, to leave our son for some time still with them.

My first impressions of the external aspect of American cities were such as I expected them to be, but my first experiences with American people were very pleasant and, in certain respects, a surprise. I came in contact, during the first few months, with three different types of Americans. The first was a university group whom I met chiefly through Professor X, and who were certainly as broad-minded and intellectual as any European group I knew, although perhaps their interest in theoretic pursuits seemed somewhat less intense, and I missed in them that enthusiasm for and faith in the future of American science which I hoped to find. The second was a small 'society' circle to which I had some letters of introduction, and which was as refined in its intellectual and æsthetic attitudes as any European aristocracy, though it struck me as prematurely *blasé*, as if it were already tired of wearing an imperfectly fitting and foreign-made garb of culture,

reminding me in this respect of some Russian aristocrats whom I had met in France. The third group was that of social workers, professionals and volunteers; they seemed to me as full of social idealism as European social workers and reformers and more practical, though, with few exceptions, narrower intellectually.

On the other hand, I suffered a complete disappointment with regard to American Poles, who appeared to me, at first contact, to have preserved none of the positive features of Poles in Poland, and to have acquired, in an absurdly exaggerated way, all the negative features currently associated by Europeans with American society. As to my expected intellectual leadership, I saw at once that there was not the slightest chance for it. Not only were the appreciation and the standards of intellectual values very low, but whatever demands in this line existed were already monopolized by those educated or half-educated immigrants who had come here before me, who maintained their positions by serving the interests of their political, economic, or religious 'bosses,' and, with few exceptions, looked upon me as a very undesirable possible competitor. A dozen really superior men were scattered all through the country and had mostly very little influence. There was no possibility of any disinterested organization for intellectual purposes. I dropped therefore entirely all plans in this line, and although my opinion concerning the Poles in this country has somewhat improved since then, I maintained very little contact with the Polish colony.

Just after I left Poland, war broke out, and a year later all communication with that country was severed because of the German occupation. A few months after my arrival in America my wife died. As a consequence of all this, I found myself completely isolated from

all 'old country' associations, and for four years lived a purely American life in an exclusively American *milieu*. I took my 'first papers' early enough to become a naturalized citizen immediately at the end of the five years of residence required by law. From my modest income, I contributed to all the war-funds, and I participated in some activities connected with the war, in spite of my aversion for political life.

I could read and write English before I came here, so that I began to publish in this language after six months. I spoke it with more difficulty, and with a strong foreign accent, which, however, gradually decreased; so that after two years and a half I could not only lecture at the university but even gave several public lectures. My second marriage, with an American university girl of Irish descent, contributed still more to my taking root in America, so that now I feel perfectly at home in this country, have no feeling of strangeness connected with it, and like it sincerely. But this does not mean that I feel fully adapted, or ever expect to become fully adapted, to American conditions as they are now. I could do it only by resigning those cultural values which I have learned to appreciate after many years of hard struggle with my own character and with external circumstances, and which up to this moment I consider, and always hope to consider, the highest values which humanity has yet developed — I mean pure science, intellectual and moral freedom, and cultural idealism.

In a few details America seems to have exercised a positive influence upon me, by giving in a sense a final impulse to an evolution which was already approaching its end before I came here. Thus I freed myself from the last unreasoned remnants of my early tendencies to social distinction on the aristocratic basis, dropped much of the

European social formalism, and came to appreciate the simplicity of personal relations in this country. My democracy, formerly accepted for intellectual reasons but rather distasteful to me emotionally, became more genuine, in the sense that I am no longer personally affected by any familiarity of people of the uneducated classes, although they still bore me. It may be, however, that this democratization is nothing but indifference to superficial social contacts. Theoretically, I am still sincerely convinced that democracy should reduce itself exclusively to equality of opportunities and not be a rule of the demos; and that the slogan of the equality of men is not only false, but socially harmful in the long run, whatever may be its provisional utility in helping to overthrow old institutions which, by sanctioning a political or social hierarchy based on extrinsic circumstances, prevent the development of a hierarchy based on the social value of human individuals.

In practical matters, American influences made me revise my former contempt for economic considerations. Though I am still as much as ever disinclined to make the acquisition of money an aim of my activities, and should consider a subordination of intellectual to economic purposes in my case equivalent to complete moral decay, I see the necessity of a wise and careful use of money as an instrument helping to attain intellectual aims. Economic security on a 'minimum of comfort' basis has become a secondary but important object of my tendencies, and I am determined to reach it, either in the form of a modest but permanent university position, or in that of a small capital which would permit me to live somewhere in very simple conditions, but free to work along theoretic lines for the rest of my days.

In theoretic work also I am conscious

of having been influenced by America. I have learned to appreciate much more the value of concrete monographic research and of that particularistic, direct, free, and sincere mental attitude toward phenomena which characterizes the good American intellectual workers. This phase of my intellectual evolution was so marked, that for a time I thought of giving up philosophy for sociology. But a partial reaction came; I began to miss in sociological work the unity and continuity of purpose, the generality of fundamental problems, the wide intellectual horizons which constitute for me the charm of philosophy; and thus I finally decided to continue both types of investigation and to realize as much as possible of my old theoretic plans while remaining open to new and more concrete suggestions.

IV

In other lines, however, I have hardly come any nearer to American life. Two reasons prevented my 'Americanization' in the deeper sense of the term: the divergences which I began to discover, after a longer stay in this country, between most of the aspirations actually predominant in American society and certain ideals which, in my cosmopolitan training, I have learned to revere as the best part of human civilization, independent of national differences; and, more particularly, the attitude of American society toward foreigners and foreign values.

The better I became acquainted with American conditions, the more I realized that my first impressions of American society were not sufficiently accurate. I saw that the group of university men whom I happened to meet first was really a select but small minority; that the majority of professors and — what seems to me even more discouraging — the majority of students lack

either intellectual freedom or intellectual idealism; are either narrow-minded and unreasonably conservative, or interested, not in science but in jobs, or in both. I saw further — a thing which my American friends told me at once, but which I would not believe — that the over-refined, æsthetic group of society people whom I met were especially and with difficulty selected by my hosts, and my impression is now that, while a certain tendency to refinement in such superficial matters as home-furnishing, and a certain delicacy in personal relations outside of business, are more common in this country than anywhere in Europe, refinement in these lines curiously coexists with roughness in others; and that American cities, with their mixture of horrid business centres, slums, charming residential quarters, and beautiful parks, are a fair symbol of the average American psychology.

Finally, social idealism, active interest in other people's welfare, and willingness to make sacrifices for a humanitarian cause are certainly oftener met here than in the middle or upper classes of any European society except Polish (the lower classes seem to be more altruistic everywhere). Not being very altruistic by nature, I have frequently acknowledged and admired the superiority of many Americans in real goodness. But I cannot understand at all how, alongside of this kindheartedness, there can be so much ruthless 'struggling for existence,' and such naïve, unconcerned, often brutal egotism as is found in the whole field of American business; and I try to explain this to myself by a curious traditional separation between two domains of interest: a week-day set of practical attitudes, and a Sunday set of religious attitudes, all idealism being connected with the latter and entirely excluded from the former. The separation is no longer

explicitly grounded in this distinction, and yet the two groups of associations remain divided and do not blend.

There are other features of American life which make active participation in it rather difficult for me. First of all, there is the lack of social freedom, the oppression of the individual by all kinds of traditional or recently created social norms. Since I am not politically active, this social tyranny affects me much more than any amount of political despotism could do, particularly as it extends to the intellectual domain. I feel more bound in the expression of my opinions here than I felt under Russian censorship in Warsaw, despite the fact that I am not in the slightest measure inclined to political, social, moral, or religious revolutionism of any kind, and was considered in Europe, even by the most radical conservatives, a perfectly 'inoffensive,' mildly progressive intellectualist. Further, I feel the impossibility of following the ceaseless rush of American practical life without losing all power to concentrate and to reflect, and without sacrificing my hope of creating really lasting intellectual values which need time and continued effort to mature.

On the other hand, American social life has little positive attraction for me after Europe. I miss here entirely the atmosphere of intellectual encouragement, of interest manifested both in fight and in response; my social standing as a theoretic worker certainly is far from what it was there, and the amount of social recognition which can be obtained here for intellectual achievement seems not much worth struggling for.

For all these reasons, I am inclined to withdraw as much as possible from social life into solitude; two or three friends are practically all I care to see. This inclination is, moreover, in harmony with the strong revival of romantic love-attitudes — stronger than ever

before — which I experienced in connection with my second marriage. My desire for response tends thus to be fully satisfied by my home-life. As to my desire for recognition, the satisfaction which it needs becomes more and more indirect. I am less and less desirous of any kind of social recognition which can be obtained by personal contact with social groups, and inclined to work exclusively for a less dazzling, but more permanent, fame among intellectual workers only, independent of country or epoch.

And yet I am sincerely interested in America — but in the future rather than in the present America. My incipient enthusiasm for American cultural development never has had any chance to mature, because I realize at every moment that American society does not feel any need of my or any other 'foreigner's' coöperation; that it is in general perfectly satisfied with itself and perfectly able to manage its own future in accordance with its own desires; to create all the values it wants without having any 'imported' values thrust upon it.

In analyzing the evolution of my attitude toward this country, it seems to me that much of my growing criticism and dissatisfaction with American conditions has been due to the gradual realization of this self-complacency of American society, which, by a natural reaction, sharpened my critical tendency and made me see more clearly all the weaknesses of American life to which I should otherwise have paid less attention.

This self-complacency seemed to me particularly manifest after America entered the war. Of course, I am perfectly well aware that every healthy and normal nation should have faith in itself, should consider its fundamental values the best in the world and itself the foremost nation *in potentia* even

if not *in actu*. I have met this attitude everywhere, and was not surprised at finding it here. And yet, there is a difference. In France, in Germany, in Italy, in Poland, this attitude manifests itself toward other national groups, but not toward individual foreigners when they come to live and work in the country. On the contrary, I have myself experienced, during my travels abroad, and I have seen manifested toward incomers in Poland (unless they were members of the oppressing nation) an attitude which I may call intellectual hospitality, a tendency to learn, to appreciate, and to utilize whatever values the foreigner may bring with him, unless, of course, he brings nothing but unskilled labor. No European society I know acts as if it possessed and knew everything worth while and had nothing to learn; whereas this is precisely the way American society acts toward a foreigner as soon as he ceases to play the rôle of a passing 'curiosity,' and wants to take an active part in American life. I do not think most Americans realize how revolting is, to a more or less educated immigrant, their naïve attitude of superiority, their astonishing self-satisfaction, their inability and unwillingness to look on anything foreign as worth being understood and assimilated. I believe, judging even less by my own experience than by the experiences of others, that the unanimously critical standpoint taken toward this country by all, even if only half-way educated and socially independent immigrants, and their universal attachment to and idealization of the 'old country' values, are provoked by this 'lording it over' the immigrant, his traditions, his ideals; by this implicit or explicit assumption that Americanization necessarily means progress, that the immigrant should simply leave all he brought with him as worthless stuff, — worthless, at least,

for this country, — and instead of trying to introduce the most valuable elements of his culture into American life and select the most valuable elements of Americanism for himself, should merely accept everything American just as it is.

In the same line, and perhaps even more revolting to the reflecting foreigner who comes with the idea of working and settling in this country, is the current tendency of American society to interpret the relation between the immigrant and America as that of one-sided benefit and one-sided obligation. This is, again, an attitude I have not met in Europe, though European countries are incomparably more crowded than America. Here the immigrant is continually given to understand that he should consider himself privileged in being able to profit by American institutions and earn his living in this country; that he should be perpetually grateful to America for having given him the opportunities he has.

I omit here the fact that the immigrant is discriminated against in many lines simply because he is a foreigner and independently of the question of his efficiency, and thus is not given the same opportunities as the born American, while his obligations are the same. Even suppose this inequality to be non-existent, the assumption that, when the immigrant 'gets a job' he is getting more than giving, is to me entirely incomprehensible, since, even if he is only a working hand, his work, like every human work, creates a surplus of values which goes to increase the stock of American material culture, and the latter is, in a continually growing proportion, precisely the agglomerated surplus of immigrants' products. And perhaps because of my intellectualistic traditions — this assumption, when applied to intellectual activity, seems to me not only to be unjust but to imply

a morally degrading attitude toward the highest human ideals.

I experienced this lately with regard to myself, when searching for a permanent university position. Several of the persons to whom I applied, without in the least questioning my qualifications, suggested very clearly that jobs in American universities should be reserved for American students, and gave me to understand that I need not stay in this country since I certainly could find now a position in Europe. In general, the prevalent conception was that obtaining a position would be a benefit for me, and that there was no reason for giving such benefits to a stranger, however efficient he might be. I never saw as clearly as then how wide the discrepancy still was between the average American attitude and my own, and how little I am adapted to American life in its deeper significance, in spite of my nearly complete superficial adaptation. For it seemed to me, first, that what I came to offer to this country — my scientific talent, training, enthusiasm and idealism — had no economic equivalent whatever and could not be expressed in terms of job and salary. And even if it were put on the ground of an exchange of values, I would give by my teaching alone more than I could ever receive from the institution, while my scientific work, helping to promote American culture, would be an additional surplus, establishing definitely in my favor the balance between American society and myself.

V

I do not want to draw too hasty generalizations from my observations. I certainly have experienced as much intellectual hospitality from some Americans as I would from any men in any country. But the fact which discourages me is that I have found this hospi-

table attitude only in very few, and these the most highly cultivated and intellectual men I know here. Men of this calibre are rare everywhere, and cannot in any sense be considered representative of the public spirit. The continually rising wave of narrow nationalism in internal and external policy; the growing mistrust and aversion to 'foreigners' manifested in the press; the reaction against the first great idealistic movement of international coöperation started by President Wilson — all this makes me feel that a foreigner who does not care to live exclusively in his own racial group, but wants to be a member of American society, and who at the same time is not satisfied with passively adapting himself to existing conditions, but would like to coöperate in creating new and higher values, has no place in this country at the present moment.

Of course, I am fully conscious that my inability to adapt myself completely and really to American life is due to the fact that my tendencies and views have a different bias from those of an average American. I am also perfectly willing to acknowledge that this fact may have made me overlook some valuable elements of American civilization which, because of their specifically American character, I have failed to understand and to appreciate properly, however sincerely I have tried, for the sake of my own development, not to miss any important features of this civilization. But this does not seem to be the main point. No individual can assimilate all the values of a modern civilized society, and I know many Americans for whom American civilization contains and means much less than it does for me.

Now, my personal bias is certainly no longer a class bias: if there are any specific class-attitudes persisting subconsciously in my personality, — and I

do not think there are, — they have nothing to do with the actual problem of my adaptation to American conditions. Nor is my bias in any particular way national. However great may have been the rôle which Polish national ideals have played in my life, my psychology seems to me less specifically national, to contain less specifically racial elements, than that of any individual Pole, Frenchman, Italian, German, Russian, or American I have ever met. I have been subjected to so many heterogeneous national influences even before coming to this country, French, German, Russian (through literature and direct social contact); English, Italian, Spanish (through literature chiefly), — that I am probably more of a cosmopolitan than most of the foreigners who have ever come to this country. I have, at various times, actively participated in the intellectual life of three different societies besides my own, — French, Swiss, American, — using in each case a different language, needing each time only a few months of preparation, and mixing intimately with the respective groups.

This fact seems to me sufficient proof of the lack, on my side, of any racial obstacles to my adaptation. My bias is, if anything, a professional bias. I certainly have an exalted conception of the function which the scientific profession can and should fulfill in human society, and which entitles it to demand that minimum of favorable social conditions which is absolutely indispensable for intellectual productivity. I also believe that all scientists have an obligation to maintain certain professional ideals, the most important of which are continual perfecting of the standards

of theoretic validity in so far as compatible with intellectual efficiency on the given stage of human development; disinterestedness in theoretic pursuits (the only personal reward which the scientist has the right to expect is recognition based exclusively on the objective importance and intrinsic perfection of his work, and, therefore, necessarily slow to come and limited to the most intellectual part of society); freedom of mind and sincerity of expression; enthusiasm for scientific work and for the development of human knowledge in general; and, finally, 'true brotherhood' of all scientific workers in the domain of science, manifested in reciprocal interest, serious and thorough criticism, deserved appreciation, encouragement and help in intellectual pursuits, all this independent of differences of class, race, or religion, which may divide scientists as social individuals, as members of concrete groups, in other fields of cultural life.

I have drawn these my conceptions about the scientific profession, not from the social tradition of any particular class or nation at any particular moment of its existence, but from a comparison of the greatest human civilizations, past and present. The more complete and highly developed a civilization, the more perfectly are the professional demands and ideals of the scientist realized in it. I was thus justified in expecting to find these ideals recognized and active in a nation with a material culture as progressive and with claims of a general civilization as high as those of American society. It seems to me, therefore, that I can hardly take upon myself the fault of my disappointment.

CORPUS DELICTI

BY H. T. AVERY

No departure from Forestport ever caused so much discussion as that of William Wadsworth Wildman.

During his career in Forestport Mr. Wildman was the cause of much controversy; for he was so voluble and argumentative that, when there was no one else with whom to dispute, he would talk vociferously to himself.

As he was extremely eccentric, Mr. Wildman received considerable attention from the citizens of Forestport.

One of the chief causes of Mr. Wildman's many angry arguments was his name. He hated his name, and the people, knowing this, were ever prone to wave it before him. Conversation became intense when anyone addressed Mr. Wildman as 'Waddy.' Therefore, it just naturally followed that everyone addressed him as 'Waddy,' and that the gates of oratory were thereby kept continuously unlocked.

'If you call me "Waddy," I'll not answer you,' he would say; 'but if you'll call me "William," I'll answer you every time.'

'All right, Bill,' the other person would say.

And then Mr. Wildman would launch into an excited tirade to explain that his name was not Bill, or Willy, or Wad, or Waddy, or Wild, or Wildy, or anything but William Wadsworth Wildman, plain and simple — no more and no less.

In addition to his name, Mr. Wildman's wife was a persistent cause of controversy and a constant source of annoyance to her husband. She was a

shiftless, careless housekeeper and an inferior cook, and Mr. Wildman loved good food and a neat house. And so, as he never could get any food that was palatable at home except when he prepared it himself, and as Mrs. Wildman was lazy and prone to let William do his own cooking, Mr. Wildman was unceasingly unhappy when he was in his own house.

In addition to this, his wife was constantly heckling him to keep him at work at jobs that would bring in some real cash, instead of devoting so much of his time to his 'crazy inventions.' As Mr. Wildman was a dyed-in-the-wool inventor, with all the high aspirations and vast expectations of the true inventive genius, his wife's reference to his inventions constantly kept him in a frenzy.

By vocation, as has been noted, Mr. Wildman was an inventor; by avocation he was a carpenter. His time he managed to divide about equally between his vocation and his avocation. As the latter brought in the only income that he was able to provide for himself and his wife and two daughters, living conditions in the Wildman house were both meagre and precarious. Furthermore these conditions were an ever-present source of controversy and discussion. Indeed, home circumstances interfered terrifically with Mr. Wildman's pursuit of his vocation, and prevented the fruition of most of his constructive visions.

However, after many patient years of thought and toil, Mr. Wildman perfect-

ed and secured a patent for his 'Fire-Escaper.' This contrivance was an intricate scheme of mechanism which would save merchandise in a store from being burned in case the store-building took fire. It provided for placing all shelves, counters, and furniture on wheels, and for a series of ropes and strings attached to a very heavy weight at the rear of the store. Likewise it provided for dividing the entire store-front into two sections, like vast French windows, which opened outward when occasion required.

The contraption operated on the theory that, in case of fire, one of the strings or ropes would burn through, and this would release the weight, which would throw the doors wide open and shoot the counters, shelves, and wheeled contents of the store out into the street, where they would be saved from the flames. At the same time the weight would violently ring a bell on top of the store, thus arousing the bucket brigade; for this was before Forestport had a system of waterworks or even a volunteer fire department.

A few years earlier there had been a devastating conflagration in Forestport which burned all the stores on one side of Main Street, — and the best side at that, — with such great loss to the owners that fire was genuinely feared in the town.

After much negotiation, and by giving him a half-interest in the patent, Mr. W. W. Wildman persuaded Ezra Scott, the local shoe-merchant, to put in the 'Wildman Fire-Escaper.'

Mr. Wildman did all the work of installation himself, and did it well.

For several weeks thereafter Mr. Scott slept soundly in his sense of the security of his merchandise, although Mr. Wildman suffered from insomnia as he lay awake furtively hoping for the fire in Scott's store that would vindicate the Wildman Fire-Escaper and

bring it into well-deserved recognition.

At about two o'clock one morning in June, when a terrific thunderstorm was raging, the moment of vindication for the Fire-Escaper arrived. It was announced by the wild ringing of the fire-bell on the roof of Scott's store.

Forestport heard, rose *en masse*, donned scant clothes, and rushed to the scene of the fire. By the illumination of the lightning-flashes they saw the entire contents of Mr. Scott's shoe-store out in the street, being thoroughly soaked by the torrents of rain that were pouring down.

Into the store they rushed to discover the fire. A thorough investigation revealed the fact that there had been no fire, but that presumably a mouse had gnawed one of the ropes in two and released the Fire-Escaper.

The heavy damage to Mr. Scott's shoe-stock, the disappointment of the unexpected happening, and the bantering of the townspeople quickly drove the inventor into a state of mind highly perturbed. For several days after the Fire-Escaper fiasco Mr. Wildman showed pronounced signs of irritation and a distinctly hostile animus toward everything and everyone, particularly toward his wife, who suffered an unusually prolonged spell of bad cooking about that time.

On a Sunday morning soon after, when another storm was in progress, Mrs. Wildman sternly told her husband to step out and bring in an armful of wood and start a fire, or there would be no breakfast served in the house that morning.

Mr. Wildman always hated doing chores, and especially he hated fetching wood from the backyard.

'Oh, hell!' he muttered, as he put on his hat and stepped out and slammed the door sharply shut. He pulled his hat down tight and walked briskly toward the woodpile.

However, William Wadsworth Wildman did not return with the wood. So many minutes elapsed without his reappearing, that Mrs. Wildman went to the door and called his name loudly. She received no answer and made a search for her husband.

William Wadsworth Wildman had disappeared!

On Monday morning Mrs. Wildman called in the neighbors, but no trace could be found of her husband. Then she went down and consulted Squire Palmer the village attorney.

Shortly after, all of Forestport had turned out, and a minute search was conducted for Waddy Wildman.

Not a trace of him could anyone discover—he had completely disappeared.

As the days went by, the search went on, but all without avail. Waddy had vanished.

The little cottage where he lived, with its acre of land, was all the property he had, and the title to that was in his own name; so that, unless he returned or some proof could be secured that he was dead, seven years would have to elapse before Squire Palmer could bring a proceeding to have W. W. Wildman judicially declared dead and the property transferred to Mrs. Wildman and her two daughters.

As there was no one else to provide for her and the girls, Mrs. Wildman, who had some talent in that direction, became a seamstress, and began the task of providing for the Wildmans.

As the months slipped by, the mystery of Wildman's disappearance continued increasingly to absorb the attention of Forestport. But nothing came of the vast amount of detective work, conjecture, searching, and discussion of the case. Bill Wildman had left no sign of the direction he took after he slammed the door shut that last time on that June Sunday morning.

As the girls grew older, they were

able to help their mother, with the result that the combined efforts of the three yielded them a more certain and better existence than Mr. Wildman had ever provided, and they really found life much more peaceful and, after all, more enjoyable, than under the régime of the husband and father.

With the way that time has in Forestport, the years slipped by until seven of them had elapsed since the departure of Bill Wildman, and Squire Palmer, in accordance with the statutes and procedure in such case made and provided, brought legal proceedings on behalf of Mrs. Wildman and her two daughters, with the result that William Wadsworth Wildman was judicially declared dead, and his real estate was accordingly turned over to his heirs and next of kin.

Two years later, on a Sunday morning, — the ninth anniversary of the disappearance of W. W. Wildman, — his wife and two daughters were eating breakfast in the Wildman home and visiting cheerfully together. Suddenly the door opened, and a man stepped in with an armful of wood which he proceeded to throw into the wood-box. Then he turned to the three astonished women and said, 'There's your damn wood!'

It was William Wadsworth Wildman — absolutely no doubt about it. Except for being slightly gray-haired, he was the Mr. Wildman who started for the wood nine years before. Further, he drew a chair up to the table and sat down, without the slightest suggestion that he had not been regularly at the table during all those years.

Of course, Mrs. Wildman and the two girls plied him with a score of questions as to where he went and why.

'I went after the wood, and I got it, did n't I?' This was the only explanation that they could get out of W. W. Wildman.

Not one word could they get from him as to where he had been all those nine years. He was working on a basket-making machine which would very soon make him rich, and he did not wish to be disturbed.

Finally, Mrs. Wildman sent one of the girls for Squire Palmer, who soon appeared at the house, and after saluting Mr. Wildman, undertook to cross-examine him. But not one word could Squire Palmer get from Mr. Wildman other than, 'I went after the wood, and I got it, did n't I?'

And then it developed that Mr. Wildman did not know he had ever been away. Nine years had completely gone out of his life and memory.

He refused to believe Squire Palmer was serious when the Squire told him that nine years had elapsed while he was getting the wood.

Then Squire Palmer sent for Doctor Record, who conducted an examination, only to confirm the conviction that Bill Wildman had lost all knowledge of himself for nine years.

Then Doctor Record confided to Squire Palmer that 'something must be the matter with Waddy's mind.'

'Matter with his mind!' exclaimed Squire Palmer; 'why, sure there is — it's gone!'

If Bill Wildman's disappearance was a subject for excitement in Forestport, his reappearance caused an even greater sensation. And the baffling thing about it was that old Bill Wildman, to all intents and purposes, seemed just as sound mentally as when he disappeared, except for the complete blank of nine years. He acted just as if he had never been away, only he was much more irritable, loquacious, and domineering.

The day following his return he called at Squire Palmer's office and told the Squire that he was going to mortgage his place to raise some money to use for

the completion of his basket machine.

When the Squire told him that he, William W. Wildman, had been judicially declared dead and that the place had passed to Mrs. Wildman and the two daughters, Waddy nearly blew up. 'Me dead!' he shrieked. 'Well, I'm a pretty lively corpse, I guess. It's a damnable fraud! I'm William Wadsworth Wildman, and I'm alive, and you and no court could n't go and make the mistake of deciding that I'm dead. You never proved no *corpus delicti*, nor you can't prove any. You've got to straighten out this fool business right off and get me legally resurrected, so I can get my property and my patents.'

Squire Palmer was diplomatic and talked gently to Mr. Wildman, promising to get matters straightened out as quickly as possible. Then there followed several conferences between Squire Palmer, Mrs. Wildman, Doctor Record, and others, with the result that William Wadsworth Wildman was unofficially pronounced to be unbalanced mentally. Also these conferences arrived at the conclusion that it would be the best thing for William W. Wildman, his family, and all concerned, if he were committed to some institution for frail-minded persons.

Squire Palmer thereupon took William Wadsworth Wildman into the private office of the local legal shrine and explained many things at great length. The general tenor of his explanation was that William Wadsworth Wildman had never been happy in his home life and probably never could be, in view of the incompatibility existing between him and Mrs. Wildman. That he, William W. Wildman, was indeed a lucky man, by reason of having been declared judicially dead, because this judicial proceeding released him from all responsibility to his wife, his family, and everyone else — in other words, dead

men can have no living responsibilities.

'But,' interrupted Bill at this stage, 'how about this *corpus delicti*? They never proved it, and you can't be dead without a *corpus delicti*, can you?'

Squire Palmer explained that Mr. Wildman's complete disappearance for several years constituted a judicial *corpus delicti*, as it were, which he said was extremely fortunate for Mr. Wildman, because the state, having declared Mr. Wildman prematurely dead, as it were, would perforce be compelled to provide for his comfortable living as long as he remained a judicial corpse, as it were.

Squire Palmer then explained how he had taken the matter up with the state authorities and forced them to let Mr. Wildman live at state expense for the rest of his life at the Gowanda State Hospital. There Mr. Wildman would have a fine room, splendid, well-cooked meals, the full enjoyment of a thousand acres of farm and park lands, access to work-shops and tools wherewith to work out his inventions, freedom from responsibility and annoyances, and, in short, an ideal life for the balance of his years.

William Wadsworth Wildman liked this suggestion immensely, and was profuse in his thanks for all Squire Palmer had done for him.

Two days later, after certain formalities had been gone through with, William Wadsworth Wildman said farewell to Mrs. Wildman, his two daughters, and Forestport in general, and, accompanied by Squire Palmer, was driven away to Gowanda.

At the beautiful home for the insane high up in the Cattaraugus Hills, Mr. Wildman was given a comfortable room, and introduced to the authorities and attendants, and shown all over the attractive premises.

After eating a substantial meal, he was exuberant with happiness. 'I'll tell

you, Squire Palmer,' he said to his attorney, 'I like this place — it's a regular judicial heaven, ain't it?'

After arranging with the superintendent to allow Mr. Wildman as much freedom as the latter's harmless condition might permit, and for the old man's comfort, Squire Palmer bade Mr. Wildman farewell and drove back to Forestport.

Several weeks elapsed, during which Squire Palmer received reports from Gowanda showing that W. W. Wildman was extremely comfortable and happy. One day he received a letter from Mr. Wildman. This letter was marked 'Confidential,' and demanded that Squire Palmer come at once to Gowanda, to confer with the writer on a most important matter.

When Squire Palmer arrived at the hospital on the following day, he was shown up to Mr. Wildman's room, which was extremely bright and cheerful.

Mr. Wildman was clearly laboring under considerable excitement as he addressed Squire Palmer.

'I'm worried to death!' he said.

'Over what, William?' asked Squire Palmer.

'Over this *corpus-delicti* thing of being here.'

'What have you to worry about? What's wrong?' said Squire Palmer soothingly. 'Everything's all fine here, is it not?'

'Yes, in a way, it is,' Mr. Wildman went on. 'I've got the finest room I ever was in. It's wonderfully comfortable here. The grounds and the farm are beautiful — just perfect. The work-shops are fine, and I'm doing wonderful work on my inventions. And the food — honest, Squire Palmer, it's as choice as anyone could ever wish for; and the Superintendent and the help here are amazing kind. Why, do you know that no one ever calls me anything but "Mr. Wildman," or once in a while "Wil-

liam," when we're visiting along on my inventions that they're all interested in. Why, I'd be the happiest man in the world being *corpus delicti* here, if it was n't for one thing that worries me almost to death.'

'What's that, William?' asked Squire Palmer.

'Well, it's because there's a lot of

people here that's crazy as bed-bugs; and I get so worried thinking that some of those fool people over at Forestport may think my being here is sort of queer. I don't mind, Squire Palmer, being thought *corpus delicti*, but by heck!' he said vehemently, 'I'd go mad if I figured that that Forestport crowd thought I was *non compos mentis*!'

THE MAGIC TABLE

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

THE man in the train looked pale, haggard, and unhappy, and his face kept twitching in a pitiful and miserable way when he told me his story.

'You must know,' he said, 'that even as a very young man I felt a deep and profound love for order, rule, and measure, for logic and rationality. Mathematics was my favorite study, and the idea that two and two always and under all circumstances make four was to me a thought of strange spiritual consolation and of a real intellectual joy. I found in this and in similar ideas all the inner support and all the sustaining help that other men derive from religion, philosophy, and poetry. My world was a sensible, logical, rational world, a world where cause and effect corresponded with each other, where one fitness was capped by another fitness, and where discipline and order were paramount virtues. So I lived happy and satisfied, until I made the fatal resolve to purchase the Magic Table.'

'The Magic Table?' I exclaimed, surprised.

'Yes, yes,' he said impatiently, 'the Magic Table. Have you never heard of it? Every child would know it at once. It is the old Wonder-Table to which you say, "Table, spread," and then it spreads for you and serves magic dishes. I bought the table from a brown, ragged, and dirty-looking Armenian or Syrian whose outlandish gibberish I only half understood, and who, with a wailing and singing voice, always repeated, "Dah-mahs-koos, Dah-mahs-koos," like an incantation or a prayer. As far as I could gather from his words, the table had been since the most ancient times in the possession of his family, and he wanted to sell it only to send his consumptive sister to the south. And then he wailed again and looked miserable and unhappy, and touched me pleadingly with his brown and snake-like hands, and sobbed out queer and fantastic Syrian words; and at last — out of impatience and disgust, and simply to get rid of him — I bought the accursed table for the price he named.'

'Of course,' I said, 'it was all a

swindle, and the table was quite a commonplace one?’

‘Oh, it was the Magic Table right enough,’ he replied wearily; ‘only its magic was somehow spoiled, and this almost drove me crazy. Well, as I said, I bought the table, had it dusted, put it somewhere in a dark corner of my apartment, and then, not because I believed in it, but as a silly joke, I said to it, “Table, spread.” I had wished for a brown and succulently roasted fowl, and the next moment a bottle of wine stood on the table. I was delighted; I had never seriously thought that there could be any magic in this old brown piece of wood; and to my further surprise, I found the wine quite excellent. Only, the pity was I had no appetite for wine; what I really wanted was roasted fowl. Therefore I said to the table, “Old top, you are quite marvelous and you are worth your weight in gold, but you did not understand me properly. Your wine is good, but I ordered a roasted chicken. Spread again, table, and serve me what I want.” This time the table spread, and a big sugar-encrusted fruit-cake stood before me.

‘As these mischances happened again and again, I presumed that the table understood only Syrian or Arabic. I then bought some dictionaries and studied assiduously the names of the things I wished for; but all my efforts were in vain. Whatever I asked of my table, I always received something else. The things I demanded, the things I was really longing for, I could never get; and only those for which I did not care in the least were given to me. When I was almost famished with hunger, drink appeared; when I was thirsting for something cool and sweet and refreshing, hot and spiced dishes steamed on the table; and by-and-by it seemed to me that there was some malevolent power hidden in the table

which consciously and in pursuance of its own wicked purpose thus thwarted my every desire.

‘After a while the table absolutely haunted me; it affected my nerves — and yet I was helpless. If some machinery, some spring, some motor had regulated the table, I could simply have taken the whole thing apart and repaired it; but it was a Magic Table, its property was all a Wonder, and before a Wonder that does not work properly we are helpless, we can do nothing.

‘At last I tried to conquer the table with the weapons of sense and reason. To find the rule of his ruleless whims, I made long charts and lists, wrote on one side what I had asked for and on the other side what I received; but even this plan proved a failure: I could demand the same thing twenty times, but I always got something else. Yet it was always another something else, and I recognized, to my despair, that the laws of reason did not govern my table; that I stood before something absolutely irrational, and that its whole existence was an anomaly in a world of rule and order.

Other people might have suffered less, but I, who had always delighted in clearness, fitness, and rule, who was enamored of logic and who worshiped reason and sense — I could not stand this lawless force in my house, I could not stand it in the world. I hated the table with a bitter and consuming hate, and I tried to destroy it. Every evening I hammered it to pieces, but my weapons did not prevail against it, and every new morning I found it again whole and sound. Sometimes it even seems with a triumphant malevolency to mock me and my useless efforts. Do you now understand what I went through, and what I suffer?’

He looked so excited and threatening that my only thought was to calm him.

'Of course,' I said as consolingly as I could, 'of course I understand you. Do we not all suffer in the same way, and do we not all carry the same burden? Is not Life itself a spoiled Magic Table that does not work properly? Do we not all receive only those things for which we have hardly any use, and do we not always pray in vain for the gifts we really demand? Are we not just as powerless and helpless as you are, because Life also is not regulated by a motor, or a machine, or a spring? Life, too, is a Wonder and a Marvel, and before the Wonder our reason can do nothing. After we have tried a thousand lists and charts, and used one formula after the other, do we not all come at last to the bitter insight that Life is senseless and without proper rule, and a constant contradiction to all logic and rationality? And in the end, in spite of our disillusionment and disenchantment, and in spite of the constant consciousness of being fooled, we yet have to confess that Life is stronger than we are and more powerful; that we cannot destroy it and cannot thwart it; that it is strange, and wonderful, and eternal.'

I had spoken as quietly as possible, and by-and-by the excitement of the stranger abated. He looked now very old, very tired, very unhappy, and ex-

tremely weary; and after a while he fell sound asleep in his seat. Later, in came his physician, who had been, for a while, in the smoking-car, and began to gather their luggage together.

'A hopeless case,' he said, looking at the sleeping man. 'Fortunately he is harmless. I suppose he has been telling you his Magic-Table story. That is one of his fixed ideas. He is really quite incurable.'

'How sad!' I said, 'and yet his trend of thought is absolutely logical and rational.'

'Well,' said the physician, 'don't you understand that anyone who thinks absolutely logically and rationally is simply bound to become insane; and that only those who are willing to admit some irrationality into their scheme of things can hope to keep sane? It seems a kind of intellectual vaccination. He who is a little insane can keep most of his sense intact; but he who insists on an absolute and merciless saneness quite loses his mind.'

With this mystical and rather un-medical statement, he woke his patient, gripped his bags, nodded to me, and left the train. But the face of the haunted man and his story of the Wonder-Table hovers still like a dark and ominous cloud on the far horizon of my memory.

NEW LIGHT ON LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

THE larger part of our information concerning Abraham Lincoln's boyhood is derived from his own brief reference to that period, and from the self-centred statements of his cousin, Dennis Hanks. These, and other historical fragments, have been worked over and presented so repeatedly that sometimes we forget how really meagre are the underlying data.

In the winter of 1909 I came into possession of an entirely new source of information concerning Lincoln's boyhood. In a remote corner of the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas, I found a man whose mother, a cousin of Lincoln, had passed her childhood with him in his father's family, and had preserved a store of family history, tradition, and anecdote concerning those early years. Since that time I have intended to make this information public, but the nomadic and very busy life of a civil engineer has heretofore prevented.

The family of Thomas Lincoln, father of Abraham, while in their Indiana home, consisted of his two children, Abraham and Sarah, and a flock of orphaned, or partly orphaned, children from at least four different families. Among these was a niece, Sophie Hanks, just a month younger than Abraham, who lived in the family of Thomas Lincoln until she was married. The remainder of her life, except for a visit to Indiana, was spent in primitive Ozark Mountain communities, separated from the companions of her childhood. The

records of her recollections of Lincoln's early years and of the family life of Thomas Lincoln are very largely separate from and independent of all other sources. Sophie Hanks died in November, 1895, but her three children, living in different localities in the Ozarks, have retained a part of the information they received from her.

Sophie Hanks's mother, Sarah or Polly Hanks, was a sister of Lincoln's mother. Though she never married, she had six children, all of whom lived to maturity, bearing their mother's name.

The discovery of the family came about in this manner. The most interesting vacation adventures I ever have experienced have resulted from trips into regions unknown to me, and without any specific destination. During the winter of 1908 and 1909, while engaged in planning the reclamation of the 'Sunk Lands' of northeast Arkansas, I spent one of these vacation periods on a short trip of exploration in the Ozarks. These mountains as a whole are monotonous rounded hills covered with scrub timber; but there is one section in northwest Arkansas, of perhaps a thousand square miles, not crossed by any railroad, where one finds cañons with lichen-covered walls, steep mountainsides where cedar, oak, and beech grow with a luxuriance not seen in more northern latitudes, and where the mountain scenery will compare in beauty with anything the eastern states

can offer. I had heard vaguely of the attractions of this region, had once before penetrated a corner of it, and on this occasion set out in that general direction.

The next morning found me on an Iron Mountain train, following the banks of the White River toward the summit of the Ozarks, with a ticket that would pacify the conductor until about noon. Noon came, but, as the rounded, weather-worn mountain-tops seemed to offer small chance for adventure, I continued during the afternoon, paying the fare in cash, a station at a time, hoping for something to turn up. Nothing did turn up, and when, about sunset, I saw a stage awaiting the arrival of the train at the little station of Bergman, I decided to rest my chances for interesting developments with this other mode of travel. The stage was bound for the village of Harrison. That we were still in the land of culture and refinement was evident from an advertisement by the roadside which read, 'When you get to town, take a bath at the Midway Hotel.'

The hotel was not disappointing, and neither was the rangy saddle horse on which I started early next morning for a trip farther into the mountains. We passed rolling hills with their groves and well-kept farms, and the little town of Gaither, a peaceful, sleepy burg at the foot of the mountain; then a long road over the mountain, with a glorious view from the top in the soft gray morning; and finally down into the valley of Buffalo Creek.

That day on Buffalo Creek would have compensated for many a futile vacation adventure. There were sheer lichen-covered walls hundreds of feet high, sweeping in great curves with the bends of the creek; crevices and smaller creek valleys densely grown with cedar and hard woods; and here and there, perched in a cranny of the hills, a log cabin

overflowing with children. I stopped for dinner at one of these. There were the great stone fireplace, the hand-made hickory furniture, hand-woven baskets, and puncheon floors, all a reproduction, I suppose, of a typical English cabin of three hundred years ago; and there were archaic forms of speech which even in Shakespeare's day had disappeared from all but uncultured or primitive communities. After dinner I sat for a time by the fireplace, talking with the father and telling stories to the children, who had never heard of Mother Goose.

During the afternoon the road climbed upward, crossing the creek from side to side, and toward evening the cañon was not so deep. Stopping at one of the cabins, I was informed that at Low Gap I could cross the mountain-range and reach another valley. Not wanting to retrace my path, I left the creek, and was fortunate to reach the gap after nightfall, for a heavy snowstorm came on, covering the trails. The night was spent at a log cabin, where an Irish boy from Chicago was 'holding down a government claim' during his mother's absence. The next forenoon's travel was through another valley or cañon, not so deep, but more picturesque, with many shady cliffs and little waterfalls, finally widening to a flat valley, perhaps a mile wide, occupied by farms. Then, just before noon, came the little town of Jasper, the seat of Newton County, distinguished as the only county in Arkansas which has never been invaded by a railroad.

The village hotel at Jasper evidently was a residence, remodeled to care for guests. These consisted of the village schoolmaster, an occasional timber-cruiser, lawyers and litigants during terms of court, and at intervals a traveling man. Our landlady's husband served as physician — 'practising physic,' he called it — for the village and for a

large surrounding country. The people were so abominably healthy, however, that in a tributary population of perhaps five thousand, there was at that time but one patient, a case of chronic stomach trouble; so the doctor's wife helped out the family revenues by keeping a hotel.

II

It was the 15th of February, 1909, and on the hotel table lay a recent copy of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, with a description of the dinner given the week before at Springfield, Illinois, commemorating the centennial of Lincoln's birth. The doctor apparently noticed my interest in this account, and when conversation had become established, he made a remark which seemed to indicate that he knew something of Lincoln. To my direct question he replied, 'Why, yes, my mother grew up with Abe Linkhorn. When I was a baby Abe held me in his arms and nursed me.' Further questions convinced me that here surely was a man of good intentions.

A snowstorm outside, and the fact that I had already made twenty miles over mountain roads and trails, offered sufficient excuse for postponing the further journey until the next day; so, with the horse cared for, I settled down for an afternoon and evening's visit. As the doctor provided wood for the hotel and helped in the preparation of the meals, our conversation was frequently broken. The schoolmaster, too, interrupted, expressing his scorn for so humble a source of information. Ida Tarbell knew all about Lincoln, he said, and had written it in a *magazine*.

The doctor answered questions willingly, but I found I did not know what to ask. With but superficial knowledge of Lincoln's boyhood and family history, nearly all details were new to me, and the fragments of the latter were

without special significance. When I left next morning, therefore, it was with the promise that I might come again, and I resolved in the meantime to know more about my subject.

A second visit was made in May, at which time the doctor accompanied me by horse and buggy to Limestone Valley, thirty miles farther into the mountains, where we visited his half-sister, Mrs. Nancy Davidson, and her husband. She told more of Lincoln and also allowed me to search through an old wooden chest that had been her mother's. A letter in this chest from Dennis Hanks referred to another of Lincoln's semi-adopted brothers as having moved many years before to Douglas County, Oregon. Correspondence with all the postmasters in Douglas County located this branch of the family near the little town of Riddles. My wife was about to start on a trip through the West, and stopped at Riddles, securing such information as was available from John Hanks, who also, in his boyhood, had known Lincoln. A trip through the Ozark Mountains in Missouri finally located the doctor's half-brother, John Lynch, and his wife, in a little cabin a few miles east of the old town of Iron Mountain. Mr. Lynch was very old, and while he fully substantiated the fact of his mother's early life with Lincoln, his memory was fading and he could add few new facts.

During 1909 and 1910 a search in the Congressional Library at Washington for data concerning Lincoln's boyhood was followed by correspondence with the doctor, and his remembrance was recorded touching many points of interest. Then, in July, 1910, on a third visit, we took a two days' trip by team and buggy up Buffalo Creek. On this occasion a few remaining points were discussed. The doctor's wife is much younger than he, and has a more creative memory and well-developed imag-

inactive powers, capable of filling in any gaps which may occur in memory. The data furnished by her properly belong to a less limited type of narrative, and are not included in this account. I have endeavored fully to recognize the obligation of historical accuracy, and have striven to avoid any unjustified appearance of consistency or precision in the account. All of the information, except as otherwise noted, was furnished by the doctor.

The doctor is a tall, sparely built man, with stooping shoulders. In wearing a red handkerchief about his neck, instead of a tie, as well as in other features of his dress, he conformed to the customs of the Ozark country. He was born in Dubois County, Indiana, December 26, 1843. In the spring of 1847 he moved from Indiana to St. Francis County, Missouri. Before the Civil War he went to school two or three months each year. During the war schooling was interrupted; but after its close he had two years more of six months each. Then, from 1868 to 1874, he taught school for seven months each year, four months in the public schools and three months in 'subscription schools.' 'While I was teaching school, I was studying medicine at every chance, and in 1875 I went in with Dr. Thompson as full partner in the practice of physic, and have been in active practice ever since.'

Since 1874 he has lived in Jasper, Arkansas, until shortly after I met him, when he moved to Harrison, Arkansas, giving up his practice. As he left Jasper for his new home, he forded Buffalo Creek, and threw his medicine case away into the swift water. For nearly half a century he had fought that mountain stream, winter and summer, in flood and during low water. He told me of wild night-rides over the mountain trails, of his terror-stricken horse pursued by a panther that followed

close by, but apparently did not dare to attack; of making long détours for swollen streams, leading his horse along obscure mountain paths, skirting narrow ledges, or tearing through tangles of undergrowth. Twenty or thirty miles from home these trips would sometimes take him. On reaching his patient, he generally found a primitive log cabin, open to the weather, absolutely lacking in sanitary provisions and lacking also in knowledge of cooking beyond corn-bread and pork and a few other primitive foods. He was doctor, surgeon, nurse, cook, and often housekeeper.

The doctor and his family were independent people, living within their resources and asking odds of no one. The doctor's father, although urged by his wife to vote for Lincoln, refused to do so. John Lynch, the doctor's half-brother, also voted against Lincoln in 1860. He gave as his reason that his father was a Whig, 'and you know a boy is usually what his father is.' He was a soldier in the Civil War, and nearly died there. He was proud that only once did he ever try to profit by his relationship to the President. On that occasion he whipped an officer who had insulted him, and fearing that he would be court-martialed and shot, he made known his relationship.

Such are the sources of our information. The new facts collected about Lincoln's boyhood are not numerous. As important perhaps are the information concerning his father, and an accurate picture of the conditions of family life under which he lived.

III

It is only by comparison with its surroundings that we can get a true idea of the character and the significance of the Lincoln home. The present-day sod-house of the far western Canadian home-

steadier is a self-respecting structure, housing the family and reasonably serving its purpose under primitive conditions. But if we compare it to even a poorly equipped tenement house in New York City, the sod-house, in its dirt and its lack of light, air, and sanitation, seems intolerable. The general conditions in and about the home of Thomas Lincoln have been described with reasonable accuracy, but through implied comparison with different conditions of living, they have been made to appear exceptionally poor and mean. The fact seems to be that Thomas Lincoln in his home life arrived at about the same stage of development as his neighbors. If the boy Abraham had grown up in any neighboring home, his habits of life and his physical surroundings would have been about the same. Modern life has swept away most of this primitive culture, but to-day, in out-of-the-way regions of the Ozarks, are still to be found homes where Thomas Lincoln might drop in and feel at ease.

Commerce, other than neighborhood barter, hardly existed in Thomas Lincoln's environment. The neighborhood was very nearly complete in itself, furnishing its own food, cloth, shoes, and farm-equipment. There being no market for corn, there was little incentive to raise more than could be used at home. This spirit still lingers in out-of-the-way places, where, in response to the question, 'How much corn did you raise this year?' I frequently have received the answer, 'We raised plenty of corn,' or 'All the corn that we need.' The doctor spoke of the gratification in the early days over an extra large crop, its significance being that it would not be necessary to raise so much the following year. With little to buy, and with still less to sell, the environment seemed to furnish small stimulus to commercial ambition.

Many people have asked how it could come to pass that Lincoln, growing up in a mean environment, and lacking culture and education, could become 'the first American,' and interpreter of democracy to all the world. As a primary essential, he was of sound stock, and had great personal capacity. But that was not all. Very generally, American public men before Lincoln had grown up in the environment of slave and free, master and servant, employer and employee, rich and poor, aristocrat and plebeian. How many of them were born and bred aristocrats, trying to interpret democracy to America? But Lincoln grew up in a democracy. The economic equality of his boyhood neighbors would satisfy an advanced social revolutionist to-day. None were rich, and none without food and shelter. If one man worked for another, it was to accumulate a stake, that he might soon become independent. It was not necessary for Abraham Lincoln out of his mind to create a new conception of democracy. He grew up in a democracy, observed it, and appreciated it, and then lived and spoke what was in his heart. As a man, he did his best to do away with the physical limitations of his boyhood environment by the building of roads and by encouraging industry, while at the same time endeavoring to retain equality of opportunity. He did not confuse primitive living with democracy.

The primitive environment of Lincoln's boyhood strongly favored this economic equality. The country was newly settled by vigorous, adventurous men, who had brought little or no property with them. There had not been time for separation of those of greater and less natural ability. There were no immediate traditions of aristocracy or of servitude. The lack of transportation, of markets, and of cities prevented the accumulation of wealth, while free

land, free fuel and building material, and abundance of wild game, prevented poverty from being acute. Everyone had to work for a living, and everyone could get a living by working.

Venison was abundant, but was considered too 'dry' to be palatable, unless cooked with plenty of pork. Potatoes were not a common food, though they were occasionally raised. As Lincoln's neighbors were not aware that they could be gathered and stored for winter use, they were dug from time to time as they were used, until they froze or rotted in the ground. Very few vegetables were known. Wild berries and, after some years, apples and peaches were available during their seasons, but there was no knowledge of canning or preserving by modern methods. Blackberries and peaches were preserved in the alcohol caused by their own fermentation, and sometimes apples were sliced and strung on strings to dry in the sun. Very little wheat was raised, as it had to be cut with a scythe, threshed with a flail, and carried to some small water-power for grinding. Cornmeal was made by grinding on hand burrs at home, and later at the water-mills that were built on small streams all through the country. A few of the most prosperous people kept milk-cows. During the fall, when hogs were fattening on nuts and acorns, pork was abundant. At other seasons there were wild turkey, bear, venison, coon, squirrels, and ground-hogs. Coffee was rare. The doctor's mother used to tell him of 'the first coffee she ever saw. Her and Abe was at Uncle Jimmie Gentry's, and they did n't know what it was.'

Clothes were as simple as the food. As the doctor related, 'Abe, after he was fourteen years old, had a pair of leather pants made from deer-hides. All the shoes they had were made at home from home-dried hides, one pair a year, and they came along about

Christmas. Abe, after he was grown up, had a shirt of home-made linen, dyed with walnut bark.'

In reply to my direct question whether the recorded statements of 'Uncle Tom's' shiftlessness were true, the doctor replied, 'Well, you see, he was like the other people in that country. None of them worked to get ahead. They was n't no market for nothing unless you took it across two or three states. The people raised just what they needed.'

John Hanks in Oregon expressed himself very strongly as to the comparative status of Thomas Lincoln. He held that 'Uncle Tom' was not poor as compared with his neighbors, but that along with them he lived under primitive conditions.

Not only did Thomas Lincoln meet the usual social and commercial standard of success, but in two instances he gave evidence of aspiring to a larger life than his neighborhood afforded. The first case was his effort to bring with him a boat-load of whiskey from Kentucky to Indiana. The doctor related this story substantially as it is given in other sources. 'Uncle Tom went ahead of the family with a boat-load of whiskey. He had several barrels. On the way down Rolling Fork, I believe it was' (on other occasions the doctor called this Roaring Fork and Little Fork), 'his boat upset and he came nigh losing all of his whiskey. He did not lose it all.'

On a later date, after the death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, and before Thomas Lincoln married a second time, he tried again to break into a larger field of activity. To use the doctor's words, 'Uncle Tom left his trade and thought he would go into the speculation' business. He made him a flat boat, and bought a load of pork — mostly on time. Pork was cheap them days. The hogs fattened on mast' (nuts and acorns), 'and didn't cost them nothing.'

He started down the Patocah, and then down the Ohio. He got way down there somewhere by Devil's Island, and his flat boat upset and he lost everything, and pretty nigh got drowned himself. He did n't have no boat to come back with, and so he came back up the river on foot, all the way. Then he went to work at his trade again, and paid up all his debts.'

The fact that Thomas Lincoln paid his debts after this experience, a labor which required several years, was repeatedly impressed upon me during my various visits with the doctor. The family traditions are colored throughout with a high regard for Thomas Lincoln's character, for his patience, kindness of heart, and honesty, and his finer sensibilities. Frequent reference was made to his consideration in disciplining his children. 'Uncle Tom would not whip Abe or scold him before folks, but he would take him by himself and tend to him after they was gone. People in them days believed that whipping was good for children. Ma said she must have been pretty good, because she never got reproved or scolded very much.'

The doctor outlined Thomas Lincoln's calling in this manner. 'Uncle Tom was a wheelwright. In them days it was a pretty good trade. You see, in them days every family had to have a big spinning-wheel and a little wheel. Uncle Tom made the *little* wheels. In a family where there were several girls they had sometimes three or four wheels.' The doctor's sister gave a similar account, drawing particular attention to the fact that Uncle Tom was a maker of '*little* wheels.'

Perhaps a year after the death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Thomas Lincoln made a short trip to Kentucky, and while there married a widow, a Mrs. Johnson. 'Mother said she was his old sweetheart, before he ever saw Nancy

Hanks,' related the doctor. 'When he went back, I guess he had her in view. When he got there she was washing in the yard. He went along just like he was walking by, and leant up against the fence and talked to her. He proposed marriage, and she said, "I owe too much." "How much?" Uncle Tom asked her, and she replied, "Two dollars and a half." Uncle Tom volunteered, "If that's all, I'll pay that"; and the match was made up right there. I've heard mother laughing about that many a time.'

While Mrs. Johnson was lacking in ready money, yet, according to the doctor, 'She was right good for property. She had right smart.' And Uncle Tom brought back, not only a wife, but a wagonload of her furniture. 'She inquired and found out all about Uncle Tom, and how he stood in business.' In describing his possessions, 'Uncle Tom told her all about the bed he had, how it stood so high from the floor on four corner posts, and had a top bent over so; an' he told her all about it, like it was a wonderful bed. And I have heard mother tell about when his new wife saw that bed. She stood there in the doorway and looked and looked at it, and then she laughed. She said everything Uncle Tom had told her was true, but she thought it was some fine bed, and it was only a hickory one he had made himself. An' the fine top was a hickory pole that come up from behind the bed, an' he had bent it over and bored a hole in the wall and put it through the hole. You see, he was a wheelwright, and could do good work at such things.'

'Mother told me many times,' said the doctor, 'about the first house Uncle Tom built when he came to Indiana. It was a three-cornered house, made out of three rows of logs, with a fireplace in one corner.' He lived just through the winter in this shanty. In

talking about it, he called it his 'winter castle.' 'How I come to know what kind of a house Abe Linkhorn lived in,' said the doctor, 'mother and I was coming from Jasper to Limestone Valley one night when we come to a little house this side of Limestone Valley, and she made me drive around it. She said it was just like the house Abe Linkhorn lived in. Uncle Tom built another house afterwards.'

IV

Abe Lincoln's few schooldays were spent at a 'blab school': that is, one in which the children 'read out,' Chinese fashion, at the tops of their voices. During his boyhood nearly all schools in his neighborhood were of that type. Later the silent school competed for public approval. The supporters of the 'blab-school' idea held that it prepared for actual life; that a child who could master his lessons in such a din could think and read without distraction in any other environment. Perhaps the fact that most of these people had no place to read except in a one-room or two-room log cabin, surrounded by a large family, may have added zest to their partisanship.

The doctor's mother, Sophie Hanks, attended school with Lincoln. She remembered that it was a long walk, about three and a half miles, and that going and coming Abe frequently could be heard 'reading out' in the approved manner, so that he was audible at a considerable distance from the path. Dennis Hanks went to school at the same time, though for a shorter period than Abe or Sophie. Sophie Hanks's knowledge of Abe's schooldays was limited to the period in Indiana, under the teachers Swaney and Crawford. During this period his attendance never was regular, and he sometimes would be absent for several days at a time.

According to the doctor's sister, when Abe was small, 'just a slip of a feller,' he was 'to'lable lazy,' and did not like school. The doctor insisted that Abe was not lazy; 'but he was easy-going.' He was a good hand at anything he undertook, 'but he did n't hunt work.'

The doctor had a version of Lincoln's discovery of a grammar. 'A schoolmaster told Linkhorn one day that if he wanted to talk and write correctly he ought to learn grammar; that that was a standard to show him what speech was right and correct. Linkhorn did n't know they was such a thing as a standard of speech for language; and when the schoolmaster told him this, he walked twelve miles to get a Kirkem's grammar, and he kept it right with him till he knew it by heart. They was n't anything in it he did n't know. Kirkem's grammar was putty near a leading grammar in them days. It was a good grammar because it explained the reason for everything.'

The tradition is that Abe got so he could 'beat the teacher' at his lessons; but the doctor remarked, 'I don't reckon he was much of a teacher.' It is also a part of the account that he 'tried the teacher every day.' But if he did not like to go to school, he did like to read. He borrowed every book in the vicinity. *Robinson Crusoe* he knew by heart. 'You know that was an old fable years ago,' added the doctor. Among other books Abe read were one or more ancient histories, a history of the United States, and the *Arabian Nights*.

The usual opinions to the effect that Abraham Lincoln was a sickly child do not find support in the stories handed down by the doctor's mother, who grew up with him. 'He was very firm and straight,' both physically and morally. He 'grew up very early,' and was large for his years. Sophie Hanks evidently was much impressed with Abe's physical ability. 'If they was anyone that

was an expert at any kind of athletics,' related the doctor, 'Abe could do it better. I've heerd mother say many a time that Abe would stand flat on his feet and lean back till his head would touch the floor. I got so I could stand on a trundle bed and lean back till my head touched the bed, but I was always afraid to try it on the floor for fear I would fall and hurt myself. It was mother telling me about Abe Linkhorn that started me at it. One of my playmates got so he could stand on the flat of his feet and reach backwards and touch the ground.'

So much for the noble example. 'He would stand on a corn-cob and turn enunder it.' I thought to take the opportunity to correct statements which have been written to the effect that Abe Lincoln was fond of cock-fighting; but the reply I got to my inquiry was, 'Cock-fighting was very prevalent in those days, and Abe took considerable interest in it.'

He hunted a great deal. 'I remember mother telling about the first time he killed a turkey,' related the doctor. 'He brought it home and told the people all evening about killing that turkey, and when he went to sleep, he talked in his sleep most of the night about that turkey. The folks deviled him in the morning for talking about the turkey in his sleep.'

He did not use tobacco as a boy, was not profane, and did not drink whiskey 'except as Uncle Tom would have all the children to drink a dram before breakfast for health.' John Hanks, of Douglas County, Oregon, remembered the only time he saw Lincoln touch whiskey. It was at a bee-hunt. Lincoln mixed some honey with whiskey, tasted it, and said, 'Den, that tastes pretty good.' His only recorded illness was an occasional attack of malaria. The nickname, 'honest Abe,' attached to him while he was a boy.

Another commonly accepted belief which the doctor vigorously resented is that which holds Lincoln to have been sober and gloomy. According to the traditions of this family, he was just the reverse — bright, full of life and of fun, and very talkative. 'He was quick to learn, forgot nothing, and always wanted to tell what he knew.' The doctor repeated many times accounts of Abe's weakness for 'putting in' or interrupting a conversation when, in the relation of some incident, the truth would be departed from, or some item of the account which he considered important would be left out. 'And when the company would leave, Uncle Tom would take Abe and talk to him about "putting in" when older people were talking.' This tendency to break into a conversation was mentioned as Abe's outstanding weakness.

He did not like girls' company, but was 'a great fellow to be with the boys.' He was known for good-nature, even temper, and for seldom becoming angry. He would go to all the dances in the country, but would not dance. Off at one side, with the boys gathered around him, he would tell jokes and funny stories, and would relate what he had read. For their further edification he would turn handsprings, stand flat-footed, and lean back until his head would touch the ground (this last item was many times related, and evidently formed a substantial part of the basis of the doctor's admiration for Lincoln), and would perform many other athletic stunts. Sometimes at such dances, 'it would be hard to get enough boys to stand for a set,' because Abe's company was more interesting. At wrestling, 'nobody ever throwed Abe unless he was a heap bigger than him.'

The commonly repeated stories about Lincoln's reading by a fireplace at night are supported by these family accounts. The doctor's sister said, 'I've heerd

mamma tell about how Abe would gather brush of an evening to make a light with of a night to read by. He would lay down with his feet *there* away from the fire and his head *there* by the fire, and he would read a long time.' He was an eager listener. 'Whenever anyone was talking, Abe was right there.' He observed keenly, and never forgot.

The self-reliance so evident in later life was not absent during Lincoln's boyhood, as the following story indicates. It was at the time of Thomas Lincoln's trip down the river after the death of Lincoln's mother, and before Thomas was married the second time.

'When Uncle Tom went away, he left Abe and his sister and my mother there, and left one fat hog in the pen. It was a big, fat hog. The way she said, I guess it would weigh nigh two hundred pounds. He said if they got out of feed, they could go over and get Mr. Greathouse to kill the hog for them. Mr. Greathouse was a neighbor and a little o' kin. When the hog was needed, Abe said they would n't go get Greathouse to kill the hog. He said they would kill it themselves. So Abe went over to Greathouse's when Mr. Greathouse was n't to home, and Mrs. Greathouse let him take the gun. He must have been a little feller, 'cause ma said, when she see him coming, the shot-pouch hung almost to his knee.

'Abe took the gun out to the pen, and pointed it through the rails, — so, — and took aim and shot the hog dead all right. And then he and my mother went into the pen and tried to take the hog out. But they could n't budge it. So they went and got some boards and put them down in the pen, and they had the water already hot, and they took the entrails out, an' cut it up right there in the pen, and carried it out in pieces. And they did a pretty good job.'

John Hanks, the Oregon relative, gave the very confidential information

that 'Lincoln was as much of a infidel as anyone could be. I would n't like to say how much; but he was good and moral.' When I quoted this to the doctor on a later visit, he replied, 'There was a sense in him that he could not narrow himself to the religion of that time. In them days, if a man doubted the Bible being exactly true in everything, and if he did not believe in fire and brimstone, he was called an infidel. Lincoln said he could take some things from all the churches and make a better church than any of them. If Lincoln was an infidel, a good part of the people to-day is infidels, for most people is coming to believe like he did.'

This family's knowledge of Abraham Lincoln fades away where our more complete knowledge of his life begins. Telling his story of how Lincoln grew up in Indiana, the doctor concluded, —

'And then by and by Uncle Tom's other wife died, and he and Abe went away. They went to Sangamon County, Illinois, and Abe drove a pair of steers all the way. We don't know much about Abe's life after he left Indiana, but some of the men Linkhorn knew in Illinois has written things about his early life. And they has made mistakes. Some of the things they say is true and some ain't true.' The doctor recounted sketchily a few items of Lincoln's early days in Illinois. 'And then Abe, he got the post-office over there, an' he got work in the store, and then bymeby they got him into the legislature. One of the first things he done while he was a statesman was when they was a bill up to move the capital from Vandalia to Springfield. The legislatures used to meet then at Vandalia. One day all the friends of Springfield was away, and they was a quorum and the sargent was there and would n't let anybody out. And they was goin' to pass their bill while the friends of Springfield was n't there. And Abe, he went to the win-

dow and hung out and dropped about fourteen feet. And four or five other fellows followed him, and he busted the quorum that way. But the time the people begun to find out what Abe was good for, was when he began to have them talks with Mr. Douglas.'

Several of the places and persons associated with Lincoln's boyhood were more or less familiar to the doctor. Concerning Thomas Lincoln's neighbor, Mr. Gentry, he said, 'My mother lived for a short time with him. He thought a sight of her and Abe. She never had a better friend. She always spoke of him as Uncle Jimmy Gentry. I think he was a distant relative, and was a good liver for that time. It seems to me he kept a little store, but I am not sure. Gentryville took its name from him.'

The Johnson boys, sons of Thomas Lincoln's second wife, did not stand high in the family estimation. Abe found it necessary to restrain his step-

brothers from vulgarity and common coarseness of behavior. In case of dispute, Abe's word was always taken over theirs. When these stepbrothers tried to explain themselves out of a scrape, they frequently were confronted with the remark, 'Wait till Abe comes, and then we will know the truth about it.'

When I asked the doctor about the various reports that Abraham Lincoln was an illegitimate child, he replied, 'Those stories about Abraham Linkhorn being an illegitimate child are untrue. Aunt Nancy and Uncle Tom were married regular. But his mother was an illegitimate child. I have always understood that from what my mother said about it. But my cousin said that his mother told him that our grandmother Hanks and Linkhorn's mother were half-sisters and also cousins. My mother never told me that, but I have often heard her say that we were badly mixed.'

A CAPTAIN IN THE NAVY

BY RALPH R. PERRY

I

SHE was not the biggest transport in the service, but as I went over the side for the first time she looked as big as the Leviathan to me. I had been a sailboat man during the war, and transports, commanded by sure-enough regular navy captains with four stripes, were out of my ken. So when the officer of the deck told me to go to the executive office 'in the passageway under the bridge,' to give my orders to the

ship's writer, I went in a condition of most painful modesty. I had always known that an ensign did n't amount to much, but I had never realized before how extremely little it was.

There were two doors in 'the passageway under the bridge,' both open. No one was in sight. I hesitated, and went in the one to the right.

As I entered, a tall officer in his shirt-sleeves sprang from an armchair

and transfixed me with a leveled forefinger.

'When I want to see you, sir,' he barked, 'I'll send for you! Good-day!'

'Who,' I asked one of my fellow insects, 'is the skipper of this wagon?'

'Why?' said he. 'Have you met him already?'

'You might say I had had — dealings with him.'

'Is n't he a tarrier?' my friend remarked. 'Do you know, I think they started calling ensigns insects on this ship.'

During the first two months of my service on board I saw the captain very little. I was doing duty as junior officer of the deck. His duties, according to the Naval Regulations, are 'to assist the officer of the deck in his duties . . . and to inspect the ship at least twice in each watch.' Since the Armistice, in a ship not cruising in convoy or formation, he spends most of his time helping the officer of the deck to look, and that section about inspecting the ship is very helpful. I found it so. For when the Old Man came up the bridge by one ladder, somehow I always had an inspection to make, and down I went by the other. The officer of the deck used to call this deserting a post of duty in the presence of the enemy. Poor fellow, he had to stay on the bridge, and the Old Man was quite impartial. He would call down a lieutenant commander as readily, as pointedly, and in very much the same terms that he would use to the humblest ensign of us all.

The trouble with the Old Man from our point of view was that he was entirely too efficient. He saw things a captain has no business to see — little things which are always in disorder about a ship, and of which the officer of the deck took no notice — until afterward.

I have reason to know, for one morning the Executive sent for me.

'Beginning to-morrow,' said he, 'you will go on watch every morning from eight to twelve o'clock as officer of the deck. The captain decided to give you that watch so he could keep an eye on you; and if you do all right and keep on the job and keep your eyes open, he says he will put you on regular watch duty. If you don't,' he continued (and was there a shadow of a smile in his eyes?), 'you are liable to spend ten days in your room. Don't be worried. The captain is n't so terrible if you're up to your work.'

Now the eight-to-twelve in the morning was the watch we dreaded most. The Old Man was liable to spend most of it on the bridge, and to run up unexpectedly at the most inopportune times. It was fine for the Exec. to tell me it would be all right, but I couldn't help feeling he was very cheerful about my troubles. For even in as simple a matter as routine watch-duty, it is one thing to stand by and see it done, and another thing to take the initiative and issue the orders yourself. I was taking no chances. The rest of the day I spent with the junior officer's friends — Knight and the *Watch Officer's Manual*. Both these books have full notes on 'Hints to the junior officer doing line duty' — only it takes nearly five pages to itemize all the things the O.O.D. is expected to carry out in the eight-to-twelve watch, and on the list as I would, I was afraid I should leave something out.

I went on watch in fear and trembling, and got along swimmingly until seven bells. The Old Man had come on deck, passed the time of day very pleasantly, and gone below without a comment. I thought he was giving me a day of grace, and with only a half-hour more before I was relieved, I figured that my dangers were over.

These meditations were interrupted by the captain's orderly. We called him the Stormy Petrel.

'Sir,' said he, 'the captain would like to know why the ship's bell has n't been cleaned for the last two days.'

I said to myself, So would I. Long as I had been on the ship, I knew of no one giving an order to clean it. I looked over the bridge-dodger at the bell. It was green, right enough.

'Quartermaster,' I snapped, 'why did n't you clean the ship's bell this morning?'

The quartermaster was deeply concerned. We were apt to be deeply concerned when the captain's orderly was about.

'Why, sir,' he replied, 'the bridge gang never has cleaned that bell.'

'Certain of that, are you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Who does do it, then?'

'I never saw anybody do it, sir.'

There was evidently no hope here.

'Send for the messenger, the bugler, and the bo'sun's mate,' I ordered.

These, let me add in explanation, are all the men who have anything to do about the bridge. They came.

'The ship's bell was n't cleaned this morning,' I began.

The bo'sun's mate looked at the messenger, the messenger looked at the bugler, and all three looked at the quartermaster.

'It's not my job, sir,' they said in unison.

I turned to the orderly. Time was passing. 'Tell the captain we're cleaning it right away,' I said. 'And in the future, messenger, you are the man who cleans that bell. Every morning. In the morning watch —'

The orderly was back on the bridge.

'Sir, the captain says that was n't what he asked. He wanted to know *why* the bell had n't been cleaned for two days.'

The navigator had come out on the bridge.

'What on earth shall I tell him, sir?' I asked.

He snatched up his sextant and headed back for the chart-house.

'You leave me out of this,' he shot back over his shoulder.

So I thought hard. Why had n't the bell been cleaned? How had it ever been cleaned? Apparently it had been accustomed to clean itself, and had gone on strike. And two days! I'd only been O.O.D. one.

'You tell the captain,' I said to the orderly, 'that I don't know why the bell has n't been cleaned. But that I intend to know hereafter.'

If I should go back into the service and take a deck watch again, I know the first thing I shall do — I shall look to see if the bell is clean. But I wonder who does clean it? For after I came off watch I wanted to find out who was prescribed by the customs of the sea to clean the ship's bell. Perhaps I'd been unjust to the messenger. So I hunted up our old boatswain, twenty years in the navy. If any man in the ship was as seagoing as the captain, it would be he.

'Boats, who cleans the ship's bell?' I asked.

'Well,' he reflected, 'according to Regulations, and in the old navy, the ship's cook is supposed to clean the bell. But he don't do it no more.'

'But who does do it? The captain asked me this morning.'

'Well, son, to tell you the truth, I don't know. But I know the bo'sun's mate don't.'

It must have been a month afterward that the captain came on the bridge while I had the deck. He was feeling very genial that day, and we were talking. I took my courage in both hands.

'Captain,' I asked, 'would you mind

telling me who does clean the ship's bell?'

He put his head on one side. 'Humph!' said he, and went below.

II

My next watch was on Sunday, and the four hours passed without any collision with the captain, although there were a few minutes when I expected to see his orderly coming with another poser. Part of the Sunday routine is to make church call. To do this, you find where the chaplain wants to hold services and have the boat-swain's mate prepare the compartment for him, and then, at the appointed time, you sound church call, hoist the church pennant over the ensign, pass the word to put out the smoking lamp, and toll the bell. Now, I do not see anything obscure in an order to toll the bell. I believed it was generally understood that, if you wished to call people to a church, you rang a bell slowly; if to a fire, you rang it fast, at sea or anywhere else. But the messenger tolled that bell as if he were on a tanker loaded with gasoline and TNT on fire fore and aft. I did n't hear from the Old Man; probably he had gone aft; but the first division who came to answer the fire-alarm were quite bitter about it.

The incident should have warned me that messengers were not to be trusted; and yet the next day, when it was time to set the ship's clocks to local time, which is done every day at eleven, I had no foreboding of disaster.

'Messenger,' I ordered, 'report to the captain the deck clock has been set ahead twenty-three minutes.'

'Yes, sir,' he acknowledged, and vanished.

Almost immediately the Stormy Petrel came up on the run. He looked like a stockbroker who has been caught

short on the market. At the time there was an orderly in the brig for reporting 'Eight o'clock and barometers wound.' This orderly seemed to have visions of the adjoining cell.

'Please, sir, what did you tell the messenger?' he panted.

'That the deck clocks had been set ahead twenty-three minutes.'

'Well, he told me that the chronometers had been set ahead twenty-three minutes, and that's what I reported to the captain. And when I reported it, the captain, he says, "What's that?" And I told him again, and he started acting up outrageous. He's working on the messenger now, sir, and the messenger he's trying to say that's just what you told him; but the Old Man don't give him much chance to talk. By the way, sir, the captain wants to see you when you come off watch.'

I spent the rest of the watch wondering whether I would be relieved from duty for ten days or only for five, except when a very meek messenger crept up the bridge-ladder. I felt like 'working on him' myself; but after what the captain must have said to him, I knew my best effort would be only balm. So I just said, 'Well?'

'Mr. Perry,' he asked faintly, 'is there any difference between a clock and a chronometer?'

When I reported to the cabin, the captain seemed to be in very good humor, but he always had perfect control over his emotions. He began instantly in the voice of one who has just recovered from anger.

'The messenger came down this morning with a ridiculous report. It's your fault. I know you did n't tell him any such thing,' — he must have seen the amazement in my face, — 'but did you make him repeat that message back to you?'

'No, sir, I —'

'Never mind that! Is n't there an

order to that effect in the captain's order-book?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then why did n't you execute it? Thought it was a routine report and it would n't be necessary, did n't you? See what happened, don't you? Who's captain on this ship?'

I did n't answer. As to that, there was never doubt or discussion.

'So!' he went on. 'I'm the judge of the necessity for orders. You execute them. I'm tired of issuing orders and having you watch officers initial them and go right on doing what you think best!'

He dropped his voice. 'And another thing. Remember there's no such thing as a trivial matter in the navy. You've got to run a ship one hundred per cent right. Good-day, sir!'

As I relieved the deck the next morning, I found a new messenger on watch.

'Come here, lad,' said I. 'What's a barometer? What's a psychometer? What's a chronometer? Good! What's the only thing you ever do to a chronometer? Don't know that? Wind it. Wind it at twelve o'clock. Understand? And messenger! If I give you any order, even if it's only to call my relief, you repeat what I say loud enough for me to hear you.'

My record for the first three days was too lively to continue, and as the weeks passed I began to know my watch and the captain better. His moods varied a great deal. One day he would say, 'Good-morning!' very cheerfully, and spend an hour pacing the bridge, talking on any subject under the sun and dropping many a hint on the proper way of performing watch-duty in the course of an anecdote. The next morning, perhaps, he would nod in answer to my salute, without saying a word, and stand with his head on one side near the rail, leaning forward now and then to bite the

bridge screen. These were the mornings the junior officer had an inspection to make, and the quartermaster found something to do on the signal bridge. Everyone disappeared except the officer of the deck, and he did not stay from choice. The Old Man would stand silent, biting the rail, his eyes roving over the decks and the rigging. Then he would twist his lips and speak.

'How long are you going to stand there looking at that windsail before you trim it?'

If he said nothing, you might be sure that there was nothing wrong to be seen. His eyesight was uncanny. For example, during the trip west we hung a large number of signs on the life-rafts and in the passageways to guide the troops. We had been in the habit of securing these with rope-yarns, which are not very neat, and the day before, the captain had issued an order that all the rope-yarn was to be removed, and the signs secured with tarred marline. This job had been done the previous afternoon. I had an idea that trouble might arise through some oversight, so as soon as I went on watch, I looked carefully at the signs in view from the bridge. In every case, so far as I could see, marline was used. The captain bit the rail that morning. Suddenly he wheeled to me.

'Has all the rope-yarn been replaced by marline?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Nonsense! There's rope-yarn there on the second life-raft nest! Why don't you use your eyes?'

I could n't see it even then, but I sent the messenger on the run. A rope-yarn had been used, sure enough. In tying up that particular sign the sailor had run out of marline, and tied a six-inch rope-yarn to the end of the cord, to give him enough slack to make the knot. The captain picked that sign out of some forty in sight, and noticed that

little six-inch patch a hundred and fifty feet away.

No one ever forgot a calling down from the captain. It was blasting, yet it never left you angry because it was so definite. An ensign does n't mind being called down, at least, not after a while. He seems to exist for that purpose, and as long as he is brought on the carpet for some distinct oversight, he can charge the incident to experience. But it makes a man's blood boil, junior officer or not, to be rated in round terms for nothing in particular, without being able to reply; to be told he is neglecting his duty, without having the duty he is neglecting specified. He feels that the man talking got up out of sorts, and is working off his bad temper on him because it can be done with impunity. I have been scolded for half an hour — it could not be called anything but a scolding — because the bridge was dirty; and this ten minutes after we had dried down the deck, when there was not a spot visible. But never by the captain.

Only once did he ever take me to task without cause. We were coming out of St. Nazaire. I was not on duty, but the last time my room-mate had stood a watch at the engine-room telegraphs he had received a tongue-lashing from the captain which gave him a lively dread of the job, and I consented to take his watch. I did n't know anything about the conditions under which we were leaving port, and was n't expected to. As I stepped on the bridge on the port side, the captain appeared on the starboard.

'What's the draft of the ship?' he asked.

That was a matter for the officer of the deck. I did n't know, and said so.

'I wish you'd understand this is a ship, not a roof-garden!' he retorted.

It was at the engine-room telegraphs that we learned another aspect of the

Old Man's temperament. At sea in calm weather he was critical, acid, and exacting. In a blow or a fog he would humanize. The more critical the situation of the ship, the quieter, the more courteous, the less excitable he became. He used to delight in docking the vessel without a tug or a pilot, and occasionally he got into some narrow corners. His seamanship was a beautiful thing to watch.

It happened while making a dock at Newport News under particularly nasty conditions, that a very green ensign was at the telegraphs. The Old Man was turning into the dock and balancing the ship against the current with the engines, starboard engine against the tide. He got her steadied.

'Both engines, ahead one third!' he ordered, intending to shoot in to the pier.

The ensign swung both levers, not to 'Stop,' not to 'One Third Ahead,' but to the space between, — 'Fire,' — and stepped back proudly. The engine-room began jangling the telegraph bell, trying to find out what on earth the bridge wanted. Not that, they knew.

The captain was standing on the starboard rail of the bridge, holding on to an awning stanchion. As the gong kept ringing, he turned to look at the engine-telegraphs. His eye fastened on the signal indicated — 'Fire.' The ship's head was swinging toward the bank, but the captain seemed to forget about the ship. He jumped down from the rail, walked over to the ensign, and laid his hand lightly on his shoulder.

'You may go below, sir,' he said kindly. 'You've done everything for us you can!'

My seafaring days are over now. But if it ever happens that I must don uniform and put to sea again, which God forbid, I know the captain I want to sail under.

HOMESICK BY THE SEA

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I saw great ships leap to the sea,
Magic on their prows!
I saw there was no ship for me,
Homesick for hemlock-boughs.

For my masts on the mountain-side
Rise where whispering
Winds move over their swaying tide —
There they rock and sing;

For my masts on the mountain-height
Spread green silken sails
Whose netted shadows drip with light
Within the dusky trails;

And there my mountain faithfulness,
As though deep sea were there,
Above the valley voyages,
An eagle through the air.

Far heart-heard mountain-murmur, cease!
The ships are swift and proud!
My heart is crying for release,
As a wave cries aloud,

The wave that cries my name to tell
Of singing wild sea-birds
And flocks of foam. Bid me farewell,
My haughty hemlock herds;

For I have seen the leaping ships!
Fade and set me free,
Far flowers, to pluck, where a white prow dips,
The blue flower of the sea!

THE LABOR POLICY OF THE AMERICAN TRUSTS

BY CARLETON H. PARKER¹

THE policies of the trusts, be they labor, financial, or market, are dominated in the end by the central offices in New York or Chicago. There, immune to the influence of the physical operations of production, sit the directors in their detached, unreal atmosphere. Driven by the demands of an abnormal market on the street outside, they create rules for pay, and establish hours of labor, without knowing or questioning whether the human element in production can bend to the order or not. Absentee capitalism and absentee control have become real words in the economic vocabulary of recent years.

No centre understands a labor problem less, or fears it more, than a financial and banking community. A strike has always been a Wall Street bogey. Business is impatient to see the open shop established. This desire does not seem to be stimulated by an aversion to paying union wages, but rather by a wish to have industrial conditions placid and controllable. This dislike of dividing power with any force, least of all a union, coupled with the mounting profits and surpluses since 1900, has caused capital to be both temperamentally ready for trouble, and prepared financially to meet it.

¹ This paper was written in August, 1914. The war, with its consequent restriction — almost stoppage — of immigration, its consequent tremendous impetus to trade-unionism, brought about an industrial situation which could not wholly be foreseen. But as a background of the present labor situation its value is unimpaired. — C. S. P.

The technique of production has carried the industrial undertaker off his feet. There seems to be no limit to the displacement of labor or the reduction of costs through the automatic machine. Undreamed-of speed has been attained in cotton and woolen mills. If organizations of labor have left with the employer one memory, it is that of restriction of output. Whether this was an important union policy or not, it remains the preëminent union characteristic in the mind of the master. Nothing excites his irritation so much as the slowing down of technical improvements or the speed of machinery. Scientific management, the industrial sensation of the hour, outrages all union principles. The invention of the so-called high-speed tool steel, heralded as one of the greatest inventions of the past twenty-five years, would find its value greatly reduced if union rules were in force. If one mill were non-union and were left free to exploit the new technique unhindered, the union mills, slowed down in the evolution, would at once fall badly behind in the competition. A union-free labor force was imperative in the minds of the new industrialism. How could this be ensured?

European immigration answered this question so completely that it is commonly charged that the employers are responsible for the coming of the millions. There is little doubt that the manufacturers, having first been taught the value of a subservient, disorganized, and patient immigrant labor

force, made efforts to keep the flood coming; but the migration was at the bottom stimulated by forces over which they had no control.

The immigrants offered the prospect of an organization-free labor force, a force in which technique could receive its fullest expansion, and they were welcomed. Industrial simplification made a place for them, and the news went to Europe that agricultural laborers could find immediate industrial work in America. They came. Against them the trade-unions organized the closed shop. From the beginning, the unions knew it was a death-struggle. They could not unionize the newcomers; they must try to keep them out of the industries. The employers were determined to bring the immigrant in, and in industry after industry an anti-union programme was adopted. It will be profitable to follow this contest through some selected industries.

I

As iron and steel is the basic national industry, the trade-union policy of its control has furnished the rule of conduct for the rest of the American industrial world. Since labor policies of the aggressive type are naturally diplomatically secret and based upon both information and aim private and intimate, it is very difficult to find formal record of such policies. It is fortunate that such a record is in existence regarding the trade-union policy of the United States Steel Corporation.

From the time of the disastrous Homestead strike in 1892, until 1900, the only considerable steel-workers' union, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, remained weak and on the defensive. In 1900, the association, alarmed by the consolidation of many independent companies into the smaller steel trusts, which were

later to form the United States Steel Corporation, passed this resolution:—

Should one mill in a combine or trust have a difficulty, all mills in said combine or trust shall cease work until such grievance is settled.

This rule the new Steel Trust met by announcing that each constituent company controlled independently its own labor policy. However, the minutes of the corporation show that a trust labor policy had been discussed at practically all meetings. On June 17, 1900, the following declaration of policy was formulated:—

That we are unalterably opposed to any extension of union labor, and advise subsidiary companies to take a firm position when the question comes up, and say that they are not going to recognize it, that is, any extension of unions in the mills where they do not now exist; that great care should be used to prevent trouble, and that they promptly report and confer with this corporation.

A few weeks later the following appeared in the minutes:—

The president reports that the superintendent of the Wellsville sheet mill down on the Ohio River had discharged 12 men who were endeavoring to institute a union lodge.

Another interesting feature of the corporation's policy was the plan to agree, if it became imperative to make a mill a union mill, and then quietly close it down. In one executive meeting, the chairman signified his willingness 'to sign the scale for the McKeesport mill and keep it shut down.'

At this moment the Steel Corporation wanted peace. Its shares were to be worked off on the New York market, which is supersensitive to labor trouble. At the same time the corporation wished to hold the union back from its threatened expansion, for this would make the eventual struggle more costly and the outcome more questionable.

But one of the subsidiary companies overturned the plans for peace.

The American Sheet Steel Company had signed an agreement with the Amalgamated Association covering two thirds of its mills, but had largely nullified this unionization by a policy of shutting up the union mills. The Journal of the Amalgamated Association shows the following condition, in 1901.

	<i>Number of Plants</i>	<i>Stand of Rolls</i>
Union mills at work.....	11	67
Union mills idle.....	9	33
Non-union mills at work.....	7	68
Non-union mills idle.....	None	

Thus, by enlarging and improving the non-union mills, the company had insensibly jockeyed the union out of its position.

The union met this situation by demanding that the Sheet Steel Company sign an agreement covering all its mills. This the company refused to do, and on July 1, 1901, a strike was called by the union against both the American Sheet Steel and the American Steel Hoop Company.

The United States Steel Corporation desired peace even at this time, and an offer of a conference, ostensibly put forward by the subsidiary companies, was made. This conference was held, and the union was offered a settlement which included not only the retaining by the union of all steel mills previously controlled, but the unionizing of six additional mills. This offer was refused by the men, and the steel-workers were called out of all the mills of the trust on August 10, and a general strike instituted.

The workers in the Middle West refused to go out, and popular support of the strike did not materialize. It dragged along until mid-September, when the union was forced to surrender and sign a disastrous compromise. Fourteen mills were lost, and the twenty

allowed to unionize were chiefly small ones and were doomed to an early dismantling. Three were at that time condemned, and twelve were soon after abandoned. All the strong mills, which normally could handle the entire output, were left non-union. The union had spent over \$200,000 on the strike, the members were bitter, and the lodges now scattered.

From 1902 to 1907, the union played an ineffective part, and lost one mill after the other. On June 30, 1909, the agreements of the union with the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, covering fourteen mills, were to expire, and on June 1 the company posted the following notice:—

After a careful consideration of the interests of both the company and its employees, the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company has decided that all its plants, after June 30, 1909, will be operated as 'open' plants.

The Amalgamated Association officials tried to obtain a conference with the trust officers, but the latter declined to open the matter. To call a strike was the only move left to the union, and on July 1 the union men in all the fourteen mills, with a single exception, were called out.

The Trust both secured strike-breakers and switched orders to the non-union mills, which were not affected by the strike. When the union attempted to hold town meetings and organize, it was prevented by the Trust's non-union mill officials in these localities, and the organizers were forced to leave town. On May 1, 1910, the Trust raised the wage-scale to a point above that obtained by the union. On August 27, after an ineffectual fourteen-months' struggle, the strike was declared off.

This practically ended the activity of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers until the

war-period. The decline of its membership is illuminating.

1891.....	24,068	1908.....	7,492
1892.....	20,975	1909.....	6,295
1893.....	13,613	1910.....	8,257
1900.....	14,635	1911.....	4,355
1905.....	10,904	[1912.....	4,318
1906.....	11,410	1917.....	12,568
1907.....	10,216	1919.....	32,500]

The union was eliminated completely from the plants of the United States Steel Corporation, and of the 275,000 employees in the steel industry in 1912, the two steel-workers' unions, the Amalgamated Association and the rival Sons of Vulcan, had a combined total of 5730 members. This small strength was found in the puddling mills and in the small steel mills of the West.

The large so-called 'independent' steel companies have carried on the same policy hostile to unionism. One big company forced the workmen to sign the following:—

This is to certify, that I am not now connected with any labor organization; and I further agree that, while in the employ of the — Steel Company, I will not in any way, directly or indirectly, join or have anything to do with any labor organization of any kind whatever.

The unions are gone from the steel industry.¹ Their restriction of output, of hours of labor, and of speed of machines, was a constant irritation to the new captains of industry, hot with ideas of developing a scientific technique, displacing men with machinery, and increasing output. There is now a twelve-hour day and a seven-day week. The works are union-free, and one of the best critics of labor conditions in steel has said that a secret service in the United States Steel Corporation ferrets out the organizing or criticizing spirits among the men, and they go. The men are convinced

¹ True until 1917. — C. S. P.

of this espionage and suspect even their partners working beside them. The Jones and Laughlin Company are always warned ahead when disloyalty and sedition threaten, and the men implicated are dismissed. Not only does the steel industry need a pliable labor force, but it intends to keep it from being educated and spoiled by any form of labor organization.

II

The story of the strike in 1904 in the slaughter-house district in Chicago becomes an analysis of the labor policy of the big packing-houses and a description of the driving factors in its creation.

The number of women in the meat industry was 2.9 per cent of the whole in 1890, 4.3 per cent in 1900, and in the Chicago industry in 1904, 9 per cent. When the native-born women, suffering from alternative speeding up and piece-work price reductions, struck in 1900, they were not only beaten, but 'black-listed,' and their fragile union disappeared. Their places were taken by immigrant women. Later, these women organized; and although the Trust at once discharged the fourteen charter members, the union grew to a membership of 1200. But the union failed in its effort to draw in the newly arrived foreign women, and to-day the Bohemians and Poles and Lithuanians are very rapidly increasing in the industry, even flowing over into other lines, where they displace men in the heavy and disagreeable work, such as stuffing cans and trimming meat.

In the meat industry as a whole, in 1914, about a fourth—according to union statistics—of the workers received less than twenty cents an hour. It was for this fourth that the amalgamated union struck. The motive

which prompted the strike was, in fact, entirely one of self-preservation. The union saw that, through the minute division of labor, promotion from the ranks of this 25 per cent unskilled labor to the upper semi-skilled ranks could be made with hardly any previously acquired training. They saw that they must unionize and raise the rate of pay of the 25 per cent, if they were to protect their unionized skilled trades which stood above. The six big packers argued that the rate of pay of these low-paid unskilled laborers was regulated by 'supply and demand.' 'The 5000 immigrants who hung each morning about the company gates put the price at sixteen cents an hour, not we.' That the Trust was able to pay never came into the contention. 'Independent' companies, which did not enjoy the manifold advantages of the Trust, were able to pay these wages and make money. The union, therefore, in reality, either had to organize the casuals at the gates, or give up.

The census of 1900 showed that the industry in America hired, at one time in the year, 81,416 workmen, and a few months later in the same year 57,119. In other words, nearly a third of the employees were discharged in one year. This gives a wide-open door for the new non-union men to be hired, and for the union men to fail to be taken on again. Since all the 25 per cent unskilled low-paid laborers are non-union, these could easily be advanced to take the place of union men in semi-skilled places. The strike in 1904 was broken by the bringing in by the Trust of skilled men to Chicago from their branch houses, — a potent example of one weapon always in the hands of a trust, — and negroes and Greeks for the unskilled work. It was a strike of the Americanized Irish, Germans, and Bohemians in behalf of the unskilled, ununionized Slovaks, Poles,

Lithuanians, and negroes. The strike was broken by the introduction of the very class for whose benefit the strike had been organized. Since it has been the self-evident policy of the Beef Trust to use immigrants to keep their factories union-free, and the workmen an unorganized mass, it becomes enlightening to follow the substitution of races in the industry.

This substitution of races in the stockyards has gone on without halt or interruption for more than twenty years. In the strike of 1886 the workmen were American, Irish, and German. Bohemians were introduced after 1886, and when they had driven the Americans entirely out of the stockyards as unskilled wage-earners, they mounted into the skilled work. In the two 'killing gangs' in 1904, twelve of the twenty-four men getting \$4.50 a day were Bohemians. The Bohemian has largely driven out the Irish and Germans, and now the Bohemian is being threatened, in his turn, — in the skilled end of the industry, — by the Poles, who in turn, in the last few years, are being driven out of the lower-paid and disagreeable work by Slovaks and Lithuanians. The latter and the negroes seem content to remain down at this low level. They do not press up, like the Pole or the Bohemian. The Italians and the Greeks shun the stockyards.

The Immigration Commission's report of 1911 gives the percentage of employees in the meat industry who are foreign-born as 60.7. One of the largest packing houses in Chicago estimates that, whereas the English-speaking races formerly made up slightly over three fifths of the workers in the plant, to-day they are about one third. The Germans have decreased by over one third, the Bohemians by almost one half. On the other hand, the Poles and Slovaks have increased in numbers by

almost 50 per cent, and the Lithuanians, Russians, and Hungarians by 388 per cent.

The strike of 1904 was beaten, first, because the employers—that is, the Trust—had unlimited millions to put out in defense of their labor policy, and had their branch-house organization to call on; second, because the technique of the industry allowed the use of the hordes of unskilled, non-English-speaking labor offering themselves at the gates.

The industrial statistics for the industry show the increasing part played by the plant and its machinery, as compared with human labor. Between 1899 and 1900, a period of tremendous growth in slaughtering, the number of workers increased but 25.8 per cent, horse-power used increased 129.3 per cent, materials 75 per cent, and capital invested 97 per cent.

The next point of importance is—what labor policy did the Beef Trust follow after the strike, and what happened to the union?

The old rule of seniority in promotion, formerly established and maintained by the union in the industry, now disappeared. Promotion became unorganized: the men competed among themselves for the favor of the foreman or superintendent. The old trade-harmony among the workers, so essential to unionism, has been lost. There is no safety in a job, since one can now be displaced by a favorite who has received a forced week's schooling as a 'go-between' workman. The employers before the 1904 strike had made trade-agreements with the unskilled workmen's unions. Since that date the Trust has refused to recognize them and their collapse has been complete. In 1907 the membership of the Butchers' Union was only half what it was in 1904. This union consists of skilled workers only, except in cities like

Baltimore, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Evansville, where half the union members are unskilled. But it is illuminating to note that the unskilled workers in the union in these cities are employed only by the 'independents,' and in no case by the Trust.¹

Before the strike of 1904 there existed in Kansas City, South Omaha, St. Joseph, East St. Louis, and San Francisco 'packing-trade councils.' These were councils, or central organizations, built up from all the unions in the meat and slaughtering trades except the meat teamsters. These councils were purely war bodies, and strove to unite all the unions in order to make the grievance of one the concern of all. After the disastrous defeat in the 1904 strike, all these militant bodies disappeared, and the councils continued to exist only in Chicago and New York. The essential fact in the situation is that the present packing-trade councils are formed in only two cities, New York and Chicago, where there are 'independent' packing-houses which are neither controlled nor owned by the six Trust packers, that is, the Beef Trust. And moreover, a still more important indication is that in all those cities where the packing-trade councils of the slaughtering industry have gone out of existence, except on the Pacific coast, the stockyards and

¹ To bring the situation between the unions and the packing industry up to date, the following quotation is given from the President's Mediation Commission of 1918: 'As is generally true of a large industrial conflict, the roots of the labor difficulty in the packing industry lie deep. The chief source of trouble comes from lack of solidarity and want of power on the part of the workers to secure redress of grievances because of the 'systematic opposition on the part of the packers against the organization of its workers. The strike of 1904 destroyed the union, and for thirteen years the organization of the yards has been successfully resisted. In 1917 effective organization again made itself felt, so that by the end of the year a sizable minority, variously estimated at from 25 to 50 per cent, was unionized.' — C. S. P.

packing-houses are all owned and controlled by members of the Beef Trust. This becomes a strikingly clear indication of the incompatibility of the industrial trust and the unions.¹

But this 'incompatibility goes even beyond the refusal of the Trust to allow unionism in their chosen part of the industrial field. The Trust refuses to tolerate the ascendancy of the union even in that part of the industry where it does no business, or at least only an unimportant fraction of it. For example, in 1906 the unions forced the meat-packers in Evansville and most of those in Louisville to acknowledge the 'closed shop,' and to abide by the union rules. The union prepared a union stamp, a 'meat label,' to be stamped on all carcasses slaughtered in these shops. Some employers, friendly to the union, and even bound by the closed-shop movement, were nevertheless absolutely unwilling to use this stamp, because they had received intimation that, if they attempted to put union-stamped meat in the wholesale market, the Beef Trust would invade their market, undersell them, and break them. This same threat prevented the unions from enforcing the use of the meat label, in 1903, in Buffalo, in Kansas City, and in Wichita, Kansas.

III

One more Chicago strike should be cited, to indicate a related but important new phase in this conflict between federated employers and the union. While the general statement can be made that no effective national union

¹ Soon after this paper was written, the Chicago Packing-Trade Council was forced out, leaving only the New York Council, which, it is suspected, seceded from the International and made an agreement of its own with the packers. At present, however, there are councils in seven cities: New York, Chicago, Boston, East St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, and Omaha. — C. S. P.

exists in the great field of the trustified industries, to the unions has usually been ascribed an indefinite period of effectiveness in the industries where skilled handicraft is demanded, where men cannot be replaced by unskilled strike-breakers. Two fields usually entirely granted to these skilled unions are the responsible work connected with railroading and with telegraphy. With this in mind let us study the great strike of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of America in 1907.

The strike began on August 8, 1907, and spread at once to every office in the United States, except the railroad telegraphers. The union leaders claimed, with apparent truth, that ninety per cent of all operatives, union and non-union, left their keys. This condition should have tied up national business hopelessly and forced the public to intervene within ten days. The union had no war fund, and donations which came in from friendly unions were barely sufficient to maintain them two weeks. On the other hand, the companies were backed by the most powerful capitalistic interests in the country. The directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company included J. P. Morgan, J. J. Astor, George Gould, E. H. Harriman, and James Sullivan. Clarence H. Mackay was the power behind the Postal Telegraph Company. Barring public intervention, these two companies, though losing money, could fight the unions indefinitely. The unions returned to work after a twelve weeks' battle, starved and broken. The companies seemed, to all outward appearances, absolutely untouched. President Clowry of the Western Union said that under no conditions would he again enter into negotiations with the union.

But another element had entered, in character vastly more important as a danger to the union than the proved

inequality in war-fund strength. That was the appearance, induced by the strike, of the technical element of the automatic machine. When the skilled telegraphers left the keys in the Chicago office of the Postal Company, a Rowland and a Barclay telegraphic machine were introduced, which took care of the New York and St. Louis wires. Messages were sent on these machines by young women who knew practically nothing of telegraphy, and at the receiving end the message came out automatically recorded and printed. Superintendent Copen of the Chicago office stated that the Postal Company had a staff of experts working on the Rowland machine, to adapt it to economical work in small offices. The Western Union, its competitor, is working, regardless of expense, to perfect the Barclay machine.¹ The intent of allied capital to build up an aggressive labor policy, combined with its willingness and power to develop technique for the displacing of the skilled and organizable workmen, seems not only to doom the union in the field of telegraphy, but also to forecast a troubled future for organized labor in other apparently secure fields.

The American Bridge Company controls a large part of the country's heavy bridge-construction, and is a large constructor of steel buildings. In its early life the company purchased its structural steel mainly from the Carnegie Steel Company; but since that company's absorption by the United States Steel Corporation, this work is controlled by the central organization.

The American Bridge Company is the chief constituent of the National Erectors' Association, and this associa-

tion was organized to deal with labor in steel construction work anywhere in the United States or Canada. The important members were the American Bridge Company, Pennsylvania Steel Company, McClintic-Marshall Construction Company, Pittsburg Steel Construction Company, and the Phoenix Bridge Company. But the dominating factor remained the American Bridge Company.

In 1905 the American Bridge Company had a closed-shop agreement with the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers. It was complete even to an arbitration clause. In this year the American Bridge Company was furnishing structural steel to the National Tube Company for a plant at McKeesport. In the employ of the Tube Company at this plant were non-union men, and the union demanded of the American Bridge Company that it force the Tube Company to discharge these men or else stop delivering steel to them. This the company refused to do. A few months prior to this contention, the structural workers had been irritated by the subletting by the American Bridge Company of three New England contracts to the Boston Bridge Company, a non-union, or open-shop, company. The union now demanded that the American Bridge Company force the Boston Bridge Company to use union men. On its refusal, a general strike was called against the American Bridge Company in the United States and Canada. It was claimed by the Erectors' Association that F. M. Ryan, president of the Structural Iron Workers' Union, demanded that no subsidiary company of the United States Steel Corporation should furnish steel to any contractor who used non-union men.

The American Bridge Company answered this early in 1906 by announcing a strong open-shop policy;

¹ The Barclay machine has been discarded by the Western Union, and in its place the far more efficient Morkrum machine is being perfected. — C. S. P.

and in May the National Erectors took a similar stand. The Erectors' Association announced officially that they had adopted the open shop 'as the fixed and permanent policy of the Association,' and 'had many times lent material aid in the open-shop movement of other building trades.' At a meeting in 1906, President Briggs of the Association stated that the moulders' union had lost sixty per cent of its membership through the aggressive action of the employers. Secretary Hutchinson in 1911 reported formally that, while the Founders' Association had spent \$327,937 since 1901, fighting strikes, the same strikes had cost the moulders' union \$1,841,000.

Following the aggressive anti-union announcement of this powerful employers' association began one of the most astounding labor battles in American industrial history. The union resorted to direct action and dynamiting. Eighty-seven explosions in construction jobs were under Federal investigation in 1911. In two months alone, seventy-five serious assaults were made on non-union men in New York City. The National Erectors' Association published a list of 113 dynamitings which they charged to the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

On December 1, 1911, J. B. and J. J. McNamara pleaded guilty to a charge of blowing up the Times building and the Llewellyn Iron Works, in Los Angeles. This confession implicated them in the whole orgy of destruction. On December 28, 1912, the United States District Court of Indiana brought in a verdict of guilty against thirty-eight officials and employees of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Workers, charged in fact with conspiring to further the dynamiting and destruction of structural work.

No economic or social causes of the

unparalleled war were allowed to be put in evidence in either trial. The avowed anti-union policy of the affiliated employers was not material in the legal controversy. An experienced critic of the Indiana trial voiced one widely held, if unexpressed, opinion: —

There are some bad men here, I think — some of the worst criminals in the United States. But only a few are like that. Most of them are the product of their environment. The danger of their work calls for red-blooded men — men of recklessness and courage. In their fight for union recognition they found themselves up against a bitter struggle with the Steel Corporation, and they actually believed, many of them, that the only way to avoid the loss of an eight-hour day and complete subjugation was through the use of dynamite.

The Bridge and Structural Workers Union was the only union left up to 1911 in the steel industry, and to-day it is broken.¹

The basic American industries are to-day, in fact, union-free. The immigrant each year dominates the labor force more and more. Each season the industrial technique makes the factories of a few years before obsolete. The crux of the labor policy of the trust is to place the workman on as absolute a par with a machine as possible, and to organize the human element out of important consideration. The mechanization of industrial production has been realized in America beyond any precedent in economic history.

American unionism may survive for a long period in certain industries which require a technical training and into which, therefore, it is difficult to bring the unskilled immigrant as a strike-breaker. Railroading, printing, structural steel work, plumbing, all

¹ This evidently refers to the union organization within the Steel Corporation. Its membership in 1911 was 10,928, in 1919, 31,560 (union figures). — C. S. P.

maintain with varying success a 'closed shop' in certain localities; but each year finds the organizations more and more threatened and apprehensive. Employers' associations, citizens' alliances, merchants' and manufacturers' associations, are called into life by some irresistible stimulus, and unionism is always facing a prospect of war.

This is not due to the accidental existence of a selfish and cold-blooded generation of employers. Many capitalists are bewildered to find themselves arrayed actively against the organization of their men. They are in many cases able to explain their position only by claiming that unionism in their eyes is simply an organized conspiracy to restrict output and speed. This they see is incompatible with the industrial technique now dominating their whole conception of their industry. Immigrant labor as an isolated influence, combined with the technique, and both lost in the abyss separating the man from his employer,

produces an industrial status in which unionism fails of all its old strategic strength. America to-day is well on the way to the realization of industrial life infinitely ruled, mechanized, and desocialized. Let trade-unionism vanish, and the labor world will be made up of unsteady folk-groups, separated by race and religion, and lacking the bond of a common, hard-earned technique.

If this life continues, in time a class-consciousness will run through these submerged strata. The unifying force will be a commonly felt bitterness, and, as leaders are found, violent strikes will convulse industry. If the workers have come to a condition where their sense of inequality and injury has eaten in deeply, the violence can continue, feed on itself, and create, by its own manifestations, new aspirations, and thus render most of the old world useless. The danger is great, because the forces hurrying up this evolution are deep, economic, and built fundamentally into our present-day industrial life.

IRELAND AND THE OUTSIDE WORLD

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

I

LAST autumn at Ennis, a little gray town in troubled and troublesome County Clare, I inquired of a gentlemanly old loafer as to the large public building opposite us. 'T is the Court House, sor, and the Asylum is just half a mile further.' Such an unconsciously abundant answer might serve as a warning or as a text for any foreign student of Irish conditions, with the added com-

ment that to place Bedlam conveniently near the seat of authority showed an official forethought unusual in Irish affairs.

Unfortunately for us, these affairs are no longer confined to Ireland; and of late, Ulster, as well as Sinn Fein, has been bringing home to us the din of that distressed country. Yet there is good reason even for this unwelcome

campaigning, for in modern history Irish politics have rarely been purely insular in character. The isolation of Ireland ended in the sixteenth century, when the Atlantic ceased to be the mysterious western barrier of Europe and became a common maritime highway to the ends of the world. It is, therefore, only natural that the internal condition of Ireland should have been a considerable element in international rivalry and colonial expansion.

Yet the Irish are scarcely a race of sailors. The ancient domestic life of Ireland lay for the most part secluded behind the hills and highlands which rise from the coast to encircle the great central plain, the heart of the island. Even the estuaries and harbors and the sharply indented coast have been convenient chiefly to the foreigner, whether merchant or raider. Belfast is not a natural harbor, and its importance as a manufacturing and commercial centre is largely due to external factors. Its very politics have an exotic origin, and its loyalty is not local.

In the rest of Ireland, to the south and west, these foreign elements are older if less concentrated. Among them has stood first of all the penetrating authority of the Catholic Church, which crosses all boundaries as an international force and institution second to none. The recent agricultural prosperity of the greater part of Ireland is due in part to food-conditions in a world torn by wars remote from Irish life. And countering appeals as to the political fortunes and economic future of Ireland cross the oceans to-day chiefly because there are so many of Irish descent or birth who are citizens of other countries and dominions.

In the face of such conditions rises Sinn Fein, — 'Ourselves Alone,' — a spirit and an organization domestic, national, and intensive in character. Yet the birth of Sinn Fein, and even the early

pain of Ireland in that travail, are quick to touch politics and peoples the world around. It is another fateful Irish paradox. Indeed, the external importance of Ireland, its foreign relations and connections, may well be one reason for the defeat of the ingested and local ambitions of Sinn Fein.

For Englishmen there is, first, the sad historical fact that a restless, unhappy Ireland has been a menace to Great Britain for centuries past. At every crisis, in all the great wars of modern English history, the enemies of England have tried to make use of Ireland. In the Spanish wars of the sixteenth century, when the Great Armada was preparing to end the liberties and national life of Protestant England, Spanish aid to rebellious Ireland was a part of the immense campaign by land and sea. In the various stages of the struggle for constitutional government in England during the seventeenth century, it was the misfortune of Ireland to suffer from the ferocious temper those struggles provoked, and to beget the tradition that Ireland was a danger to the natural and national liberties of England. In the long Anglo-French rivalries which ended only at Waterloo, England's misgovernment of Ireland, and French policy, aligned thousands of Irishmen in sympathy with France.

The American and French Revolutions brought Ireland to the front in British domestic politics. And only yesterday, in the struggle against the Central Powers, Ireland threatened to become the Achilles' heel of the British Empire, a base for German intrigue and attack on the Allied cause. In 1916, while the French held at Verdun, Sinn Fein leaders struck at Dublin in a fashion to aid and comfort the men who sank the Lusitania. Even to-day it is not difficult to find strong Sinn Fein supporters in America who were also original apologists for Germany in the war.

II

With such memories, and in view of actual conditions of naval and military safety, the future of Ireland is a prime consideration to the national defense of Great Britain. At present, Ireland is both a liability and an asset. During the latter part of the recent war, the greater part of Ireland was held in quasi-order by something like 100,000 British troops. To-day areas of military control are constantly shifting, and men armed as for the trenches are the companions of daily life. Political murder, by alleged supporters of Sinn Fein, has thriven in this atmosphere of distrust and devilment; and advocates of coercion and ruthless action gain support from the highest authorities.

On the naval side the Admiralty well knows the dreadful responsibilities laid on the Irish patrol because of the state of Ireland and the physical opportunities for enemy submarines in Irish waters. It is not necessary to believe all the stories of mysterious landings and of secret bases used by German commanders during the war. But the fact remains that Irish waters were enemy waters during the greater part at least of 1917, and that when we went into the war the Allies practically did not enjoy the command of the sea.

With the lesson of these recent events in mind, the existence of a potentially rebellious Ireland is to England a naval menace of the first order. Certainly prior to the outbreak of war, in 1914, Germans viewed with approval the supply of arms both to the followers of Sir Edward Carson and to the National Volunteers of the South. Purely on grounds of national defense and economy, the argument for a satisfactory Irish settlement is tremendous. Indeed, it is probable that only by the air could the Irish danger be met quickly and adequately. The distances from Eng-

lish aerodromes are easily covered by bombing planes. But the areas to be covered, the configuration of the country-side, and the lack of great strategical centres to be affected by attack from the air would present special difficulties even in an air campaign.

Nevertheless, the danger to England of an independent Ireland, whether neutral or belligerent, is even greater. As a neutral in another war, Ireland would again be a hotbed of enemy intrigue and propaganda. If Spain could offer occasional aid for enemy naval operations in the recent war, certainly Irish estuaries would offer peculiar opportunities in another war against England. Indeed, a neutral Sinn Fein republic would be almost unthinkable. Without the opportunity or means of self-protection, with a population possibly affected by ancient hatreds, an Irish republic would probably be swept into the vortex of any future naval war unless it were completely protected by the British Navy. As a whole, therefore, an independent Ireland seems an impossible thought from the point of view of British safety.

Yet there are three hypotheses which might give such a result. In the first place, if a war against the United States and the British Empire on the one side by a coalition of European and Asiatic powers, to which Japan would be an indispensable party, should result in an overwhelming victory for the enemy, it is conceivable that, for a short time, an independent Ireland might emerge from such a catastrophe.

A second hypothesis with like result would require a successful war, whether military or economic, in behalf of Ireland, by the United States against the British Empire and its allies, perhaps including both Japan and France. In such an event, we should, of course, become the guarantor and protector of Ireland in her new-found liberty against

an England less than seventy miles distant from the Irish coast.

A third hypothesis would be a successful war based on the disruption of the British Empire by the revolt of Canada, Australia, and South Africa, aided by the United States Navy, charged with the command of all the seas.

There are of course other equally unlikely and costly hypothetical combinations to the same end. But these are, in cold blood, the three chief ways by which our vociferating hyphenates in America, in spite of the opposition of a large section of native Irishmen, might win by military and economic force their heart's desire — an independent Sinn Fein republic. Does not this seem like a *reductio ad absurdum*?

But what of American interest in such an event? God placed Ireland where she is, and with varied effect the first element in her tempestuous history is her geographical position. The Atlantic is broad; but man has narrowed it, and ocean highways of the world go past Irish shores. Only recently these facts have been of peculiar interest to us because of the admirable operations of our naval forces in these waters. Of course, in 1917 there were amiable mandarins in Washington and elsewhere who thought we could go to war without fighting; but from the afternoon of April 6, and even before that day, there were also men who understood that Ireland must be one of the first places from which we must fight Germany. That is why our destroyers went first to Irish waters to defend our shores. There they guarded the long lines of communication which led from the wheatfields of the West, from the ore-docks of Lake Superior, from all the industrial centres of the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic seaboard, and from the gateway of the Panama Canal, to the support of our far-flung frontier of American civilization. In that way

Ireland became, in spite of the enemy and of small groups of Irish traitors, an outpost of our liberties.

The fact that Ireland was under the protection of our fellow belligerent made this possible. That war is now part of history, but from the point of view of self-interest and self-protection, America has a strategical concern in the condition of Ireland second only to Great Britain's. In peace as in war Ireland lies almost athwart our main channels of trade with the greater part of Europe. If we should ever have to oppose the other English-speaking peoples, Ireland and Canada would probably be our main regions of activity. But such a possibility is almost inconceivable. On the other hand, if we were to be engaged in a struggle with a continental power, whether European or Asiatic, the state of Ireland would be a direct consideration. And an independent Ireland, weak and comparatively defenseless, open to hostile intrigue and propaganda, would be a potential menace to our safety. At least for these reasons we have an interest, clearly national, in the Irish question, which the British do not always appreciate.

But the day of national wars may have passed. We may find the mobilization of our forces needed only as we play a part in an international crusade against some common enemy of world-wide peace. In that event, our interest would dictate a stable Ireland which could be protected and which would not be an additional peril. Do those Sinn Fein leaders who so eagerly oppose the League of Nations or similar international guaranties of peace reckon fully the elements on which they call? I remember a recent conversation in Ireland with an eminent and delightful Irish Catholic prelate, who, with a group of a dozen clergy of his church, declared his opposition to the ratification of the Peace Treaty by America

unless and until Ireland should become an independent republic. To him in natural fashion the peace of the rest of the world, even the defeat of Germany, seemed of small account compared to his desire. One could sympathize with his sincerity, yet deplore his limited view. For, either the world was to remain a vast armed camp with civilization in chaos, or a new struggle must ensue, which would leave the British Empire in pieces and beat Great Britain to the ground, in order to force a conclusion, which would in any case be bitterly opposed by more than a million Irishmen themselves. Furthermore, in America the very forces, whether partisan or not, which have opposed the League of Nations and delayed the ratification of the Peace Treaty by the Senate are largely indifferent to European conditions and advocate non-intervention by America in foreign questions. What practical and effective aid, therefore, can Sinn Fein expect from parties whose principles are the negation of her hopes for assistance?

A further national interest for America in the campaign which the Irish situation has let loose on this side of the Atlantic is also shared by the great dominions of the British Empire. In all of these there are considerable populations of Irish race and sympathies, but the local problems of nationality in these dominions have slowly been gaining satisfactory answers. Within the British Empire each has secured self-government and practically national consciousness, combined with imperial loyalty. In South Africa, in spite of racial divisions, recent war, and ill-judged rebellion, liberty has found security for both Boer and Briton, and the native black is no longer a mere pawn in the white man's ruthless expansion. In Canada, Protestant and Catholic agree to differ and remain more or less content under a common flag.

New Zealand and Australia each has won to unity under a different form of self-government, and has faced successfully the domestic dangers of radical experiment. But, in common with Newfoundland, all these great centres of separate life, so varied and so distant, are still vital, loyal parts of the Empire.

Yet to a greater extent or less the wide dispersal of Irishmen within the imperial boundaries makes the Irish question both an imperial and a local problem. The experiences of the war and pressing domestic problems may have obscured temporarily the Irish issue for Canadians. But in Australia it has emerged again in a way to affect recent and internal matters. Already the appeal to the United Kingdom to settle the Irish question is voiced by Australians who dread the full development of an Irish partisan organization which may influence Australian politics and elections on issues remote from the Commonwealth. They naturally oppose the injection of ancient and old-world antagonisms into the new and vigorous political life of the Antipodes. To a less extent, the situation may develop along similar lines in other parts of the Empire.

As compared with these smaller experiences, our own Irish problem in America becomes more serious in this year of controversy and political turmoil. We know to our cost that in our 'melting-pot' all the elements have not melted. The issue of the hyphenates and of true Americanism is still with us. Already Sinn Fein has seized on the situation: its adherents in this country have used propaganda to the limits of the Constitution, if not beyond. And there is danger that a particular solution of a question subject to a foreign sovereignty may become a test for candidates in an American political campaign. The temptation to our astute and unscrupulous political mana-

gers will be great. American interests are at least indirectly involved in the settlement of the Irish controversy. But it would be presumptuous and impertinent for Americans to meddle in the internal politics of the United Kingdom and of the British Empire. The United States government has not interfered directly or in constitutional fashion in Irish matters, and sensible men of whatever breed or party hope she will not do so. Yet the happy presence in our population of over fifteen millions of people of Irish descent or birth gives us inevitably a natural concern in the situation. The fact that friendly coöperation between the United States and the British Empire is now the best guaranty of world peace, which is also an American interest, adds importance to any threatened interference with that relationship. We may, therefore, be justified in crying a plague on all your houses to those who fail to provide, accept, and administer a justifiable plan for Ireland. What that particular plan or solution is to be may not be an immediate American concern. But we cannot be indifferent to the present situation, whether that is due to the delays or mistakes of the British government, to the obstinacy of Ulster, or to the extravagances of Sinn Féin. Those Englishmen and Irishmen who are aware of the facts are alive to this menace to Anglo-American accord. A few of them and certain extreme elements in the United States undoubtedly rejoice at the possibility.

In this whole situation the tradition and memory of heartrending distress in Ireland have a bearing. Poverty and misery still exist. Dublin slums continue notorious, the housing problem is acute, some branches of labor are under-paid, and in bleak and barren western counties the peasant lives a hard life in spite of governmental assistance. Communications of all sorts

are poor, natural resources have not been adequately developed, better agricultural equipment is needed, and Ireland is overtaxed. These are legacies of the *ancien régime*. But by way of contrast Ireland is relatively more prosperous than in 1914 or, in fact, than ever before. The tale of a starving, prostrate, and poverty-stricken country is no longer true. Indeed, increase in material prosperity and the intellectual ferment of a new age are partially responsible for renewed political unrest. Similar conditions existed in France just prior to the outbreak of the French Revolution. People are now asking why they have not been better off before, and the more progressive are looking for further opportunities for less restricted prosperity. But increasing agriculture and industry do not necessarily hide political and administrative anomalies, or lessen the distrust of the British government felt by the majority of Irishmen. So it is a serious mistake to allow the undoubted facts of Irish economic improvement to obscure the broader and more social causes of Irish discontent.

III

‘Man does not live by bread alone’; in any case he does not eat it by himself. In Ireland particularly we must reckon on forces which are not purely material, and which connect the domestic aspects of her life with the conditions of her external trade and with her economic relationship to the outside world. Thus during the eighteenth century prostrating burdens and restrictions were laid on Irish industry at the demand of jealous British competitors. Lack of transportation, the agricultural self-sufficiency of England, and all the evils of landlordism combined to hamper Irish export trade. The final development of free trade between Ireland and Britain, and the establishment of

Grattan's Parliament in 1782, grew directly from political conditions at the time of our own War of Independence.

The economic opportunity thus given to Ireland was, however, tardy; for new industrial conditions were soon to place Irish manufactures at a peculiar disadvantage. The development in England of the factory system, the concentration of industry in coal and iron districts, and the vast changes due to capitalism as a part of the industrial revolution, left Irish manufactures under a heavy handicap. The new industrial world went on without her during the first half of the nineteenth century. She lacked capital; she had no iron and produced no fuel for industrial purposes. She raised no cotton; her woollen trade had been killed by English laws a century earlier; and her manufacture of linen was still limited by the ancient system of cottage labor and domestic economy. Labor she had in abundance, for her depopulation was just beginning.

Yet the vast changes which were then taking place in Great Britain could have given Ireland a new chance for wealth. For in England agriculture was fast becoming totally inadequate to supply the demands for food made by the constantly increasing population of her industrial centres. The agricultural development of Ireland would, therefore, have been a great aid to England. Almost at her shores was a potential supply of food, which under early and sufficient stimulus would have been a godsend to Great Britain during the recent war. Even in belated and inadequate fashion Irish food was of value to England, and is to-day the chief source of Irish prosperity. And this despite the long years of neglect and dissipation of resources. Except for sugar, tea, and coffee Ireland is practically self-supporting, and her natural market lies at her doors. During the last five-and-twenty years rapid attempts have

been made to remedy the iniquities and stupidities of earlier generations.

The way is open to maintain and increase this natural prosperity by giving Ireland a better opportunity to produce food which England needs, and which she can buy without considering the fluctuations of foreign exchange. From an economic point of view this is not the time for the separation of Ireland from the British Empire but of closer coöperation between England and Ireland. For a prosperous Ireland is an asset to Great Britain, and she remains England's largest trader, in this respect exceeding even America.

If this be true primarily of agricultural Ireland, the economic relations between the new industrial Ireland and England are even nearer. For during the past hundred years a special and significant economic connection has given new life to the political union which was based on historical ties of race and religion between Ulster and Great Britain. To-day the industrial life of northeastern Ireland, which centres about Belfast, is dependent on external sources of supply, not only for practically all raw materials, but for fuel and machinery as well. To-day a former president of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce says: 'Shipbuilding and engineering, rope-making, tobacco manufacture, distilling, cotton printing and dyeing, the making-up trade, which includes ready-made clothing of various kinds, may all be regarded as exotic industries,' for the maintenance of which Ulster is dependent chiefly on England. Even in the linen trade six sevenths of the flax has normally been grown outside of Ireland, though Irish enterprise is now trying to revive this form of agriculture and thus also to secure a healthier and more widespread distribution of this industry. Naturally financial and banking connections have contributed to strengthen the relation-

ship with England. And the balance of parties at Westminster has given political importance to these links.

Under the circumstances great credit is due to the energy and ability of the men who, in spite of natural disadvantages, have won for Belfast her splendid industrial position by utilizing her nearness to the iron- and coal-fields of Great Britain, and have thus finally brought to Ireland the rapid development of the industrial revolution. But this growth has, of course, complicated the political situation to-day. To Britain Belfast is a national asset, and to Ulster the existence of the United Kingdom is a guaranty of her prosperity. 'Big Business' is on the side of the present political arrangement. Industrial Belfast looks with apprehension at the possibility of an Irish legislature at Dublin in which representatives of agricultural interests would be in the majority. To antagonisms based on religious differences and political tradition there has come the apparent separation of varied economic life. Yet for both the industrial northeast and for agricultural Ireland prosperity depends largely on the vitality of the economic relationship with Great Britain. That vitality does not rest solely on any artificial monopoly maintained by unscrupulous dictation or manipulation. Such limitations on the further prosperity of Ireland as at present exist are due chiefly to faulty administration by the British, to a short-sighted policy which does not appreciate the mutual value of further improvement and content in Ireland.

IV

Sinn Féin has called for a 'National Commission of Inquiry into the Resources and Industries of Ireland,' and is asking for \$10,000,000 in America to issue bonds of an 'Irish Republic' to aid economic conditions in Ireland.

VOL. 125 - NO. 2

Unquestionably funds are needed to promote the industrial and agricultural revival. But to require political independence for that end is the height of folly. It will defeat its very purpose, for it will alienate the elements which are essential to the success of any broad programme of social improvement. That independence could be won only by a successful rebellion or by a great foreign war. The first is impossible, and the second, even if possible, would destroy the natural market for Irish produce, deprive industry of its supply of fuel and raw materials, and wreck the chief regions involved. On purely economic grounds independence thus won would bring about the ruin of Ireland. Sinn Féin, with its ideals of self-reliance, with its slogan of 'Ourselves Alone,' with its claim of 'Ireland for the Irish,' was originally an economic rather than a political movement. To-day its political organization and purposes are bedeviling even its limited economic conceptions.

Such political partisanship, with its venom of personal hatreds, rests heavy on the present condition and future prospects of Ireland. 'Anglo-Irish history is for Englishmen to remember and for Irishmen to forget,' if justice and wisdom and sympathy are to win the day; and undoubtedly the intelligent public opinion of the world is against the continuance of the present situation. This may seem incomprehensible and unfair to many Ulstermen; but one measure of their failure to understand the state of affairs is to be found in the recent solemn remark of an Ulster representative in America: 'Great Britain gives us a paternal government especially adapted to our needs.' The day has long gone by when even Ulster can endure a 'paternal government,' and to-day all Ireland suffers from the delays and expenses of a remote government from Westminster *via* Dublin

Castle. Sir Edward Carson and his 'Covenanters' have set an example of defiance which does not fit with a picture of submission to paternalism, while the needs of all Ireland cry aloud.

Not least of these is the need of wider appreciation of the spiritual and idealistic qualities of Irish life, which mingle so mysteriously with the conservative and material elements of national character. Irish politics can, therefore, never be stripped of their human quality; the very limitations of rural life have given them a local importance beyond their due; and thus the political discontent of a residue of Irishmen in Ireland carries a poignant personal appeal to the race at large beyond the seven seas.

Here again, therefore, the external features of the Irish question crowd on domestic aspects. The experience of the race outside of Ireland has been that of local self-government under a central political control. Under such a system, whether in America or within the British Empire, the vast majority of Irishmen have found freedom and prosperity. Under such circumstances, it is small wonder that most of them should sympathize with the aims of local self-government in Ireland, and respond to the ideals of Irish nationalism. Any longer to deny or to delay such a settlement is to disregard the wishes of a majority of Irishmen under whatever flag. Such a state of affairs lays a responsibility, not only on the British government, but also on the warring factions in Ireland. Indeed, the continued sympathy of moderate Irish opinion throughout the world may well depend on the response which the silent, moderate majority in Ireland may make to sane compromise, and the prospect of economic progress and political peace. But the Irish question has been too long in the open to permit of its successful solution by methods of close bargaining

and backstairs intrigue. For to-day 'Irish discontent is a world force.' The distrust of England felt in the greater part of Ireland is founded in history; it will take more than an act of Parliament to lessen it. Any settlement will need a 'good press'; and the tradition of Irish life requires the grand gesture.

The dead hand of religious intolerance has also helped to delay any appropriate solution. This in turn has reacted unfavorably on the Catholic Church in Ireland. For the continued domestic controversy has tended to isolate the Irish clergy from general movements of religious and social policy directed and fostered by the Vatican. Indeed, it is open to serious doubt how far the Vatican is in sympathy with Sinn Fein. Only a few years ago the higher clergy were not encouraged to espouse the Nationalist cause, and in England they have supported the Unionist Party. In so far as Sinn Fein may be a radical, revolutionary body, assisted by secret societies which are under the clerical ban, the Vatican is naturally opposed to it. Yet the lower clergy, the parish priests, who are for the most part farmers' sons, trained and educated only in Ireland, are bound to keep in touch with the local interests and enthusiasms of their parishioners. As social disturbances and political crimes have followed in the wake of Sinn Fein agitation, the problem for the church has become more difficult. There have been brave denunciations, by higher clergy, of murders; but one cannot escape the strong impression that, whether for good or evil, the leadership previously enjoyed by the local priests is passing into lay hands. Certainly Ireland's social problems are no longer profiting by clerical direction.

The case of Protestantism in Ulster is somewhat different. There the political tom-toms have been beaten vigorously by ecclesiastical leaders. The

Grand Master of the Orange Lodge has been a clergyman; and the fear of Catholic domination has roused ancient prejudices in spite of every official and legal guaranty of religious tolerance and protection in any proposed new Irish constitution. You will hear more talk about the religious side of the Irish question in a day in Belfast or from Ulstermen than from Dublin Catholics in a week. To an American Protestant the impression is not happy; and the assertion that only Protestants have to fear Catholicism and consequently discuss the question more fully does not ring true. The whole religious controversy is out of touch with the modern world; and it is open to serious doubt whether Ulstermen can continue to appeal successfully to their fellow churchmen in Great Britain to support them politically on religious grounds. In any case the plain lesson of everyday life in Ireland to-day is that Protestants and Catholics can coöperate amicably and effectively in public affairs of common concern.

The world has also had its fill of assassination as a political method. Yet I have heard political murder defended, or at least excused, by Sinn Feiners in Ireland, and I have no doubt that the recent attempt on the life of Lord French will find support. That crime may not have been directly of Sinn Fein origin; but indirectly it is the result both of extreme Sinn Fein agitation working in fertile soil and of a governmental policy which has sought in general coercion the chief remedy for long-continued and justifiable political discontent. Neither method excuses the other, and both give further evidence of the need of a new dispensation.

Here again one of the chief difficulties in the way of constitutional reform has arisen in part from the external political relations of Ireland. For the 'Ulster Question' has thriven on English

party controversy, and the Irish issue as a whole has been the bane of political life at Westminster. Till recently one of the obstacles to an Irish settlement was due to the personal and party commitments of English Unionists to Ulster Unionists, to protect that group from constitutional changes in Ireland to which they objected.

V

Any proposal for the settlement of the Irish controversy is, therefore, at once exposed to an atmosphere of distrust and hostility almost unimaginable. Yet there are moderate and sane men in Ireland who, even though nominally Sinn Fein or Carsonite, may be encouraged to try to work out a plan sufficiently liberal. But unless their coöperation can be secured, almost any plan is probably doomed. In any case they will need the moral approval of the world outside.

A variety of solutions has been suggested, among them a plan for dominion government for Ireland. This is ably advocated by Sir Horace Plunkett, who, because of his patriotic self-sacrifice to Irish interests and his friendship for the United States, has won the respect and sympathy of many Americans. He would give complete self-government to Ireland as a dominion within the British Empire, on the same basis as New Zealand. 'All Irish legislation would be enacted in Ireland' by a single Irish parliament, with an Irish Executive responsible to it. Trade relations with Great Britain should be mutually agreed on; but the defense of Ireland would be vested in a single central authority. This plan marks a stage in opinion, for most of its supporters would have shrunk from so radical a plan even a year ago. Short of independence, it goes further than any previous plan, for it ignores in large part the elements

of geographical location and historical connection which make the relations of Ireland to England so different from those of New Zealand or Newfoundland. It is, therefore, only natural that intransigent Ulster, apparently secure in its outside political support, should reject the Dominion plan. In spite of this fact, it remains probably the best 'second choice' for most people.

Lately, at the end of December, we have the bare outline given by the daily press of the plan finally evolved by the British Cabinet. As a practical proposal it, therefore, has greater authority than any other, while it still lacks the detailed formulation and amendment that it will receive in Parliament. Briefly, it proposes a much wider grant of powers to Ireland than was agreed on either in the Home Rule Act of 1914, or by the Irish Convention in 1918, coupled with a legislative partition of 'Ulster' from the rest of Ireland. In addition to these two parliaments, there is a single council for all of Ireland, while at Westminster there are to be Irish representatives in just proportion to her population. Various financial baits are held out to the further development of Irish accord in the course of time. Separation from England is impossible, Irish unity is desirable, and in the meantime here is a liberal compromise which with goodwill and accommodation can be tried, as somewhat similar plans have been worked out in the United States and in British self-governing dominions. That is apparently the gist of the Prime Minister's message.

It is regrettable that large financial powers are not at once granted in this plan. There could also have been greater recognition of the function of a central council, whether executive or legislative. For that is a forum where the common interests of Ireland must meet, where her relations to the outside

world must be determined. Rightly the working of any such constitution will depend largely on the development of interstate comity, and on the gradual strengthening of Irish union by the recognition of the limits of provincial interests. If this central council could also have powers of suspensive veto, or of arbitration as to action by provincial legislatures which had more than a local effect, whether on sentiment or materially, the way would be more rapidly cleared to unified peace. On the whole, therefore, the further the government's plan goes in the direction of unity in practice, the nearer will it come to gaining as well the theoretical advantages of dominion government. Any government proposal goes heavily handicapped by its tardy appearance; but that feature cannot hide the fact that from the point of view of the Cabinet, the latest plan is probably as much of a compromise as could be expected from them at present.

Yet any solution — the best of these paper constitutions — depends for its ultimate success on the development of a healthier public opinion in Ireland, and on the patient experience of novel conditions of government. Here the moral responsibility of Irishmen, both in Ireland and elsewhere, becomes clearer. It is open to them to stultify their reputation, to damage wide interests as well as their own by ignoring or opposing the opportunity which they have of helping both themselves and others. In more senses than one they are on trial before the world. For it is not only a question what they may be able to secure in the way of a new form of government, but also whether they can themselves use the machinery of administration which may be available, slowly to secure justice, peace, and increasing prosperity for all of Ireland. These ends certainly are in accord with American interests in the Irish question.

THE AUSTRIAN PROBLEM

BY F. W. FOERSTER

I

[The condition of Austria is at once so pitiful in itself, and so dangerous to Europe and to the world, that the *Atlantic* has invited Professor F. W. Foerster, an Austrian publicist and philosopher, whose reputation inspires confidence, to speak for his people. Professor Foerster, who held the chair of philosophy in the University of Vienna, is at present occupying a similar position in the University of Munich. He has published an important work on the Austrian problem, and, in 1916, roused against himself much professional bitterness by publishing an article speaking in set terms against the theories of Bismarck and of Treitschke. — THE EDITORS.]

It is with special thanks and pleasure that I follow the invitation of the editor of this magazine, to deal before an American public with the present situation of the German-Austrian people. For the saving of this people from the depth of its economic catastrophe seems to be, not only a philanthropic work, which appeals to all the noble feelings of the former enemy and may bless him who gives and forgives even more than him who receives—it is also a task which touches the most important interests of the future peace of the world. The European peace cannot be secured unless the inevitable result of this war, the dissolution of the old union of the European Southeast, shall be replaced by a new and higher form

of federation, which may bind the individualistic forces of all the young nations of the Danube countries and educate them by coöperation and mutual contact.

Vienna, with all her old traditions of science, art, and refined forms and manners of life, must become the spiritual centre of such a new federation. Compared with the Prussian mentality, which represents the 'nationalized' type of man, the 'state-soul,' completely absorbed by political aims, the Austrian is the 'human man,' as the Greek was in comparison with the Roman; Mozart is the typical Austrian, and the Mozart-soul is absolutely needed for the future harmony of the Danube orchestra. Under the guidance of Berlin, and under all the difficult circumstances of his political hegemony, the Austrian seemed to have lost some of his best human qualities; in his new modest situation the true character of the people will come out again and will prove itself a most important factor in the welding together of Southeast Europe.

Many little startling details of the desperate situation of the large cities of German Austria, and also the official cries for immediate help, may have reached the ear of the American public; may I complete those fragmentary impressions by presenting, not only some more facts, but also some remarks on the immediate and deeper causes of the whole state of things in new Austria.

What would happen if Chicago were suddenly excluded from all economic relations with the rest of American territory? Chicago would simply die. Now, that's just the case with Vienna, and even worse. Vienna was not a self-supporting area; it was not even a great centre of production, as Chicago is; it was the *intellectual* centre, the head of the whole Danube monarchy; it contained the bureaucracy for the centralized government of a population of fifty millions, and also the bureaucracy of the whole southeastern trade; it was the centre of Austrian school-life; finally, it was the seat of all those industries which were in intimate connection with the highly developed Vienna art of life and refinement: all the elegants of the Danubian world were dressed in Vienna.

Now this head has been cut off from its body — that is the cruel reality. People say, 'This state of things is due to the peace of St. Germain!' That is certainly true, but the *peace-treaty of St. Germain has only formulated and fixed the seemingly inevitable outcome of a long political crisis*. The dissolution of the Habsburg monarchy was the last act in the dissolution of the old supernational German Empire; the moral, religious, and political ideas, which inspired that old unity of the European peoples, were gone; the process of differentiation — as Spencer would put it — overcame the tendency for unity; an individualistic nationalism was absorbing all spiritual and social energies for its own purposes and passions; the German Austrian himself became mere nationalist, and therefore lost the moral and political power required to subordinate the other nationalities to a higher form of political life; instead of educating the younger nations, he fostered, by his bad example, their own national passion and self-consciousness. The narrow Bismarckian gospel of the

national state, and the mere repressive and authoritative method of dealing with secession and rebellion resulting therefrom, entered the German-Austrian soul, made it forget all the old supernational traditions of German history, took away from it all capacity to keep together and to educate respectfully and sympathetically those little nations which were craving for more liberty and autonomy.

Possibly the complexity of the task widely transcended the political force and wisdom of a generation brought up in mere national aspirations: the burdensome experience of separation may have been necessary, in order to prepare men's souls for new forms and manners of coöperation. The fact remains: the predominance of nationalism made the dismemberment of the old Austrian state inevitable; it could have been prevented only from within, from the rising of new political ideas in the midst of the Austrian peoples. And indeed, some signs of a spiritual revival of the great supernational mission of the old Austrian league of nations appeared in the last years; but those tendencies were not strong enough to conquer public opinion; nationalism had its way in all camps and led Austria to destruction. A new union may arise from the very depth of that complete dissolution which has been consecrated by the treaty of St. Germain.

When this report comes before the eyes of the American reader, all dates of the hour will be antiquated: the underfed Vienna will be the simply starving Vienna; so it seems to me useless to give here many statistics about the present situation, which must change rapidly into a situation of absolute despair. May I confine myself therefore to explaining the immediate economic causes of the complete breakdown of the food-provision in Vienna and some other Austrian cities?

A true insight into those connections will give the best suggestion for the right method of help and healing.

The political isolation of new German Austria from all the other parts of the former Danubian monarchy would not have resulted in starvation if German Austria were a self-supporting country. But the effect of the long symbiosis between all the different parts of the old Austria-Hungary was a very *highly developed division of labor*, corresponding to the *immense variety of ethnological, geographical and economic conditions in the countries of the Habsburg monarchy*. By this division of labor Vienna became absolutely dependent on the border states: Hungary sent meat, meal, and fat; Galicia, potatoes; Bohemia and Moravia, coals and sugar. Now — by the new political order — Vienna is excluded from all its earlier sources of food-provision and raw material. The new states are *remplis d'eux-mêmes*, they are occupied with the upbuilding of their own economic and political order, and have no longing at all for the Austrian 'crown'; the desire for complete independency blinds them against the laws of exchange; they are caught by a kind of spasm of self-reliance. Modern psycho-analysis would speak of a subconscious 'Anti-Vienna-Complex.'

This attitude may be quite natural with regard to the experiences of the war; but for the unhappy metropolis it is simply disastrous. Even the small quantities of coal and food which have been stipulated between Vienna and Bohemia are often stopped at some station, and are taken by the population, which does not like the wagons going to Vienna. Now the advice has been given to German Austria to multiply the production of its own industries; but the most valuable part of those industries has been handed over to the Czecho-Slovak state. The in-

dustries of high quality — the graphic industries, the industries for furniture, for clothes and modes — have no raw material and therefore have sent all their working people into the army of the unemployed. And so, even if they could get raw material, the coal is lacking which alone can bring the whole work in action. This absolute want of coal will stop in these days the whole work of electricity in the city of Vienna; to the hunger and the frost then will be added the absolute darkness; in the midst of the best quarters of the city one walks slowly in the evening, and in fearful tension, always fearful of a sudden attack.

That is the picture of the celebrated centre of Southeastern Europe, whose streets in the evening were full of beaming light and crowded with people from all quarters of the Danube. At the moment when these lines are written, the largest part of the population can get only 24 per cent of the normal food-need; a part of the children from two to six years get one eighth of a litre of milk per head and per day; children beyond six years are getting no milk at all. Sugar is absolutely lacking; bread is distributed 180 grammes per day, but very bad and heavy, not at all fit for children; since the last two weeks even those 180 grammes were to be shortened. Meat, almost nothing, and only for well-doing people.

Naturally the mortality is rapidly increasing; before the war about 3200 persons died per year; in 1917 already 46,131; in 1918, 51,497; in 1919 the number will be nearly doubled. The misery is multiplied by the return to Austria of the whole army of officials, who represented the old government and have become useless with the formation of the new states. Thousands and thousands of those officials, with their families, are living now in Vienna and other cities; thrown out of their careers,

with no hope of being called up again for a new application of their skill and experience; dependent upon a very small pension — a heavy burden on the state finances. This burden is still augmented by the professional officers of the old army, who also have no outlook for the future. To grasp the full reality of the situation, the reader may fancy all the officials and officers of the whole British Empire suddenly sent back to London, and London itself cut off from nearly all economic relations with the former Empire! No similar catastrophe in all history!

What I have said in regard to Vienna is also the case with Salzburg, Innsbrück, and other large cities. The writer of these lines has just had a report from a colleague of his at the University of Innsbrück. The letter is nothing but a report of general starvation, without any outlook. Not enough bread, terrible bread, no milk, no fat, no meat. Many families are selling the last pieces of their household to the peasants, in order to get some food from the peasants; but even the peasants are exhausted by the war; millions of cattle had to be delivered to the army; the soil is neglected, the value of the money is so low that there is no incentive for the productive forces of the agriculture. A typical situation is reported from Innsbrück: they get there even no wood for the winter, although they are surrounded by endless forests: the workmen are so underfed, that they have not force enough to cut the trees.

II

Now, is it possible that the rest of the world continues to have its full meals four times the day, and allows, in the fullest peace of the soul, all those millions to degenerate and starve; to let the mothers see their darlings slowly extinguish without any power to help?

When Pope Gregory I was once informed that a person in Rome had perished with hunger, he included himself for three days in his room. But in our modern Christian civilization a terrible kind of moral lethargy seems to allow the continuation of festivals and of every kind of comfort and joy, while in another quarter of the world numberless fellow creatures have to undergo the torture of slow starvation, and even the greater torture of seeing their dear ones inevitably fall into all the terrible and hopeless diseases of the underfed.

But even the darkest picture of the present situation is not sufficient to give the full reality of the misery. To get an exact impression, one must have in mind that already, since 1916, the lower and middle classes in the larger cities were in a state of slow starvation. An American, who has no personal insight into the hidden real situation of the people of the Central Powers during the last two years of the war, or since the Armistice, or who, as visitor, lived only in hotels and got no impression from the hidden misery of the smaller households, cannot have the slightest idea of the real extent of the undernourishment there, and how it affected, not only the bodily health and force of resistance, but all the nervous resources and even the intellectual functions. Imagine that all those men, women, and children had been for three years not only generally underfed, but were lacking almost absolutely some elements of food, like fat and sugar, which are indispensable for our physical machine.

When I first, in the summer of 1917, got an insight into those conditions, I always asked: 'How is it possible that all those poor people are still living and walk and work?' The answer is, that our body and our nervous system have an incredible fund of reserve strength,

and also an incredible capacity of adaptation. But those thus 'adapted' are like men from the moon: apathetic, depressed, pale or yellow; they have no steam longer for protest or revolution — they extinguish silently. With the children this 'adaptation' comes out in every form of rickets, scrofula, and tuberculosis, and in diminished growth: children of eleven years look as if they were only six years old. In the grown-up people the result appears also in the life of the soul: they begin to lack all spiritual force and capacity of digesting their own experiences, especially the experience of their national downfall; they cannot even grasp the fact that their failure to react properly to what has happened — this stiffness of the whole mind, this incapacity for a national 'investigation of conscience' — must paralyze also the dawning sympathy of the world with their fate, and stir up again every kind of distrust on the part of their former enemies.

May the generous souls among the Allied peoples take this into account in all their judgments concerning the German mentality? It is not materialism, to bring a little more into the foreground the indubitable fact that even our highest spiritual and moral functions have here on earth their physical and nervous substrata, which finally stop their functioning, if they are chronically underfed. And I think the degenerated mentality of all those underfed masses is threatening the whole world far more than the mere physical diseases. Is not the intellectual stiffness and the soullessness of Bolshevism partly due to Russian hunger and despair during the war? And may not a nervous and mental 'grippe' arise from the Austrian regions of slow starvation? May not the paralysis and the elimination of certain higher faculties of the soul become the result of those sufferings, and produce a degeneration

by whose contagious effect the solidarity of human fate may be revealed in the most terrible form? Is it not amid thunder and lightning that Jehovah gives his interpretation of the eternal laws of human life?

The American people, with its great tradition and habit of philanthropic work, has first broken the lethargy of the world and is now saving thousands and thousands of lives in Vienna. But the catastrophe has grown so beyond all measure that the coöperation of the whole world is needed.

But the question is, in what view and in what direction the work of salvation should be undertaken. Is mere Red-Cross work required, or, in addition, the work of the statesman and of the organizer of economics? May I, in answering this question, draw the attention of the reader to the causes of the whole disaster: to the radical dismemberment of the old Austria. This dismemberment was inevitable, as pointed out in the beginning of this paper, because the upholders of the old system in Austria were not equal to the urgent task of finding new methods for reconciling liberty and unity, autonomy and federation. They were not able to live up to the reality of the Austria created in 1866, when the German part became a minority, surrounded by a majority of Slav, Italian, Magyar population, and had no chance for the preservation of its leadership except by bringing out its deepest moral and spiritual power. If the German Austrians at that time had renewed the old federalistic tradition of the Holy Roman Empire, and had organized the southeastern *Völkerbund* as a protest against the new European nationalism, the present dissolution would never have happened. But Providence led the European peoples the other way: it seems as if the new union of nations cannot be realized until the fever of national ambition and

self-glorification has lived out its deepest hell of dissolution and self-destruction: mankind learns only by the *reductio ad absurdum*.

Now the only way out of the present difficulties seems to be a restitution in quite new forms of the old economic unity of Southeastern Europe, assisted by new political bonds. This new development seems to be of extreme importance, also, for securing European peace. Is not the immediate result of the war *the removing of the Balkans one thousand kilometres farther west?* This moving westward by the political atoms of little new-born states is a menace to Europe, and ought to be counterbalanced, at all events. Old Austria in her best times was the Southeastern *Völkerbund* and a guaranty of the world's peace. Only by forgetting her historical mission and losing the moral and religious ideas which inspired that mission, she became a prey to the general nationalist poison, and experienced and suffered the very dismemberment which is the essence of the principle blindly accepted even by her best and most idealistic souls. The hour has come when the rest of the world must help the separated elements, which cannot find the way to a new understanding in the organizing of a new coöperation.

It is not necessary to begin with a new Danube federation: nothing more is needed than a certain beneficent pressure from without, in order to remove a certain inheritance of the war-spirit and the war-methods in dealing with economic organization; those obstacles once done away with (it is not possible without help from abroad), the natural factors of mutual exchange will soon clear the road and prepare a better future.

What are those obstacles? They arise from a bureaucratic regulation of import and export, which keeps

down, not only all the natural forces of trade and commerce between the different countries, but also the productive energies in all branches. The stopping of this terrible nonsense — a relic of the old black-yellow officialism — should be the first condition on which help from abroad is promised.¹

Of course, at the present moment, the leading circles in Austria are too fully absorbed by the burning need of the hour to be free for a sudden and radical change of methods. Therefore, the first necessity is, in the interest of the whole world, to secure to the tortured people a solid food-supply for the next four or five months, and meanwhile to prepare the soil for a sound exchange between the southeastern states and for a certain restitution of their earlier division of labor, which is so deeply rooted in their history and in their nature. All other developments may be expected from the working of the natural forces of mutual exchange, which will be soon put in action by all the deeply rooted needs of the southeastern situation.

Possibly, just in the most desperate situation of the Austrian millions, Providence has given to the world the only opportunity to create the moral and psychological conditions of a higher international order: the coöperation on the field of love, the constructive work of saving millions of human lives and of assisting them in securing new possibilities of their economic and political existence, may alone have the power to purify all mankind from that destructive passion and from that contempt of human life which grew out of four years of war, and which may otherwise, if they are not overcome at

¹ Of course, the indispensable condition, under which alone free export could be recommended, would be an arrangement according to which all exports must be paid for in good coin; as exports paid for in crowns would mean the complete squeezing out of Austria. — THE AUTHOR.

the root, endanger the whole human civilization.

Since the war, in all countries, social problems have appeared on the stage, the complexity of which calls for a moral and religious force and for a political wisdom which at present seem not to be at the disposition of the modern world; we all need therefore the passing through a school of sacrifice and compassion, of self-denial and love,

in order to prepare our souls for the powerful moral tasks of the near future. Blessed seems the nation to which to-day all eyes are turned for help, and which may therefore become the spiritual leader of the Occident in the building up of the solidarity of mankind, which cannot be secured by weapons, by programmes, pamphlets, and books, but only by living acts of human love and generosity.

THE SECRET TREATIES OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE

BY ALFRED FRANZIS PRIBRAM

I

FOR a whole generation the Triple Alliance exerted a decisive influence upon the politics of all Europe. It was the subject of countless debates in the parliaments of the three allied states; it has been an object of unceasing concern to public opinion the world over. A series of voluminous works and many smaller treatises have been devoted to it. Up to the present day, however, we have known neither the text of the treaties underlying the Triple Alliance nor the course of the negotiations which resulted in its formation.

The leading statesmen of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy have often discussed the contents of the treaties, but always in the most general terms, limiting themselves to the statement that the Triple Alliance had purely defensive aims: the maintenance of peace on the territorial bases created by the national unification of Germany and of Italy, as well as the reconstruction of

Austria-Hungary in the year 1867, followed by the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1878. 'An insurance company,' as Prince von Bülow characterized it in 1902, 'not a company for profit.' All the other statements which occasionally leaked into publicity concerning the contents and the duration of the treaties were contradictory, and were more calculated to confuse than to inform.

Bismarck, it was reported, had declared that the tenor of the Triple Alliance treaties would never be made public, even after the Alliance had ceased to have legal force. Fostered by this assertion, fantastic rumors concerning the stipulations made by the several allies found wide circulation and ready credence. Just before the outbreak of the world-war, several serious attempts were made accurately to determine the contents of the several treaties; but, taken all in all, these attempts had no

result. Thus it came about that, on the disruption of the Triple Alliance by Italy in 1915, no one had an accurate knowledge of the tenor of the treaties, aside from the surviving statesmen and diplomats who had participated in framing and executing them — certainly an honorable testimony to the discretion of a class against which the reproach of indiscretion has so often, and not unjustly, been made.

Since then a period of more than four years has elapsed, and still the veil of secrecy which surrounded the Triple Alliance treaties has not been lifted. In the summer of 1915, to be sure, the Austro-Hungarian government published four articles of one of the treaties in question, thus furnishing the first authentic contribution to the knowledge of their contents. It was learned that the three powers had reciprocally promised friendship and peace. They had also agreed to enter upon an exchange of views upon political and economic questions of a general nature, and had pledged their support to one another, within the limits of their particular interests. Reciprocal assistance, backed by full military strength, was to be rendered whenever one or two of the signatories were attacked by two or more of the great powers, without direct challenge on their part. In case one of them should, through the menaces of a great power not a party to the treaty, become involved in a war with such a power, the other two signatories were, under all conditions, to observe a benevolent neutrality toward their ally. Furthermore, it was left to the judgment of each of them, whether or not to participate in such a passage at arms by the side of its ally. The last of the articles published concerned Austria-Hungary and Italy alone. It determined when, and under what conditions, one of these powers was to enter upon temporary or permanent occupa-

tion of territories in the Balkans or on the Ottoman coasts of the Adriatic or the Ægean Sea. The presupposition was that such occupation would take place only upon previous agreement between Austria-Hungary and Italy. Such an agreement would be on the basis of reciprocal indemnification for every territorial or other advantage over and beyond the existing *status quo*.

Through these disclosures the darkness that had enshrouded the purport of the Triple Alliance treaties was in part dispelled. Perfect clearness, however, had not yet been attained. The fragmentary nature of what had been made public became manifest merely through reference to the fact that Articles 2, 5, and 6 were missing. That Article 7, the last of those published, was followed by still others was to be assumed with considerable confidence. Furthermore, no hint had been given as to which of the treaties contained the four published articles. The contradictions and obscurities to which any critical examination of the published articles was bound to lead were also justly pointed out. But once more, every attempt to penetrate the secret of the Triple Alliance treaties was doomed to failure, 'through the very nature of the matter, which offers, as it were, a passive resistance even to the most acute inferences,' as one of the most zealous critics put it. All the more insistently was the desire expressed finally to have access to the complete text of the Triple Alliance treaties, and to know the course of the negotiations which culminated in the formation of the Alliance.

Through the generous action of the government of the Austrian Republic in opening the secret state archives to investigation, the text of the several treaties now becomes available in its entirety, though not the negotiations leading up to the treaties. Having access

only to the documents of the state archives at Vienna, the author is unable to give a consecutive account of the course of these negotiations. This is true especially of those stipulations of the treaty which exclusively concerned Germany and Italy. The cabinet at Vienna, to be sure, was informed of these stipulations, but it had no part in the negotiations which were carried on directly between Berlin and Rome; the Austro-Hungarian ministers learned only so much of the course of these negotiations as seemed proper to the German and Italian statesmen.

II

Let it be emphasized, first of all, that the Triple Alliance is not in any way to be regarded as supplanting the Austro-Hungarian-German treaty of October 7, 1879. On the contrary, it did not impair the validity of that treaty in any way. Independently of the treaty which the Central Powers concluded with Italy in 1882 (a treaty four times renewed), the Austro-Hungarian-German treaty, from October, 1879, to the outbreak of the world-war, constituted the basis of action of the Central Powers in all questions of foreign policy — quite especially as concerns their relation to Russia. For in none of the Triple Alliance treaties is Russia mentioned as that power upon whose single, unprovoked attack upon one of the allies the *casus fœderis* was to be considered established for the other two. The duty of giving aid in this case devolved exclusively upon Germany and Austria-Hungary, to the extent provided for in the treaty of October, 1879.

Furthermore, it may be pointed out in this connection, that the repeated assertion that the two powers had, as early as 1879, agreed upon the automatic continuance of the treaty, is

based on error. The German-Austro-Hungarian treaty of October, 1879, was concluded for five years, and was renewed in 1883 for a definitely limited period. Not until the year 1902 was the special agreement made, whereby it was henceforth to be automatically extended at the end of each three-year term, unless one of the signatory powers availed itself of its privilege to give two years' notice of its intention to abrogate the treaty. Henceforth the treaty between Germany and Austria-Hungary also contained a formal statement of that prospective unlimited duration which Bismarck had wished to give to it when it was first concluded.

The first Triple Alliance treaty, with a five-year term, was signed on May 20, 1882. It contained Articles 1, 3, and 4, published by the Austro-Hungarian government in 1915, the contents of which have already been given. Of the remaining articles of the treaty, the most important is the one binding Austria-Hungary and Germany to aid Italy with their entire military strength, in case she should be attacked without provocation by France. Italy alone assumed a similar obligation toward Germany; Austria-Hungary did not. The latter was to aid the German Empire against France only in case another great power aligned itself with France. Just as little was Italy bound to give armed assistance to Austria-Hungary, in case the latter should be attacked without provocation by Russia alone. By the terms of the treaty, Italy was in this case bound merely to observe a benevolent neutrality toward Austria-Hungary. But also with regard to Germany, as has already been mentioned, the Triple Alliance treaty contained no stipulation which would have compelled her participation in a war provoked by an attack of Russia upon Austria-Hungary. Germany was pledged to such participation only

through the treaty of October 7, 1879, of which the Italian government had no knowledge in 1882.

A guaranty of the possessions of the three allies, especially of Rome to Italy, which was repeatedly mentioned as an established fact in the literature on the subject, was expressed neither in the first nor in any of the subsequent Triple Alliance treaties. To be sure, there was no lack of attempts in this direction by the Italian statesmen during the negotiations which preceded the conclusion of the first of those treaties. But their efforts were frustrated by the firm refusal of the Vienna cabinet to heed Italy's wishes. Nor was Italy more successful in having inserted in the treaty stipulations concerning the promotion of Italy's colonial plans or the combination of Austria's future territorial acquisitions in the Balkans with Italian claims on the Trentino.

One of the new and important results of the present investigation is, doubtless, the proof that Italy even at that time desired to procure Great Britain's entrance into the Triple Alliance. Her aim was thus to protect herself by sea also against further French plans of conquest in the territories bordering on the Mediterranean. These efforts were checkmated at the time by the opposition of Bismarck; however, Italy so far succeeded in carrying her point, that a protocol was attached to the treaty expressly emphasizing the fact that the Triple Alliance pursued no aims hostile to Great Britain.

This stipulation was quite in accordance with the strictly defensive character of the treaty of 1882, which Italy's statesmen at that time tried to emphasize as strongly as possible. While the Central Powers, however, clung steadfastly to this idea down to the dissolution of the alliance, Italy, as may be seen from the following statements,

had already abandoned it in the negotiations which preceded the second Triple Alliance treaty. This was done in order to satisfy her desire for an expansion of her sphere of influence in the Balkans and in the territories bordering on the Mediterranean.

It is to be ascribed solely to Italy's incessant urging, that the second Triple Alliance treaty, concluded on February 20, 1887, for another term of five years, no longer exhibits the purely defensive nature so characteristic of the first treaty. Austria-Hungary and Germany were now pledged to participate in wars which could no longer be regarded as a defense against unprovoked attacks of a hostile great power. Italy, it is true, did not succeed in carrying her demands to their full extent. The Vienna cabinet refused most emphatically to enter upon engagements which might embroil Austria-Hungary in a war with France for the sake of Italy's Mediterranean programme. Prince Bismarck, for his part, was most desirous of keeping Germany, as far as possible, aloof from all active participation in Balkan wars — if only on account of Russia. After protracted and heated negotiations, which several times threatened to miscarry, a compromise was finally resorted to in order to avoid a break. This compromise, presumably adopted on Bismarck's initiative, provided for a division of the obligations to be assumed by Germany and Austria. To this end three treaties were concluded in 1887.

The first treaty, signed by the representatives of all three powers, merely repeated the contents of the treaty of 1882. The second, a separate treaty between Austria-Hungary and Italy, concerns the Balkan questions. Its stipulations agree exactly with those which subsequently appeared as Article 7 in the treaty of 1891 and the subsequent renewals. These stipulations, as has already been said, were published

in 1915 by the Austro-Hungarian government. The third, a separate treaty between Germany and Italy, contains, among other provisions, a stipulation which has hitherto remained entirely unknown. This stipulation obligated Germany to aid Italy with all her military strength, even if Italy, without being attacked by France, should consider herself forced, by the conduct of the latter power in Tripoli or in Morocco, to attack either the African or the European possessions of France. (Article 3.) Just as significant, and as completely unknown until now, are the contents of Article 4 of the German-Italian separate treaty. In this article Germany expressed her readiness to promote the extension of Italian territory at the expense of the enemy, in case of the successful termination of such a war waged in common against France. It may easily be seen how little such stipulations agree with the constantly renewed assurances of the Italian statesmen that the Triple Alliance had no aggressive aims with respect to France. Subsequently Italy concluded separate treaties with France concerning Tripoli, but nevertheless renewed the Triple Alliance with its stipulations against France.

Italy, in 1887, did not insist upon the renewal of the protocol of 1882, which had expressed the friendly attitude of the powers of the Triple Alliance toward Great Britain. This was due to the fact that Italy had shortly before, with the assistance of Germany, made certain agreements with Great Britain, — soon after concurred in by Austria-Hungary, — which excluded the idea of hostile intentions on the part of the Allies against her.

III

Four years later, in 1891, the third Triple Alliance treaty was concluded.

By dint of incessant urging, Italy succeeded this time in bringing about the union of the three treaties into one. On the other hand, the efforts of the Italian statesmen to obtain a material extension of the obligation of the Central Powers were frustrated. Austria-Hungary declined all further intervention in behalf of Italy's Mediterranean interests; Germany took the same ground with respect to Italian plans in the Balkans. Italy was again successful, however, in that Germany's willingness to intervene in behalf of Italian interests in Northern Africa — Tunis was now brought into the foreground, as well as Tripoli — was more definitely formulated, and the intention was expressed to come to an agreement with Great Britain with reference to these questions.

As far back as December, 1887, Great Britain had been in harmony with Austria-Hungary and Italy concerning the maintenance of the Turkish possessions in the Orient. Now a protocol attached to the treaty gave consideration to Italy's desire to induce Great Britain to approve and support certain stipulations in the Triple Alliance treaty in a form as binding as possible — a desire energetically seconded by Germany. These stipulations concerned the North African territories bordering on the Western Mediterranean. This marks Britain's closest approach to the Triple Alliance, as well as the culmination of the importance of the Triple Alliance in safeguarding the interests of the allies as well as the peace of Europe.

The crucial test of the Triple Alliance began with the moment in which the first serious differences between Germany and Great Britain made their appearance. As far back as 1896, Italy, as investigation shows, had notified the Central Powers that she could not participate in a war in which Great

Britain and France should figure as the joint adversaries of the states included in the Triple Alliance. The fact that Germany, and likewise Austria-Hungary under the influence of Germany, refused to take cognizance of this declaration, which was incompatible with the contents of the treaty, did not alter the fact that Italy, from that time on, moved away from her allies and entered upon a course which gradually led her into the camp of their enemies.

The Triple Alliance treaty was, to be sure, twice renewed in unchanged form, in 1902 and 1912; also, the protocol of 1891, although the latter, in so far as it had reference to Great Britain, became less and less in harmony with the actual facts, through the widening divergences between that power and Germany. Furthermore, Italy succeeded in inducing Austria-Hungary to attach a declaration to the treaty of 1902, in which Austria-Hungary expressed her willingness to give her ally a free hand in Tripoli. Moreover, in a second protocol to the treaty of 1912, Austria-Hungary recognized the sovereignty of Italy over Tripoli, and confirmed the agreements made with Italy in 1901 and 1909, concerning Balkan questions, and particularly concerning Albania. All other demands of the ally who had now become untrustworthy were rejected by the Central Powers.

The assertion, often made, that the Triple Alliance treaties also contained definite military stipulations, is incorrect. Article 5 of the Treaty of 1882, which had hitherto remained unknown, merely stated that the allies, at the moment when danger of war threatened, should agree in due season upon the military measures necessary for joint operations. And it rested here; no other dispositions are to be found in any of the later Triple Alliance treaties.

However, as may be seen from the

following statements, a number of special military agreements were made in the course of time. On February 1, 1888, a military agreement was concluded between Italy and Germany, which contemplated the employment of Italian troops against France to the west of the Rhine. A similar agreement between Austria-Hungary and Italy, with reference to the employment of Italian troops in the East, — against Russia, — was projected, but never came into effect. The Austro-Hungarian government, in accordance with the treaty, merely bound itself to provide for the transportation and feeding of the Italian troops destined for Germany. On the other hand, agreements were made between all three states with reference to the employment of their navies in time of war. The first naval agreement, concluded on December 5, 1900, contemplated independent operations. It was superseded in the year 1913 by another agreement, in which united action of the combined naval forces was provided for. The chief aim of this was the securing of naval supremacy in the Mediterranean and the prevention of the transportation of French colonial troops from Africa to the European theatre of war.¹

Italy derived the greatest advantage from the Triple Alliance: protection against French attacks, support of her colonial plans in Africa, recognition of the principle of her territorial aspirations in the Balkans. Furthermore (and these were no less important), she secured commercial and political advantages, the ordering of her shattered finances, the strengthening of her army and navy, and, last but not least, a constantly growing importance as a great power. These advantages she owed first of all to the favor of circumstances. As a young, weak state, but

¹ See the text of this agreement of 1913, at the end of the article. — THE EDITORS.

recently unified, and threatened by a stronger neighbor, Italy, in the year 1882, had been received into an alliance with two of the greatest military monarchies of Europe. She could not but regard as a great success the fact that the support of the most powerful army in the world was assured to her, while at the same time the danger of being attacked by the superior forces of Austria-Hungary, her former enemy, had been removed. In return for all this, she had no considerable sacrifices to make, for at that time the suppliant did not have to pay the price. Duties and privileges were allotted to the allies in approximately equal proportion. Gradually, however, this relation was shifted more and more in favor of Italy. Every step that brought France and Russia nearer to each other increased the value to the Central Powers of the alliance with Italy, threatened as they were, both on the east and on the west. Italy was therefore able considerably to increase her demands, even as early as 1887. The definitive union of France and Russia in 1891 marked a further strengthening of the position of Italy in the Triple Alliance. And the more evident it then became that Great Britain was gradually shifting her attitude toward the Triple Alliance, — an attitude that had been friendly up to the middle of the nineties, — the more vitally necessary did it become for the Central Powers to prevent Italy's defection to the camp of the adversaries.

The Italian statesmen knew how to exploit cleverly this favorable state of affairs. They were unscrupulous in the choice of their means. Alternately making use of prayers, promises, flatteries, threats, and lamentations, but keeping their goal constantly in view, they succeeded in obtaining one advantage after another from their union with Germany and Austria-Hungary,

while at the same time they were able to make their relations with the adversaries of their allies more and more friendly. They constantly made new demands upon the Central Powers, and however much they obtained, they still asserted that they had the disadvantage in the bargain. From their allies they demanded the strictest observance of the obligations assumed; for their own part, they constantly allowed themselves flirtations of the most questionable character with all possible enemies of the Central Powers.

IV

The greatest benefit derived by Germany from the union with Italy lay in the repressive influence exercised by the Triple Alliance upon France's plans for revenge. It was this fact, too, which Bismarck had above all in view, when he advocated an alliance with the weak Italy. The assistance of Germany by Italy, contemplated in the treaty of 1882 in the event of a war between Germany and France, was acceptable to him: it was, however, a matter of only secondary importance. To him it sufficed that France should lose hope of winning Italy as an ally in a conflict with the victor of 1870, and that Austria-Hungary, in warding off a Russian onslaught, need not fear an attack from the south. The idea that Italy could ever be induced to participate in a war against Great Britain was not entertained by Bismarck. He knew that the very geographical position of the country offered insuperable obstacles to such a plan. However, as long as he guided the foreign policy of Germany, no cogent reason existed for reckoning with this possibility. To be sure, he did not advocate the formal entrance of Great Britain into the Triple Alliance, chiefly on account of Russia, with whom he sought to maintain friendly relations

to the very end of his official activity. But he did everything possible to win Great Britain over to the political situation created by the powers of the Triple Alliance, and he strove with all his influence to promote every attempt destined to bind her by treaty to the special interests of Italy in the territories bordering on the Mediterranean. How correctly he had judged the conditions became apparent as early as 1896, when the danger of a conflict between Great Britain and Germany loomed up for the first time. The declaration which Italy then made in Berlin permitted no doubt about the fact that she would not fight against Great Britain.

At this point, the union with Italy lost a considerable portion of its value. This union had been entered into by Bismarck in order to checkmate French plans of revenge — perhaps for a war against the united forces of France and Russia. For such a war this union would have sufficed. With this limitation Germany could expect that Italy, in the case in question, would fulfill the obligations assumed, even subsequent to 1897, and especially toward the end of the century, when Germany's relations toward Great Britain assumed a more friendly character. But this hope also vanished, with the increasing success of Great Britain's policy of hemming in the Central Powers. Years before the outbreak of the world-war, the leading German statesmen began to doubt whether Italy would immediately and fully meet her obligations, when put to the test. They always continued to hope, however, that Italy, in a war of the Central Powers with France and Russia, — Great Britain's immediate participation on the side of the latter was not considered, — would at first observe a benevolent neutrality toward her allies, and after the first of the expected decisive victories of the

German and Austro-Hungarian armies, would make common cause with them. Their assumption was in so far correct, that Italy did in fact declare herself neutral when the world-war broke out. As for the rest, their assumptions were not correct. Great Britain, fully prepared for war,¹ immediately took up her position by the side of the enemies of Germany, and the hoped-for decisive victories of the Central Powers did not materialize. Italy, nevertheless, maintained neutrality — although it could scarcely be called benevolent — toward her allies for nine months longer. This gave them advantages which are not to be underestimated. It is questionable whether the German armies would have been able to attain their great initial successes if Italian troops had immediately appeared in the French ranks. As for the campaign in the east, it might actually have been fatal, if Austria-Hungary at the beginning of the war had been compelled to withdraw a considerable portion of her troops from the eastern theatre of war for the protection of the Austrian frontier against Italy.

Of all the powers of the Triple Alliance, Austria-Hungary doubtless got the worst bargain. For the numerous sacrifices that she made, she obtained nothing but a certain degree of assurance that her ally would not attack her in the rear, in case she should become involved in a war with Russia. Her attempts to establish permanent friendly relations with Italy failed on account of the immoderate demands which this ally made. Austria-Hungary was ready to promote Italy's interests in the Mediterranean, but demanded in return free play for her own plans in the Balkans, and the definitive renunciation by Italy of acquisitions in the region of the 'unredeemed provinces.' Italy, however, showed not the slight-

¹ The author is an Austrian. — THE EDITORS.

est inclination to limit herself. The *Irredenta* not only continued to exist, but even increased in vigor and extent, often secretly stimulated by the Italian government. The never-abandoned aspirations toward the mastery of the Adriatic took a new lease of life in Italy after the middle of the nineties, and furnished the battle-cry for all the Austrophobe circles of Italy. In vain did Austria-Hungary recede step by step under the continued strong pressure of Germany. She granted the Italians a more and more important rôle in the Balkans, where she renounced rights that had been conferred on her by the Congress of Berlin; she tolerated the extension of the Italian sphere of influence in Albania, and by all this endangered her own interests in the near East — the only interests through whose advancement she could hope to expand her power and increase the economic resources of her subjects.

Consideration for Italy also acted as a drag on the efforts that were occasionally made by Vienna to arrive at an agreement with Russia concerning their mutual interests in the Balkans; it forced the Austro-Hungarian statesmen to take many a step that was resented at Constantinople; it influenced the Vienna cabinet to forego representation of the wishes of the Vatican at the Quirinal. All in vain. Italy, though the ally of Austria-Hungary, continued to be her outspoken adversary in all questions in which their interests clashed. Italy increased her demands from year to year, and every success stimulated her to new demands. In Austria as well as in Hungary there was no lack of in-

fluential men, with Conrad, Chief of the General Staff, as their spokesman, who did not approve of the compliant ways of the Vienna government, but advocated a break with Italy, a settling of scores with the faithless ally. But the responsible pilots of the Austro-Hungarian ship of state felt that they must continue in the course that had been laid out. They regarded their yielding attitude, which tended to avoid every serious conflict, as the only means of preventing the open defection of Italy to the camp of the enemy — a defection the consequences of which would have been incalculable.

It is not within the province of this paper to inquire how far their conclusions were justified. The test of the accuracy of the views of the advocates of an attack on Italy could not be made. No one therefore will be able to decide with certainty whether the Western powers would have calmly looked on while Austria-Hungary settled her score with Italy. There is just as little possibility of giving a definite answer to the question concerning the position which would have been taken by the various nationalities embraced in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy in the case of a war with Italy, considering the fact that they were at variance with one another. It is undeniable, however, that even before the outbreak of the world-war, the Vienna cabinet had lost much of the prestige which it possessed, both in Europe and in the world at large, in the days when Metternich directed the foreign policy of Austria-Hungary, or even in the time of Andrassy.

[In view of the importance of the general subject of Herr Pribram's paper, we append a number of textual extracts from the Naval Agreement of June 23, 1913 ('Valid for 1914,' says the document), which superseded that

of December 5, 1900, and whose chief aim according to Herr Pribram (see page 256), was 'the securing of naval supremacy in the Mediterranean and the prevention of the transportation of French colonial troops

from Africa to the European theatre of war.' — THE EDITORS.]

WITH the most gracious approbation of the Sovereigns of the Triple Alliance, the following Naval Agreement has been concluded between the Naval Section of the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Ministry of War, the Admiralty Staff of the Imperial German Navy, and the Royal Italian Ministry of Marine (Admiralty Staff), in the contingency of a war involving the members of the Triple Alliance in common.

The agreement concluded in Berlin on December 5, 1900, hereby ceases to be in force.

1. EMPLOYMENT OF THE NAVAL FORCES OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE IN WAR

(a) In the Mediterranean

The naval forces of the Triple Alliance which may be in the Mediterranean shall unite for the purpose of gaining naval control of the Mediterranean by defeating the enemy fleets. (*The section goes on to provide for the preparation of the plan of operations, and for making changes therein.*)

(b) Outside the Mediterranean

Naval units which may be lying in the same foreign port, or within reach of one another, shall attempt to join forces, provided they have received no orders to the contrary, with a view to coöperating in the interests of the Triple Alliance.

In case it may be assumed from the general political situation that war will probably break out between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, the commanders of such vessels of the Triple Alliance Powers as may find themselves in foreign waters in the same region shall be informed by their superior authorities, acting in accordance with a mutual understanding between the Admiralty Staffs and the Naval Section of the Imperial and Royal Ministry of War, of the existence of a naval agreement. In this case it shall be the duty of the respective commanders of vessels to come to a reciprocal understanding regarding the measures to be taken on the outbreak of hostilities, keeping before them the special instructions which they shall have received from their superior authorities.

2. THE SUPREME COMMAND

(a) The Supreme Command of the Naval Forces of the Triple Alliance in the Mediterranean may be entrusted to an Austro-Hungarian or to an Italian flag-officer, whose nomination shall have been decided on in time of peace by reciprocal agreement of the States of the Triple Alliance. (*Follow provisions for the devolution of the command, in case of incapacity for any cause, of the Commander-in-Chief. See the 'Supplementary Agreement' below.*)

3. COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE ALLIES

Under the headings, '(a) Preparation of Operations and Exchange of Intelligence,' and '(b) Reciprocal Assignment of Naval Officers to Supreme Headquarters,' provision is made for the speedy exchange and transmission of 'news concerning the naval forces of the probable enemy, as well as information bearing on the development of their own fleets'; also for the designation of the officers to whom 'the swift and trustworthy collection of intelligence and transmission of information from Headquarters to Headquarters in matters concerning the Navy' shall be entrusted.

For this Service the Naval Attachés are indicated, as they appear to be specially suited thereto through their personal relations with the navies of their Allies.

The Naval Attachés shall be informed of the existence of a secret Naval Agreement, and, should the occasion arise, they may be acquainted with those provisions of the agreement which, by reason of new circumstances, may undergo an alteration by reciprocal agreement between the Admiralty Staffs and the Naval Section of the Imperial and Royal Ministry of War.

(c) Assignment of Naval Officers to the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean

In time of peace there shall be assigned to the staff of the Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean: a Chief of Staff with the rank of Captain of a Ship of the Line by Austria-Hungary and Italy respectively, and an officer of the Admiralty Staff, with the necessary staff, by Austria-Hungary, Germany and Italy, respectively.

(Sections 4, 5, and 6 deal respectively with 'Means of Communication,' 'Reciprocal Contribution of Merchant Vessels for Purposes of War,' and the 'Reciprocal Use of Harbors.')

VIENNA, June 23, 1913.

Signed in draft:

KÖHLER, m. p.

CICOLI, m. p.

CONZ, m. p.

A true copy: A. SUCHOMEL.

SUPPLEMENTARY AGREEMENT FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN

(Section 1, Paragraph 2 of the Naval Agreement)

1. *Supreme Command.* In accordance with Section 2 (a) of the Naval Agreement, the Supreme Command of the Naval forces of the Triple Alliance in the Mediterranean shall be conferred on the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Admiral, Anton Haus.

2. *Composition of the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief.* The Staff of the Commander-in-Chief shall be composed, in accordance with Section 3 (c) of the Naval Agreement, as follows:—

One Austro-Hungarian Chief of Staff, with rank of Captain of a Ship of the Line, and one Officer of the Admiralty Staffs of the Austro-Hungarian, the German, and the Italian Navies.

The two Chiefs of Staff and the German Officer of the Admiralty Staff shall be directly subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief.

Signal, wireless, and office personnel shall be assigned as assistants when requisite.

It is desirable that the Commander-in-Chief shall establish personal relations with the officers of his Staff in time of peace.

3. *War-Time Distribution of the Allied Forces.*

The following shall be accepted as the principles for distribution in time of war:—

(a) The various subordinate units shall be constituted from ships of the same nationality.

(b) A squadron shall, as far as possible, contain not more than eight battleships.

4. *Union of the Allied Naval Forces.* The Austro-Hungarian and the Italian fleets shall assemble as soon as possible in the neighborhood of Messina and complete their supplies. The Italian fleet shall then proceed to its anchoring-place between Milazzo and Messina, the Austro-Hungarian fleet to the harbor of Augusta. If need be, Italy shall retain a division for special duty in the north of the Tyrrhenian Sea, and dispatch a portion of the torpedo-flotilla . . . together with mine-layers, to Cagliari and Trapani. The Commander-in-Chief shall be notified of this in due season.

The German vessels shall endeavor to unite at Gaëta (or in the event of unfavorable conditions at sea, at Naples) in order to lay in full supplies. Should special circumstances render it impossible to reach Gaëta (Naples), the German naval forces shall also join the Commander-in-Chief in the neighborhood of Messina.

On the occasion of their first reunion all ships and torpedo-boats must with particular care observe the provisions laid down in the Triple Code for secret signals of recognition.

Torpedo-boats proceeding alone and groups of torpedo boats must as a fundamental principle avoid approaching vessels and anchoring-places of the Allied Fleets after nightfall, as every torpedo-boat not recognized with complete certainty as friendly will be fired upon.

5. *Scheme of Operations.* The chief objective of the Commander-in-Chief shall be the securing of naval control in the Mediterranean through the swiftest possible defeat of the enemy fleets.

Should a portion of the French fleet lie at Bizerta, the Commander-in-Chief shall attempt to deal separately with the scattered portions of this fleet. For the purpose of holding the portion of the enemy fleet at Bizerta, operations with mine-layers and torpedo-boats from Trapani and Cagliari are in contemplation; for action against a

French fleet possibly proceeding eastward from Toulon, the light units of the local coast-defense of the Western Ligurian coast are in contemplation.

The main action is to be carried out so swiftly that the decision shall be reached before the Russian forces in the Black Sea can interfere.

It shall remain with the Commander-in-Chief to decide whether, in addition to the main operations against the enemy fleets, simultaneous secondary actions shall be directed against possible French troop-transports from North Africa or against sections of the enemy coasts.

6. *Provisioning of the Fleet and Bases.* Italy makes herself responsible for the preparations specified herein for the bases enumerated in this section, at her own expense, in time of peace.

(a) *Bases for Assembling.* With reference to Section 4 of the Supplementary Agreement, the following places shall be prepared as bases for assembling:—

(1) The harbor of Augusta for the Austro-Hungarian;

(2) Gaëta (Naples) for the German; and

(3) Messina for the Italian Naval Forces.

The stock of supplies to be accumulated at Augusta and Gaëta (Naples) shall, while providing for a necessary reserve, be apportioned in such manner that the vessels on the occasion of their first reunion may be certain of completing their stores.

After this last fitting-out, and after the final departure of the Austro-Hungarian Naval forces from Augusta, all stores remaining in the harbor shall be removed or destroyed, in order to forestall any capture by the enemy.

Should the fitting-out of the German vessels at Gaëta (Naples) be no longer possible, they shall complete their fitting-out at Messina.

(6) *Bases for Further Operations.* With reference to Section 5 of the Supplementary Agreement, the following places shall be selected and prepared as the main bases for further operations:—

(1) Maddalena for the Austro-Hungarian and German;

(2) Spezia for the Italian Naval Forces;

(3) Trapani, Cagliari, and the western coast of Liguria for lighter units.

Maddalena shall be supplied with rations for one month for the Austro-Hungarian fleet; a corresponding stock of fuel and machinery supplies shall be kept there permanently.

(7) *Defense of the Adriatic.* For the defense of the Adriatic . . . the naval forces enumerated in Annex 1, heading (b), to the Supplementary Agreement . . . shall assemble as rapidly as possible, as follows:—

The Austro-Hungarian and German vessels in the Gulf of Cattaro; the Italian vessels at Brindisi.

The operations in the Adriatic shall be conducted

by the highest ranking officer of the Allied Naval forces, according to instructions from the Commander-in-Chief, who shall be empowered to reinforce, or to withdraw vessels from, the Naval forces in that region, according to the military situation.

8. *Attacks on French Troop Transports from North Africa.* Since the first French troop transports from North Africa may be expected to proceed northward from the main embarkation centres of Bona-Philippeville, Algiers, Oran-Mostaganem and Casablanca-Mogador within the first three days of the mobilization, Italy shall immediately establish a patrol off the North African coast with fast auxiliary cruisers. For the further obstruction of the sending forward of troops the operation of light warships from Cagliari (cf. Section 4, Paragraph 1 of the Supplementary Agreement) and, secondarily, from Maddalena, are in contemplation.

The joint carrying out of this undertaking shall be directed from Cagliari by a commander to be appointed by Italy, who shall be directly subordinate in this service to the Commander-in-Chief. The Commander-in-Chief shall in case of necessity dispatch fast cruisers for obstructing the transportation of troops. (Cf. Section 5, last paragraph, of the Supplementary Agreement.)

9. *Cutting off Enemy Commerce in the Mediterranean.* For cutting off enemy commerce in the Mediterranean, auxiliary cruisers shall first be employed.

Apart from the measures which will probably be taken in the second phase of the war for the obstruction of enemy commerce, it would appear advantageous to establish a patrol of the Suez Canal and the Dardanelles immediately on the outbreak of hostilities.

The necessary preparations for commerce-deströying shall be made in time of peace by the Commander-in-Chief.

As bases for operations of this nature, Taranto, the neighborhood of Messina, and the Libyan Coast (Tripoli, Tobruk) shall be available in the eastern Mediterranean; in the western Mediterranean all the bases enumerated in Section 6 of the Supplementary Agreement.

10. *Utilization of Merchant Vessels of the Allied States for Special War Purposes.* The merchant vessels available for purposes of war shall be divided into —

- (1) Auxiliary cruisers (auxiliary warships);
- (2) Vessels for transporting supplies and troops;
- (3) Hospital ships.

The above-mentioned shall exchange indications regarding the merchant vessels which may come in question, and shall reach more precise agreements by direct negotiation with regard to the right of utilizing and disposing of them.

These indications and agreements shall be appended to the Supplementary Agreement as Annex III. The Commander-in-Chief shall be responsible for keeping it constantly up to date.

Such auxiliary warships as are under military command shall be under the orders of the senior commander of warships of their nationality in the Mediterranean.

For the supply ships belonging to the Austro-Hungarian fleet, Messina and Maddalena shall be regarded as the proper bases.

Spezia, Naples, or Taranto, according to the location of the seat of war, shall serve as the main bases for the hospital ships of the Allied Nations.

The German shipowners shall be instructed to bring such of their vessels as may be in the Mediterranean at the outbreak of war to Italian ports — mail-boats to Spezia whenever possible, the remaining merchant vessels to Taranto or other Italian harbors exclusive of Genoa.

VIENNA, June 23, 1913.

Signed in draft: KÖHLER, m. p.
CICOLI, m. p.
CONZ, m. p.

A true copy: A. SUCHOMEL.

ANNEX I. DISTRIBUTION IN TIME OF WAR OF THE NAVAL FORCES OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE FOR JOINT OPERATIONS. (VALID FOR 1914).

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED NAVAL FORCES: THE IMPERIAL AND ROYAL AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ADMIRAL, ANTON HAUS

A. IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

I. ITALY

1st Squadron

1st Division: Dante Alighieri, Giulio Cesare, Leonardo da Vinci. Scout Cruiser: Quarto.

2nd Division: Vittoria Emanuele, Regina Elena, Roma, Napoli. Scout Cruiser: Nino Bixio.

2nd Squadron

1st Division: San Giorgio, San Marco, Pisa, Amalfi. Scout Cruiser: Marsala.

2nd Division: Garibaldi, Varese, Ferruccio. Scout Cruiser: Agordat.

Division for Special Purposes: Benedetto Brin, Regina Margherita, Emanuele Viliberto, Ammeriglio di St. Bon. Scout Cruiser: Coatit.

Torpedo Flotillas

16 Torpedo-boat Destroyers (6 of 1000 tons, 10 of 700 tons), Indomito-Ardente type.

10 Torpedo-boat Destroyers of 450 tons, Bersagliere type.

24 Torpedo-boats of 250 tons, Saffo-Cigno type.

30 Torpedo-boats of 33 sea miles.

II. AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

1st Squadron

1st Division: Viribus Unitis, Tegetthoff, Prinz Eugen.

2nd Division: Erzherzog Franz Ferdinand, Radetzky, Zrinyi.

1st Cruiser Division: St. Georg, Kaiser Karl VI.

2nd Squadron

3d Division: Erzherzog Karl, Erzherzog Friedrich, Erzherzog Ferdinand Max.

4th Division: Habsburg, Arpád, Babenberg.

2nd Cruiser Division: Spaun, Helgoland, Saida, Novara.

Torpedo Flotillas

6 Torpedo-boat destroyers of 800 tons, Tátra type.

12 Torpedo-boat destroyers of 400 tons, Hussar type.

12 Torpedo-boats of 200 tons, Kaiman type.

III. GERMANY

Cruiser Division (directly subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief): Goeben, Strassburg, Breslau, Dresden.

B. IN THE ADRIATIC

I. ITALY

Bettor Pisani, Carlo Alberto, Marco Polo, Dandolo. Scout Cruisers: Piemonte, Libia.

6 Torpedo-Boat Destroyers and several Torpedo divisions.

II. AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Monarch, Wien, Budapest.

Maria Theresa, Kaiser Franz Joseph I.

Zenta, Aspern, Szigetvás.

12 Torpedo-Boats of 200 tons, Kaiman type, and several Torpedo divisions of older units.

III. GERMANY

School-ships and older cruisers which may be stationed in the Mediterranean.

KÖHLER, m. p.

CICOLI, m. p.

CONZ, m. p.

A true copy: A. SUCHOMEL.

DOES AMERICANIZATION AMERICANIZE?

BY GINO SPERANZA

I

'I HAVE a solemn vow registered in heaven that I will preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.' These words, spoken by President Lincoln at a critical moment in the life of the Republic, are, in substance, what the alien repeats when admitted to American citizenship. Imagine, however, what must have been their significance to Abraham Lincoln, and what, at best, they possibly can mean to tens of thousands of 'new Americans' when

reciting them in the oath of allegiance which makes them our fellow citizens! And yet we wonder why things are not all as they should be to-day, and why we should be obliged to ask ourselves again, as we did half a century ago, how it is that 'an instructed and equal people, with freedom in every form, with a government yielding to the touch of popular will so readily, ever would come to the trial of force against it.'

Of the causes behind the existing

unrest this paper will attempt to deal with only one phase — our attitude and policy toward the immigrant as a potential citizen, premising the statement that such attitude and policy have labored under one fundamental error: the failure to distinguish clearly and consistently between the *human* rights of immigrants and their *political* rights, between our human duties toward *them* and our political duties toward our *commonwealth*. To their human rights and to our human duties toward them we shall refer here only incidentally, dwelling instead upon the study of a policy which has tended, and tends, to grant political rights to very large numbers of aliens wholly unprepared for American life, and utterly unqualified for participation in the government.

As we look back, we see that three methods or processes have found favor among us at various times as means of converting the alien into an American: naturalization, assimilation, and Americanization. The first, which once was supposed to possess a sort of special sanctifying grace *per se*, has sunk back in public opinion to its purely legalistic function; the second has been relegated with the melting-pot to the top shelves of social laboratories; while the third is now the object of a nationwide 'drive.'

There is something both stirring and touching in the almost religious belief that many Americans held regarding naturalization in the early days of immigration to this country: they honestly and sincerely relied upon it as an almost instant solvent for changing a German or a Swede into an American; they looked upon it, in their intense patriotism, as a rite with well-nigh sacramental and mystically spiritual effects.

With the decline of the belief in naturalization as an infallible process of

transformation, there came into favor, as a spiritual aid to the former, the less legalistic process of assimilation. The method sounded logical and was picturesque and attractive. We all fell under its sway more or less, especially the social workers and the schools of philanthropy. It was, on the whole, a useful movement, not only because it showed the essential inadequacy of naturalization, but especially because it made us realize very vividly the human rights of the alien in our midst and our indifference to such rights.

The war, which passed like a steam-roller over numberless favorite and popular theories, served also to show the limitations of assimilation as we had attempted to develop it and the strength of alien nationalism, even — and indeed especially — in what we had hopefully considered safe and 'desirable' North European stock.

II

The ancient problem being still with us, and looming large on the background of present-day labor unrest, American optimism promptly has come to the rescue with a new and sure remedy — Americanization. It is part of our enthusiastic idealism, part of our 'habit of practical performance,' to wish to correct every trouble and right every wrong *quickly*; and, in order to do it quickly, we often refuse to see any subtle and intimate complexity in the problems which confront us, but cheerfully and rather naïvely 'simplify' them and reduce them to 'essentials,' which can be, as it were, surgically treated with ease and precision.

But there are problems and processes so obscure and complex in their causes, so slow, intricate, and subtle in their development and ramifications, as to be refractory to any simplification and impossible of any accelerated or swift solu-

tion. One of these is Americanization, which, like every essential and effective change of nationality, involves two distinct processes and two vital decisions in a man's life: a divesting one's self of a deep-rooted patrimony of ideas, sentiments, traditions, and interests, and an honest and whole-hearted acceptance of, and participation in, an entirely new set of ideas, sentiments, traditions, and interests.

In order to grasp the difficulties in the way of real, and, therefore, of the only worth-while Americanization, let us consider the processes involved in the reversal of such conversion. Think how suspicious we are of any instance of de-Americanization; how suspect, for instance, to the popular mind is the Anglicization, not only of a Waldorf Astor, but even of a Henry James, and, generally, how taboo is the man who 'turns.' Or let us illustrate the process on a large scale as being nearer to our own problem: let us suppose that the French government, or a large section of the French people, had decided to attempt to Gallicize our boys of the A.E.F. while they were in France, and had made a nation-wide 'drive' to accomplish it in five years, at the end of which time any of our men who said they wished to change would have been admitted to French citizenship. Will any American claim that this would have worked at all, or that the French citizens thus secured would have been much of an asset or a help to the French nation? I do not give this as a parallel example to the process of Americanizing our immigrants; but I do contend that, on the whole, the Gallicization of a million picked American youths, at a time of tense and stirring life, would have been infinitely easier and more possible than to convert a million mixed Syrian, Russian, Greek, Slav, and Finnish peasants — or even French, British, and Italian subjects — into reliable

American citizens, as we claim we can do in this country. To feel that the powers of attraction and assimilation of America are tremendous, is both true and patriotic; but to practise the belief that such powers can work miracles — such as the rapid conversion of the mixed and unstable immigrants of Europe into *real* American citizens — is sheer superstition and, as such, the child of ignorance.

The fact is that there is much loose thinking, inexactness, and sentimentalism on the subject of Americanization. The very fact that the first professorship of Americanization in this country was fitted into a department of political economy indicates how even trained minds tend to look at the process from too narrow a standpoint: for might it not reasonably be urged, with equal force, that Americanization belonged rather to the department of history, or of philosophy, or of psychology? But consider some of the means in vogue to-day to secure Americanization: for instance, anything which betters a man, such as being taught to read and write, is, of course, in a roundabout way, Americanization; but why call it that, as something new, instead of using the exact word such betterment has meant for ages past — schooling? Imparting a knowledge of civics, government, and history is likewise, in a sense, Americanization; but why claim for it a power that is no greater than and no different from what it was when the identical thing was called education? So, also, bringing the alien 'into contact with what is best in this country,' which a recent publication glibly announces as a 'new method' in this process, is in one sense Americanization; but is it not the same thing as what was more correctly called social or public service, or, more anciently, Christian duty?

Changing their name does not render inapplicable methods applicable, but

only lulls us into a dangerous contentment. That the insufficiency or inadequacy of such methods is being grasped in certain quarters is evidenced by the conditions and provisos proposed here and there as necessary for the success of the 'drive.' Thus Secretary Lane, in a popular magazine, cautions his readers that 'before we take up this work of the Americanization of others, we must first be certain that we have Americanized ourselves.' The implication that even real Americans may be in need of Americanization shows the essential intricacy and slowness of the process, even at its best.

To understand the real significance of Americanization (and lack of clearness on this point is the root of the trouble) we must consider it in relation to the larger question of *nationality*, of which it is only a part or instance. One of the lessons of the Great War of peculiar significance to us in relation to our immigration problem is the tremendous strength of national or ethnic sentiment; indifferent men, average men, comfort-loving and peace-loving men, as we have dramatically witnessed, are, in the emergency of a real test of its power, ready to die for it. It makes heroes of phlegmatic Flemish burghers, and martyrs of ignorant Slav peasants; it reacts in the blood of thousands of our German-Americans, who, we had firmly believed, had been rendered immune to the old call of the blood by the circumstances of birth and education in the wholly new environment of American life. Right or wrong, happily or not, the racial call persists, potent, assertive, even audacious. Worthy or unworthy, we saw it destroy treaties and policies, learned theories, and the most carefully constructed checks and balances. In the face of a theory we discovered a condition; in the presence of an idealization of our own patriotism we found an equally strong and all-

absorbing love of nation and of race in infinitely poorer, less advanced, and less blessed lands.

Why then imagine — especially, why do our colleges and universities imagine — that any large body of aliens can be Americanized *quickly*, if at all; that they can undergo a sort of miracle of transnationalization by any nation-wide 'drive' of kind words, by a smattering of education, or by new legislation? I do not say that Americanization is not possible, but I contend that history, science, human experience, and good sense point to the conclusion that mass Americanization or speedy Americanization (of the real kind, which, I trust, is the only one the colleges and the legislators want) is impossible by any of the methods suggested or applied. And this largely because, as it has been said, 'the central fact about nationality is not,' as so many Americans believe, 'a political force at all, but a spiritual force.' Being largely a spiritual process, it may be swift and almost sudden with certain types of unusual men, and under certain very special circumstances; but for the great mass of aliens coming here, — and even for many children of alien parents, — the change can be only slow and subtle in its working, if it is to be real and enduring.

Many politicians and some students have lacked the courage to say what one, like myself, of foreign descent should frankly assert and defend — that this is, and must remain, an essentially and fundamentally American country, to be governed solely by American-minded men in an exclusively American way, and for wholly American ideals. Any compromise on this seems to me spiritual treason to the Republic. Shame to those of us, not of the old stock, who fail in these days of trouble for our country to defend with all our heart and mind what is first and

foremost the heritage of freedom of the old stock, and is ours only in so far as we are individually worthy of it, and not because we can vote under it.

There have been too many sentimental pleas, too many spurious arguments about this being a land of immigrants and all Americans the children of immigrants. What *is* America, first and above all, if not the development, essentially, of Anglo-Saxon ways of thinking and doing, and, more specifically, of New England ideas and ideals? Nor must we overlook the fact that 'in all history,' as John Fiske has pointed out, 'there has been no other instance of colonization so exclusively effected by picked and chosen men as in New England.' Let us ask ourselves in full honesty what claim of equality of performance or of American qualities there can be between the great mass of immigrants and their children and those colonists and their direct descendants, except the sheerest of legalistic equality. Who will be so foolish, or so hypocritical, as to contend that the vast majority, or even a substantial number, of the immigrants who have come or are coming to this country can be classed as 'the picked and chosen men' of Europe? Political cowardice, squeamish conscientiousness, and cant have avoided a frank, open, and frontal attack against what is variously styled 'the Irish vote,' the 'East Side vote,' and the like, as if the toleration of anything but a thoroughly and wholly American vote were not a gross failure in the practice of an elementary American duty.

What are all the schools and professorships of Americanization worth while we allow, in daily practice, such destructive distinctions in the political life of the country? 'For the successful conduct of a nation's affairs,' says President Hadley in his book, *The Relation between Freedom and Responsibility*,

'we must have a certain degree of conformity between its political institutions and the moral character of its members.' The duty, then, of every Irishman and grandson of Irishmen, of every Italian and son of Italians, in this land is to conform his moral character to American political institutions; to conform, not his speech or even merely his vote, but his every thought and hope and plan — for it must be an unreserved spiritual conformity — to this, his country. There cannot be two nationalisms even if one is major and one minor, even if one claims to be American first and German second.

III

It will justly be urged that criticism is not necessarily helpful unless it is constructively suggestive as well as destructively analytical. While I do not believe that the current methods or plans for Americanization can bring about what is claimed for them, yet, in themselves, they are praiseworthy; in so far as they are new names for schooling, education, hygiene, and the Golden Rule, they are the minimum of what we should do — and should have begun doing decades ago — for a somewhat helpless and often ignorant and exploited class of our inhabitants, both alien and native. These are all part of our human duty and of our public duty to our fellow men.

The objection to such methods — which fail to Americanize, even though they may humanly improve, those beings subjected to them — is that, in effect, they accelerate and widen the inclusion of new 'foreign votes' in the American electorate. In this respect they perpetuate the basic error of all our immigration policy — that of inviting and hastening that purely legalistic Americanization known as naturalization. This, in a land swept by

large migratory currents of varied and even nondescript nationalities, where manhood suffrage is the fundamental law, constitutes a real and growing danger.

No country has so cheapened the electoral franchise as the United States, by practically giving all the rights thereunder for the mere asking. The only controlling and controllable test is a certain arbitrarily fixed length of residence; for it will hardly be urged that the so-called 'intention,' supported by a declaration of forswearing allegiance to foreign potentates, and so forth, enters seriously into the transformation. Length of residence, that is, time (in a process which in the majority of cases requires some generations), if an element at all, should be a very long period. Some students have urged fifteen years, but to the writer, twenty-five years would not seem too long for what might be called a splendid political apprenticeship. Provision, however, should be made for shortening such apprenticeship upon proof of special qualities of a high order, or of public or quasi-public service rendered to this country.

Length of residence was chosen because it was easily proved and easily ascertainable; but to-day no one could claim it as either a safe or even a rational test. There are services and sacrifices which an alien may undergo in this country a month after landing, of such a character as to entitle him to immediate or honorary citizenship; there are acts and omissions by an alien resident here ten years which should bar him everlastingly from citizenship or divest him of it if naturalized. The real test for citizenship should be political *fitness* and personal *worthiness*; and if the lawyers argue that these are too subtle and spiritual to be defined by statute, then it were better that we should suspend naturalization for half

a century while we try to live down our past errors in this field.

This nation has two functions in history and toward mankind: first, to disseminate principles of democracy, freedom, and humanity among all men throughout the world; and, second, to be a nation characteristically American from top to bottom. It is this latter function that we have sacrificed — if not seriously endangered — by our policy and desire of forcing quick or accelerated Americanization, be it political or spiritual. The present 'drive' has already brought forth a number of bills in Congress which, in effect, would compel aliens, after a certain length of residence, to become 'citizens' or leave the country. Yet the more 'raw' citizens (if I may use the term) you take in, helping the process by a veneer of Americanization, the more you threaten our characteristically American form of democracy. 'If we believe,' as I said several years ago before the American Academy of Political Science, 'in the great system of self-government developed and stubbornly fought for by the English people through centuries of training and struggle, we may fairly claim that its continuance and stability will depend on a citizenship attached to and understanding its spirit and history and in sympathy with its political ideals.' 'We want and must have *real* spiritual allegiance; we want and must have only such citizens as think in terms of American life.' As the finest contemporary exponent of America said, in his *American Ideals*, there is 'one quality that we must bring to the solution of every problem, that is, an intense and fervid Americanism.' Even in the great struggle now going on between capital and labor, 'the outcome,' as President Hadley has said, will depend 'on the character of the people,' that is, on whether our business shall be dominated by 'the spirit of

the adventurer or by the spirit of the Puritan.

If such American spirit and such American citizenship cannot be obtained by any rapid process working on our alien masses, — and I contend that it cannot except in special cases, — then why encourage or permit the naturalization of such masses, or, as at least one Congressional bill provides, force American citizenship on alien residents? Naturalization is not the right of an immigrant, but a privilege which the United States can grant, withhold, or condition.

We are constantly concerned with the restriction of immigration, but it is a far more important matter for America to bar the immigrant from its body-politic than to shut him out from the country. Indeed, I believe we should encourage a back-and-forth alien migration, rather than a stable one which ends in becoming an alien colonization in our midst. If we cared for America more and for our political party or our labor union less, we would concentrate our efforts, not so much on excluding able-bodied alien workmen who are needed to help develop the resources of our country, but more on the urgent and vital need of barring numberless 'new-le' citizens from our electorate.

For over fifty years the tendency in this country has been to make American citizenship easily achievable; to-day, when we begin to think darkly,

to see the evil consequences of such largesse, we grasp at the slender raft of Americanization to escape the storm; and in the name of such an empirical and simplistic remedy, some of our Congressmen, with equal good faith and simplicism, propose legislation which, in effect, will add to our un-American or pseudo-American vote.

We cannot remedy the past, or cover our mistakes, by a resort to disfranchisement; but we can and should oppose any attempt, made in however good faith, to increase the number of such Americanized citizens within our body-politic, who to-morrow may have the power, as well as the desire, to change the character of our democracy. The foreign vote is already making itself felt in some parts of our country as a distinctly foreign vote. Let us then take to heart the words written many years ago by the most balanced observer and student of our immigration problem, Richmond Mayo-Smith; words which to-day sound like a patriotic warning: —

'The change in social ideals wrought by the infiltration of peoples having different customs and habits of life can be detected only as these elements and habits of life gradually become dominant, and as we see the decay of habits which we had valued. We then exclaim against the degeneracy of the times, forgetting that we ourselves have admitted the elements which have superseded the old.'

ON THE FENCE

BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

I

LAST spring, when it became apparent that New Hampshire might be the 'pivotal state' on the suffrage question, and that consequently my husband's vote on the Susan B. Anthony amendment in the Senate might count for a great deal more than one vote usually does, I was naturally asked, more than once, my opinion on the subject, especially as the general impression seemed to prevail that my own inclinations had been against equal suffrage rather than for it — and this was true, to a certain extent. But he voted, with my entire approval, for the amendment, and I was immediately the recipient of countless grateful letters from women who imagined that I might, after all, have used such influence as I possessed in urging him to do so. As a matter of fact, I did not. We talked the question over, and agreed, as usual, that the stand he afterwards did take was the stand he ought to take; but I did not try to change his opinion, nor have I changed my own. For frankly — there seems to be no reason, now that the question is settled, or practically so, why I should not be frank — my position is the extremely awkward one of being 'on the fence,' and has been for a long time. I should be delighted if someone would rescue me from it.

Most of the stock arguments in favor of suffrage seem to me to be so irrefutably true as to be absolutely bromidic. Women are certainly 'people.' They

are certainly 'equal' to men. If they have property, they certainly ought to have a part in the management of public affairs in the locality where it lies. It is eminently 'fair,' for all these reasons, that women should vote if they wish to, and the majority of them apparently do wish to — the majority, that is, of the whole country, not the majority in certain sections of the country where it is still unpopular. And, though they are still untrained in politics, there seems to be no reason why they should not acquire experience, and develop talents along these lines; for so far they have proved that they can do anything that men can do, and do it well. Anyone unconvinced of this before the late war must be certain — even if reluctantly certain — of it now.

Nor can there be any question — any intelligent question — as to whether they 'have time' to vote. It does not take long to go to the polls. The poorest and most ignorant woman — for poor and ignorant women unfortunately do exist — can pile her dishes in the sink, and give the baby a dose of paregoric, and run down the street for half an hour. The richest and most frivolous woman — for these, quite as unfortunately, exist, too — can step into her limousine, and be back again at No. 930 Golden Avenue with scarcely an interruption of a rubber of bridge or a luncheon engagement. And all the women in between these two extremes — who, thank Heaven, exist, too —

can crowd one more thing into their already crowded day if they wish or need to.

As to one of the stock arguments *against* suffrage, — that some of its advocates have not behaved with dignity and good sense, — it is so silly that it ought to carry no weight at all. It is, of course, true. Suffragists — and anti-suffragists — are human beings, with faults and virtues like other human beings. There are bound to be some among them who do not measure up to the highest standards of conduct and intelligence, and who have done their cause immeasurable harm by violence of speech and action, by rebellion against law and order, by using suffrage as a means of self-advertisement, or, worse still, by combining it with some other doctrine, — free love, for instance, or its direct opposite, — when, in fairness to their sister workers in suffrage who agreed with them not at all on these other points, if for no other reason, they should have confined themselves to the one common interest. But to condemn all suffragists, ninety per cent of whom are sincere and high-minded and ‘righteous altogether’; to say that they are not properly so described, is like saying that all doctors are mercenary, that all lawyers are tricky, that all actresses are immoral. It is untrue. It is stupid. It is wicked.

There is, moreover, one very decided advantage which, it seems to me, suffrage is sure to bring, and that is economic independence for women. Curiously enough, there is much less said about this than about the probable ‘purifying’ of politics, over which I am personally much more skeptical. The states which already have suffrage, even those which have had it for some time, are not noticeably purer than those which have it not, and the reason is so self-evident as to require very little comment. There are all kinds of women

in the world, just as there are all kinds of men. We are not, as a sex, above every sort of reproach, no matter how much idealists — men and women both — would like us to believe that we are. We have faults which are no more attractive than men’s faults, though they are not always the same ones. We hope, of course, that American women — and American men — are going to grow better as time goes on; but it will probably be some time before we are perfect, and meanwhile, we will all vote, if any of us do. The rain will continue to fall upon the just and the unjust, as it has been doing for some ages already, and as it is eminently desirable that it should continue to do.

But all women, good, bad, and indifferent, want money, need money, and ought to have money; and so far, many of them — in a good many cases those who need it and deserve it most — have not had their fair share of it. A man is responsible for his wife’s or his daughter’s bills, but he cannot be compelled to give them one cent in actual cash unless he wishes to; and a lamentably large number of husbands and fathers do not wish to. I believe that, even without suffrage, women would have been better treated in this regard, as time went on, than they have been in the past, or than they are at present. A hundred years ago, if a woman with property married, the property all became her husband’s. This unjust law, like many others, has been changed — by men. And the recent war has proved a great eye-opener to many wilfully blind males. They have seen their wives and sisters and sweethearts, and even their mothers, — who might perhaps be supposed to carry on old-fashioned traditions better than the younger generation, who ‘could n’t be trusted to handle money’; who ‘had no business instinct,’ — fare forth without turning a hair, without more ado,

in fact, than they formerly made about getting breakfast or putting the baby to bed (for which they were *not* paid), and bring home very well-filled pay-envelopes once a week. The uses of adversity have indeed proved sweet. These same women, who have always worked hard, harder, in a good many cases, than at their 'new jobs,' are never going to be satisfied again to ask for money for carfare and postage-stamps, with the possible chance of being refused. And their husbands and brothers and fathers are becoming aware of the fact — drowsily aware, perhaps, but still aware.

'My dear,' Jane is saying to John all over the country, 'I love you and John, Junior, and I love to live at home with you both. I'd rather do it than anything else in the world; much rather than run an elevator at Smithkins and Smithkins. But is n't my doing it *worth* anything, in hard cash, to you, or the government or — or somebody?' (Jane is still a little vague in places.) 'It seems to me a much more important job than running an elevator — to you and the government and — and everybody; and I got paid for *that*! Who is going to look after you and John, Junior, if I don't? And if no one looks after you, and poor helpless men-creatures like you all over the country, what's going to *become* of the country? Of course, I shan't go back to the elevator, even if we don't have a more satisfactory arrangement than we had before you went across, — that is, I don't think I shall, — but it is n't fair, just the same — is it?'

So John begins to do a little thinking, drowsily at first, but gradually, with that elevator running up and down in the back of his mind, in a more and more wide-awake manner, and decides that it is n't fair, and that, moreover, as Jane hints, it's a very poor risk for him to take to try it. I do not

believe for one minute that the wives of to-day are less loving, as some persons try to make us believe, than those of a generation ago; but they are more self-respecting. I do not believe that they consider marriage less sacred, but more so, because they refuse to endure the gross offenses which, alas, sometimes defile it. The old-fashioned woman put up with all kinds of faults — sometimes with all kinds of crimes; she suffered indignities and allowed her children to suffer abuse, because she was afraid of losing her man, that is, her means of support. But she hated and despised and revolted against him while she did it. There is a good deal of truth in a little verse I read somewhere not long ago: —

When the old-fashioned wife, with her husband had strife,
I'll go back to my mother,' she'd sob;
But the wife of to-day doesn't argue that way;
She says, 'I'll go back to my job.'

John does not want Jane to go back to her job. He is just as much afraid of losing her as his grandmother was afraid of losing his grandfather, and usually with more and with better reasons. It has a very wholesome effect upon him. He behaves, as a rule, much better than his grandfather did to his wife. His morals and his manners are both better. So I think, in time, he would probably find a way to be 'fair' to Jane, as I have said before, even if she did not help him make the laws. But he will find it much more quickly when she does. He will not allow himself to be side-tracked by treaties and investigations and other impediments. Jane will see to it that he does not. She will get her 'fair share' in a fair length of time.

'But,' I can hear dozens of other women saying, 'my husband — or father — is not like that. You are very unjust to dwell on isolated cases. The average

woman has not had to earn her own living; she has been supported and given all the money she could possibly use, and she has been very comfortable just as she was. I'm sure I don't *want* to be economically independent. It's much easier just to charge things, and to ask for twenty-five dollars or so whenever I need it. I can't add up accounts to save my life. I would much rather George did all that.'

This is exactly where 'comfortable' women have been criminally blind and lazy. The 'average woman' to whom Ethel refers — let us call her Ethel for convenience — is the average woman of *her acquaintance*, which is a very different thing from the average woman of the whole country — of the whole world. The average woman is not, as Ethel likes to think, a 'nice,' sheltered, well-educated (?), well-to-do girl, with a pleasant home and indulgent father; whose life is made easy for her at every step; who never worries about anything or works at anything, and who marries, in her early twenties, some nice, intelligent, well-to-do man, whose indulgence simply supplements that of the still indulgent father.

This kind of woman has, indeed, been very 'comfortable,' and has received quite as much as she deserved — in many cases a good deal more than she deserved — from the men who have supported her. But she represents a very small minority. She is not the average woman. Ethel has only to consult statistics, — if she will take that much trouble, — to find this out. Eighty per cent of the married women in the United States do all their own housework, and that represents an amount of labor which Ethel cannot even comprehend. More than half the cases of insanity among women are found in farmers' wives, the women whose 'simple, healthful, wholesome life' Ethel likes to contemplate from

a safe distance, — very often from the back seat of her limousine as she rides through 'the rural districts' — which gives her not the smallest inkling of the long hours, and hard drudgery, and bleak isolation that such a life often contains. Ethel, perhaps, has not read the uncomfortable fact that something like twenty-five thousand women in this country die in childbirth every year for lack of proper medical care; and the still more uncomfortable one that seventy per cent of the operations performed on women are made necessary by the sins of others for which they are in no way to blame. The average woman is exactly the one who does need help, and to whom suffrage will undoubtedly bring help.

II

'Well, then,' says Ethel a little sulkily, and powdering her nose as she speaks, 'why do you call yourself "on the fence"?' You are an out-and-out suffragist. I should think you would have said so long ago.'

No, I am not, and for the very reason though it may sound contradictory — that I agree with Jane and not with Ethel. I fully believe, as I said before, that women can do — if they have to — everything that men can do, and do it well. But it seems to me an overwhelming pity, that, except in emergencies, like war, for instance, they should either have to, or want to. For men cannot do everything that women can do — cannot do it at all, without any question of doing it well. And the things that women only can do seem to me the greatest and most important in the whole world. We need economic independence very much indeed, and the sooner the better; but we need mothers much more. The place to begin to purify politics is not at the polls, but in the nurseries.

'Give me a child until he is ten,' the Jesuits used to say; 'anyone may have him after that — he will be a good Catholic all his life.' 'Give me a child until he is ten,' any woman of to-day ought to be able to say; 'anyone may have him after that — he will be a good man all his life.' The exceptions to this rule are so rare as to be negligible, though of course they do exist. Of all the men I have known I cannot recall one whose mother did her level best for him when he was little, who did not turn out well when he grew up. I do not mean by this the mother who paid someone else — even if that person were thoroughly competent and trustworthy — to take care of her sons, but the mother who worked and saved and sacrificed; who played with her children and prayed with them, too; who taught them and talked with them and nursed them when they were sick; who gave them an example and an inspiration which were to last them all their lives, not only through what she told them, but through what she showed them.

Motherhood always has been, and always will be, the greatest factor in civilization. It has never needed to be recognized as such more than it does now. Henry Adams is right when he says in his *Education* that it is time we stopped regarding sex as a sentiment and recognized it as a force. And the career of motherhood, to be successful, is very nearly all-absorbing. It takes up, in many women's lives, all their time for a few years, all their best time for a good many years. We cannot, of course, all be mothers, and those of us who cannot would be admirably employed in helping — directly or indirectly — the more fortunate ones who can. Perhaps suffrage will do this. I am not sure that it will not, in the ways that I have mentioned before, and in other ways which its conscientious supporters believe. But I fear that there will be

fewer mothers all the time to help! The whole world, feminine as well as masculine, is seething with restlessness and discontent, with the desire for liberty and pleasure and excitement, and this seething will not, for a time at least, tend to make most women content to live quietly in more or less seclusion, while others are rushing headlong into the busy world, especially if they know they are as well, or better, fitted to go than their friends and sisters. They will be too conscious of the sacrifices they feel they are making to be entirely happy in them. I do not mean all women, of course, possibly not even most, but enough to bring about many empty nurseries.

'The spirit of the times' is not a mere catchword. It is a vital force. All human beings are imitative, women especially so. 'Ethel has a new hat, and so I want one too.' 'Jane is running an elevator, and so I think I had better do something of the kind myself.' If Ethel had been going bareheaded, if Jane had been making jam, the speaker would have wanted to do those things instead. And so mothers — or potential mothers — will want to have outside careers, too, if their friends are having them, and their friends will encourage them in this.

My own experience in this regard shows on a very small scale what may easily happen — what constantly does happen — on a large one. No sooner had my first little article — a mere paragraph in an unimportant magazine which has since failed! — appeared in print than countless sincere well-wishers began to urge me to give up all my time to writing, and to ask me if I did not find my family a great drawback in my 'career.' I cannot remember that anyone has ever asked me if my career — provided I could attain one of that sort, which of course is doubtful at best — might not be a great

drawback to my family! For it is perfectly true that outside careers, conscientiously followed, are, or should be, hardly less all-absorbing than that of motherhood. It is utterly impossible to do justice to both at the same time. No woman who has lived with a man who has become what is popularly called 'a success' in business or a profession or politics needs to be told that that success has to be earned, in nine cases out of ten, by letting everything else 'go by the side.' He may be fond of all sorts of amusements, have a dozen other interests — he will, practically, have to abandon them, and keep his eyes glued straight ahead on his single-track railway. He may love his wife and children dearly, but they will perforce be a secondary consideration with him. When he has achieved success, he may, of course, relax a little; but by that time the best years of his life are gone. For a man, this usually pays. Success is the biggest thing in his life.

I see no reason why women should not achieve this same kind of success, if they really want it. But will it pay? Is it the best thing in our lives? Perhaps for some women it is. But when it becomes the best thing for the majority, what is to become of the next generation?

'Why don't you ask your father that question?' the wife of an eminently 'successful' man told me recently she had said to her sixteen-year-old son when he came to her with a question which she felt a man could perhaps answer better than she could, in spite of the confidence that had always existed between herself and the boy.

'Oh, I *could n't*,' he exclaimed quickly; 'of course, father and I are friends, but we're not *intimate* friends!'

If he and his mother had not been intimate friends either, to whom would he have gone with his question? And if it had been unintelligently or untruth-

fully answered, or if it had not been answered at all, it is easy to fancy what effect this would have had on the boy.

'But a great many women,' says Jane, 'don't want careers. They want to stay at home just as they always have, being mothers. Why, I would n't give up John, Junior, for anything else in the world! You ought to know that! Or — or John, either. Of course, I want to have my rights, — economic and otherwise, — but I guess I can manage that all right whether I vote or not. I got that job running the elevator once, and I can get it again, if I have to. But I want to vote so that I can be an influence for good in the world.'

Well, my dear Jane, are n't you? And, if you are n't, why are n't you? If *that* is your only argument for suffrage, if you don't care about a career, if you're not worrying about economic independence, your theory falls to pieces like a child's house of cards. Most women deal with individuals far more successfully than they do with masses; their outlook is intensely personal, their perspective is apt to be a little inaccurate. They have, for instance, if they possess strong characters, tremendous power over the men they know. They have very little, except indirectly, over the men they do not know. (I am speaking, of course, now, of the 'average woman,' not of the unusually brilliant or highly trained or charming exception who proves the rule.) We have already discussed what a woman can do for her sons, and I believe it is here that her greatest work lies; but she can do much, too, for other women's sons, supplementing what they have already accomplished, for her brothers, for her friends, for her father, for her lover, for her husband. What she makes of them is like a pebble thrown into a placid pool — it causes an almost endless number of ever-widening circles to form. She does not

need to vote with them to do this. She needs only to love them; I mean by this, of course, to love them wisely, and to love them *enough*.

I know a great many women who during the war were so busy sewing for the Red Cross that they had no time left to devote to the members of their own families who went overseas. I cannot believe that they were the ones who did the most good. We are so proudly conscious — as we have every reason to be, nowadays — of what the women who have gone out of their homes have done, that I think we are apt to forget what the ones who have stayed there have accomplished. I know a woman whose own household demands are very heavy, and who feels — rightly, I believe, in her case — that these should always come first. But when the war began, she grieved, very sincerely, because she seemed to have so little time for the kind of work that most of her friends were doing. She knitted a few sleeveless sweaters after the children were in bed at night; she bought a few small Liberty bonds; she ate no candy or white bread. But that was very little, after all. She saw other women she knew sailing for France as Red Cross nurses or Y.M.C.A. workers, and others efficiently conducting big ‘campaigns’ and ‘drives,’ with a discouraged sense of her own uselessness, of the futility of the small efforts she did make. And still, when the necessary things at home were done, she had no more time left.

Then, unexpectedly, a great source of comfort came to her. A friend of hers, who lived in the same village, had a letter from her brother at a training camp, and brought it to read to the woman who felt she never accomplished anything.

‘We were sitting around last night talking,’ the embryo soldier wrote, ‘about the places we came from. Our

captain, who was with us, started it. He is a Southerner, and I remarked that I supposed he had never been in New England. He at once looked as if he were recalling something very pleasant, and said yes, indeed, he once took a canoe trip with a friend down the X river, and camped one night on some beautiful meadows near the village of Y. You can believe I jumped when I heard him speak of home like that. In the morning they found that they were getting pretty short of some necessities, he said, and they decided to go to the nearest house and see if they could buy them. So they walked up over the fields until they came to a big old-fashioned house.

“The door was opened,” the captain went on, “by the lady of the house herself. She quite evidently was n’t a rich woman, and she was very simply dressed; but she was young and gracious and charming for all that. We introduced ourselves,” — the captain was some kind of a professor, nothing eminent, but a good sort, — “and then she invited us to come in, and — perhaps we looked rather hungry — to stay to lunch. She had an agreeable husband — a farmer — and two or three attractive and unusually well-brought-up children. There was no fuss and flurry over ‘unexpected company,’ but the lunch was awfully good, just the same. It was plain to see that she was not only hospitable, but a good house-keeper. Afterwards she gave us everything we could possibly need in the way of provisions, and sent us on our way rejoicing.”

‘Of course, before the captain had got anywhere near that far, I realized that he was talking about Anne Z——. He had described her to a T. But he did a good deal more than describe her.

“I’ve thought of that woman so many times since,” he said, “and hoped I’d see her again some time. She’s the

kind that does you most good to remember in times like these. It was n't only that she took time to be kind to the stranger within her gates. But there was an atmosphere of peacefulness, of serenity and contentment, about her, as well as of usefulness. It made you feel better just to look at her. And she was n't exactly pretty either — but she was lovely.”

‘Bread cast upon the waters coming back again after many days,’ Anne told me afterwards she said to herself when she read that letter. That simple act of courtesy and kindness meant more to some soldier than all the sweaters she could ever knit, than all the bonds she could ever buy. There was never any question for her again as to what her best work was — it was simply to keep her own home fires burning so brightly that they would reflect as far away as France.

III

Anne does not represent the majority of women. She is not even an average woman — she is far too sheltered, far too happy for that. She has had too many privileges to worry about her rights. She is not silly and selfish like Ethel, not self-reliant and sturdy like Jane. But the fact remains that she is the sort of woman whom most men prefer, whom they love best, think of oftenest, respect most. And however much we may state that it makes no difference what they prefer, we have got to take their likes and dislikes into consideration, if we are to work side by side with them, for a time, at least. Without their coöperation we shall not accomplish much. We are too untrained and untried.

‘I have met several women,’ a very able man said to me once, ‘whose vote I thought would do a great deal of good — and I found they were all anti-suffragists!’ ‘Why is it,’ another —

a young merchant — asked me, ‘that when women take up public work, — of course, I see it most in drummers; there are lots of women drummers nowadays; but it applies to anything else just as well, — some of them grow so masculine, and some of them so — cheap? Either way — one is as bad as the other — the bloom seems to get all rubbed off. I suppose it’s inevitable. But I like to think of a woman as something *so apart, so clean!*’

We may exclaim — I know I did — that this is an exaggerated statement, that the bloom does n't always get rubbed off; or, if it does, whose fault is it? the woman’s, or that of the men with whom she deals? That, anyway, bloom is n't important, it’s only pleasant; that one does n't need to live apart, to be clean. We may shout to the skies that men who are themselves marvels of efficiency are unreasonable in preferring to sit in front of a fire talking to a woman with a quiet face and a still more quiet voice, who is not, according to their standards, efficient at all, rather than seek out one who is; that others who go about sowing wild oats on every highway, expecting to be forgiven whenever they see fit to repent and stop, are unjust when they demand that a woman’s high-walled garden should be fragrant with roses. Perhaps they are unreasonable, perhaps they are unfair (perhaps we are, too, sometimes), but the fact remains. They continue to bow down to the kind of woman whom we call a lady. And lady, as we all know, meant originally ‘giver of bread.’ Not the beggar for anything, not even for that to which she is justly entitled, but the *giver* of the staff of life; the symbol of the power to give life itself.

It is, then, women like Anne to whom I think we must turn first of all in the new responsibilities that we must face, in the heavier burdens that we must

carry until through readjustment, these burdens become lighter perhaps than they have ever been before, if only because it is through women like her that men will be most ready to work with us. If she refuses to work with us, we shall be hardly placed indeed. But, whatever her opinions have been in the past, — whatever they are now, for that matter, — I do not believe she will refuse. Suffrage is coming, and it is coming to stay. It has not been 'forced' on any of us. If the women who did not want it are as numerous, or more so, than the ones who did, as many of them claim, then they did not work as hard to prevent its coming as the ones who did want it worked to bring it about. They have only themselves to blame that it is here, and the thing to do now is to stop crying over spilled milk, to stop remembering that there is any spilled milk, — or while remembering, to ask themselves who spilled it, — and do the best they can to make it a success.

I am perfectly willing to make a personal matter of this, — to say 'I' instead of 'they,' — if anyone prefers to have me. I have been an anti-suffragist all my life; I dread the very thought of voting; and yet I have never done anything to prevent the coming of suffrage except once, long ago, to lend my name to a small anti-suffrage society. I know dozens of other women, who, if they would be fair, would admit the same thing. I do not know a single suffragist who has not worked heart and soul for what she wanted and believed she ought to have. Let us be fair. To the victors belong the spoils.

But the glory of the conquered is sometimes a very great glory indeed. Some men have voted for suffrage in a spirit of spite, almost, because they are

'sick of the whole thing,' because it is 'better to let women have what they want peacefully as long as they will get it anyway,' — exactly as a certain type of man gives in before his wife's tears, — but neither respecting them because they want it, nor trusting them to use it well after they have got it. It is for Anne to prove to them that they are wrong.

Other men have voted for it in a spirit of fairness, — almost of reverence, — not only believing that we are entitled to it, but believing much more than that, that we can be trusted to do well with this, in addition to the things that we do well already. It is for Anne to prove to them that they are right.

I am not clever enough, I am not far-sighted enough, to know how she can do it. It seems to me, as I have said before, that her arms are full to overflowing already. That is why I am still 'on the fence.' I love best to think of her, too, beside her glowing fire or in her sunny garden, with her children beside her. But I do not feel that it is fair to say that the women who have let their own fires go out, who have neglected their gardens until they were overgrown with weeds, are dragging her out against her will. I am optimistic enough to believe that there are not many such women anyway. I think it is rather the ones who have never been able to own a garden, who have had no wood with which to build their fires, who are calling to her through the few that can give voice to their cry, to come and help them. The average woman, who despises the stupid selfishness of Ethel and quails before the stern efficiency of Jane, turns instinctively to Anne to help her. She has never failed anyone in her life. She will not fail anyone now.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TELEPHONE TERROR

WHEN the telephone rings, I jump like a skittish horse. If I hear Jenny's swift *clip-clap* across the kitchen floor, I wait, half-trembling, for her voice. Her first 'Hello' is courteous and non-committal. But how I hang upon her next phrase! If it comes still suave, I know my fate.

'Just a moment, please, I'll call her.' I am hurrying to the door, but, oh, I am afraid! Somebody wants me to do something, or to be something, and *I don't want to! I don't want to!* Childishly it goes over and over in my head, even while I lift the receiver.

But if Jenny's second 'Hello' follows brisk and familiar, I sink back unscathed for the moment, and let the echoes of her sociability amuse me.

'Sure! Yes, on your life I'll come! Did you say we'd have hot dogs or pickled pigs' feet? 'Good-night!' — You don't mean he had the nerve to ask you, after those words you and he passed at the whist last night! The big boob!' *et cetera, et cetera.*

If I were Jenny, I would not be afflicted by telephone terror. I would not suffer from the horrid conviction that I am all one great bare sensitive ear. That desperate instinctive 'I don't want to! I don't want to! Leave me alone; oh, *please* leave me alone!' would never leap to my lips, and I would never want to bang the receiver against the wall, wailing even to the kindest and clearest voice across the wire, 'Oh, don't ask me! Don't tell me! Give me time to breathe! Give me time to live!'

Unfortunately I am not Jenny. I am neither so good, nor so useful, nor so

human as she. She and her friends use the telephone simply as a splendid extension of their own tongues. They joke and jibe and scrap and soothe by wire. They are not self-conscious, not afraid. They have the right courage and simplicity to deal with such a furtive tyrant as the telephone. I have not. I let it bully me. I am its slave, and so I hate it and fear it.

But it is not all a preponderance of courage that makes Jenny's pickled-pigs'-feet conversations so much freer and gladder than mine. Jenny's tongue enjoys itself. My tongue despises itself. It is bad to hear myself talk on any occasion. It is worse to talk into an empty black hole, without the comfort and guide of a responsive face before me. It is bad to adapt myself to new persons, to be what they expect me to be, to say what they expect me to say. It is worse to do it suddenly, unpreparedly: to jump, as it were, head-foremost, into not only one encounter of personality in an hour, but perhaps into one on top of another all day long, at the devilish telephone's will. The sound of my voice at such times sickens me. I feel flat, strained, unreal. For I hate to talk; and the telephone has me at its mercy.

And I hate to decide quickly. It is fearful to learn, out of a clear sky, that I am asked to do something, or that somebody is suddenly in town, for whom I must devise a time and place of entertainment. The trouble is not so much that I am churlish, as that the form of attack frightens me. A letter bringing like news of an invitation or a visitor may be a delight. But the telephone in itself is ominous and confusing.

How can I tell at eleven in the morning whether I can spend the afternoon in even the most charming of motor-rides? Such a decision involves readjustments unlimited, of Jenny and myself and all the world of the day. How can I greet cheerfully at first gasp the bland announcement, 'I'm Rachel Rollins. I'm so glad you're at home! We're just here for the afternoon, and I wondered how we could manage to see you.'

I may be ever so glad to see Rachel; but, oh, if she would write to me, or ring my door-bell, not my telephone! A face-to-face encounter I have learned to manage, and even to find happy and heart-warming. But voice-to-voice, sudden, threatening, compelling, strikes terror to my soul.

And these are of the mildest and kindest demands of my tyrant. It asks me, instantly, to give money, time, work, sympathy, wisdom; to rearrange my whole plan of being, as it were, a dozen times a day. It makes no preambles and it respects no privacies.

Perhaps that irreverence for privacy is the telephone's worst crime in my sight. Voices can intrude upon me whose owners would never dream of crossing my threshold without an introduction or apology. I may be saving the baby from a kettle of scalding water, or saying a long good-bye to my best-beloved friend: the telephone does not care. If my prayers were as long as they should be, they would still offer no sanctuary against the persistent bell-burr.

It rings me out of bed, away from my meals, from adventures in dusty attic-archives and adventures in spiritual archives no less absorbing. If I ever try to write a poem, — for the moment an illusion of wings and glory, — I am well bumped to earth. 'Indeed it would be such a help if you could give a cake to the Men's Club supper Thursday night!'

Or, 'Do you remember the recipe for that perfectly delicious piccalilly you made last fall?'

If the poem survives three or four such onslaughts, I know at least that it is genuine, if not glorious.

If I were Jenny, I would not mind, though even she sighs at repeated attacks. But I am of those who still would like a wall about my yard and a stout gate at the entrance. Many and many might enter and be welcome; but they should give me a moment's time to realize who they were, to adjust myself, to be what they require of me. They should not drag me, headlong and apprehensive, to unexplained encounters.

But this utopian defense is impossible. Of course I could not live without a telephone. For me it is the most beneficent but the most barren vehicle of necessity or convenience, and I must pay the penalty of its usefulness.

Perhaps the trouble is all with me. I suspect that I am sometimes almost neurasthenic in my fear of sudden attack upon my home and my being. Or, more shameful, I am a mere old fogey, born a few generations late, all out of tune with telephones and automobiles and factory-cogs, and all too distrustful of the network of intimacy that has tangled the whole world together so ominously.

Being humble (in spots), I will blame myself thus for telephone terror. While the Jennies of my acquaintance go blithely on, planning whist-parties with pickled-pigs'-feet obligatos, and scolding and jollying each other, I shall hide from all save those who may read this and cannily lay to my door the unalterable fact that I jump and quiver whenever the bell rings, and that something in me cries out, no matter how I try to choke it, —

'Oh, please don't! Please don't! Leave me alone! I don't want to talk. I don't want to decide. I want time to

breathe, and live, and be myself instead of a hundred other people's ideas of me. Please, please, *please leave — me — alone!*'

HERE ARE SOPORIFICS

I have here, wakeful reader, a pair of mental lullabies. The elder of them, which, as you see, appears a trifle dog's-eared, has been in use for half a dozen years. I can establish that date, for I began to use it shortly before our Charles and Susan E—— announced their engagement — an event, it will be remembered, which took place in the autumn of 1913. Relations and friends have long urged me to give it to the public; but it was only on my discovery of a second, or emergency, anodyne, complementary to the first, that I resolved to publish both.

It was, as I have said, during the time when Charles was absent so often and so long, at the E——s', and when his grandmother and myself were naturally somewhat solicitous about his affairs, that I fell into the unlucky habit of lying awake for some time every night among the small hours. I counted sheep; watched three black rabbits going lippety-lop in the snow; repeated hymns; made my mind a vacuum; 'put my fingers to sleep'; bore down heavily with my head on the pillow; drew long breaths, and ate apples at bedtime. All in vain.

It was not by accident, but by application, that I eventually discovered the principles of the art of resuscitating sleep. It requires, as I learned through long study, a preliminary state of delicate boredom — a soft, monotonous teasing of the brain. To keep the monotony light, the teasing soft, and, as one may say, tranquil, the interest must be shifted often, though leisurely, from point to point. The attention must be held, like the brake of a Ford

car, 'in neutral.' I applied here the same experimental talents which discovered, in another sphere, the tutti-frutti pie and the rainbow frosting for cake, so famous at our church suppers. I took for my first experiment a word of seven letters, — Spanish, to be exact, — and resolved to think of a river, a newspaper and a vegetable, beginning with each letter.

'The Schuylkill,' I began, 'the Warsaw *Sentinel*,' and, after a little search, 'salsify.' From a light clouding of the consciousness I waked, and went on, 'The Po — the New Orleans *Picayune*, — parsnips. The Amazon — the *Commercial Advertiser* — asparagus.' On this toothsome suggestion I fell asleep; and it lent an aroma to my dreams.

On how many a wakeful night, from that day to this, have I used my 'hourly varied anodyne'! I have performed with it a vaster labor than the Federal Census. Mine has been a combined universal gazetteer and thesaurus. I have listed the pagan virtues, the men of our town over seventy, the villains of the Old Testament, Mrs. Beauchurch's cooks, the anti-suffragist club, the French words I know, varieties of pills and of auction scores, sock patterns, the pastel shades, catching diseases, and the hotels of New York.

There are in our village a large number of single women, and a respectable body of possible husbands for them. These husbands I undertook to assign, with as great wisdom and consideration as possible, among the women best fitted to care for them. (It is true that, not realizing how inadequate the supply of husbands would prove, I supplied at first several widows, members of our own family; but this was not in any sense favoritism, but only because, in the normal course of my plan, I began at the south end of the village, where we and our cousins live. As soon as I realized the discrepancy, I deprived my

own relations at once of their fiancés.) I reached the middle of the main street before I began to grow at all drowsy. But there, behind the big elms, lives a lady of incalculable tastes — I had almost said, skittish ones. She has beauty, she has vivacity; and she has twice proved to possess the 'come hither in her eyes.' To betroth her suitably called forth all that I could muster, in Stevenson's phrase, 'of delicacy and courage.' I broke engagements I had made but fifteen minutes before; jilted, forswore, and returned many a ring; but none would suit — not even the young doctor I had been saving so long. My chest relaxed, my pillows slipped down, and I found myself sinking into a delicious haze of medley fancies. — When next I thought of Mrs. B——'s husband, it was full daylight.

LANDSCAPE HOUSEKEEPING

In these days, when houses are no longer 'correctly staffed,' I function as the odd-job woman myself. This keeps me alert to the episodic detail, and unwontedly active — 'squirreling' is my son's word for it.

If a personal investigation is made of black ants in the cupboards, I make it, though I have none of Fabre's enthusiasm for an insect as such. Most amiably I come and see why the handle of the ice-cream freezer does not turn. Is old cloth desired for window-polishing, and new for ironing-boards? I hunt it up. I put in fuses, instruct in fire-building, in cake-making, and in tomato-canning. I frame versatile replies to reports like: 'They have n't brought the roast yet, and it's a good six o'clock already.'

My charming garden is always waiting if I turn my back on the frittering insignificances inside the house. A poet would love its gallant walks, I think. But I am not a poet in the garden. I

am not an artist. I am not, heaven knows, an exquisite Edith-Whartonish creature seeking the modulations of a studied background. I am, instead, that pitiable object, a housekeeper out of bounds.

I am keyed up, in the garden, not to the beautiful, but to the betterable. I am an adjuster, a patter, a plucker. My son finds me distressingly energetic, and contends that the rusty trowel hiding under the foxglove leaves is never sure of any time to itself. He thinks that I transplant through sheer nervousness, or to exercise an unseemly autocracy. While he jokes, my busy eye weighs the claims of the grass-paths to be clipped, against the urgent need of the delphiniums to be staked. I decide that the lilies shall be mulched, the irises reset, the difficult phloxes given away to some Bakst color-schemer, the bare spaces covered.

The problem of what is to succeed ten thousand daffodils probably never worried Wordsworth on his couch. But an American housekeeper on her knees, thrusting in the unloved zinnia and the drought-proof marigold for the hardy border's sake, has no leisure for the compensations of memory. The trowel pokes and covers. On the garden-seat a quizzical oriole perches to inquire, 'Is summer a time for anxieties and exertions? Can it be her food she is after, with the world June-full of strawberries and peas?'

I rise stiffly to follow his trail of light into the vegetable garden. This, rightly seen, is no domain of mine, and my inspirations and interferences beyond its hedge are dreadfully officious. My son has told me so. He uses the considerate phrasing of a burden-bearer who would spare a woman knowledge of the harsh realities. So I choose my time for invasion.

Yet mine the fingers that teach the sprawling beans the way to heaven.

Mine the subtle passes about the lettuces, orbits of intensive cultivation that justify my son's complacent, 'Anyone can grow head-lettuce. I can't think why it is n't oftener a success!' Mine the promptings to the gardener when the hour comes to spray currants, or net them, or pluck them, jelly-ripe. And mine, most of all, the thinnings-out. For, whereas my son is a thick planter, I am a thin one, and distrust his system to produce the corn and carrots we both like so well.

The comic spirit is not in me, or it would fold its hands and grow plump in contemplation of my son's garden. He has parsley enough to embower a hundred French chefs. Like a giant's flung-down cloak of green corduroy, its close ridges lie. 'Because,' says my son, 'in Bermuda it grows that way. Is n't it jolly to look at?' I suppose so, to an artist or to a philosopher. But to the housekeeper in me all that parsley is terrible — like ice-box left-overs, causing direct pressure on the ingenuity.

There is comedy too in the radish, stretching like a surveyor's chain a hundred and fifty feet down the garden, the round pink marbles beneath the ground increasing in size and virulence unmolested by a household indifferent to them. My son, I think, feels useful rather than comic when he plants this row. I pass by daily in great searchings of heart, determining upon the hour when it will seem neat and intelligent, instead of reckless and cruel, to order its uprooting.

I am still insufferably a housekeeper when I climb the hill above the vineyard and feel the wind coming to meet me up the long slope under the apple trees. The view is what my son comes here for — and what the gardener must come for too, I sometimes think, shaking my head at evidences of careless spraying, and at the globes of color lying in the grass. I proceed with pockets

and fingers clumsily full of apples, an extra furrow on my forehead, and the purple distances all unseen.

Once I saw the road through the woods imaginatively — when we laid it out. Bird notes, and sudden coolness, and the incessant lovely fluttering of leaves. Pools of green light, and sky-glimpses, and, at the road's end, the low happy eaves of Our Home. I walk the road now with other eyes, seeing ruts to be graveled-in, dead branches to be tidied away, hanging boughs to be trimmed back. I see a cigarette box, sign of the grocer's boy; a trail of pink wrappings from the milkman's companionable gum. I collect these, and add an empty grape-sack or two, proof that the paper-boy has not gone unfreshed through the upper vineyard, where our choicest clusters ripen intensively in bags.

The blue lake beckons — surely I can escape this picayunishness of soul down on the beach. The rhythm and color of moving water which I am powerless to change or to better would shame me into the quiet of an uncritical joy. But the stone steps to the shore are slippery and perilous. Something can be done to make them safer, I know. The rowboat is knocking on the slide; someone must be called to secure it. A picnic party enjoying God's out-of-doors has apparently chosen our beach on which to burn everything available except its own litter of paper plates and boxes. And down the other shore, the way to peace is barred by three forlorn fish, unburied.

Yeats, I think, was wrong about owning a home in Innisfree, with bean-rows and beehives, and all that. A woman, at least, stands a great deal better chance at listening to the linnet's wings and the lapping water from the town's gray pavements. For if she becomes a country housekeeper, inevitably she housekeeps the country. And

the happy housekeeper is she whose myopic intensities are never allowed beyond her threshold.

SUMMER REVISITED

Returning to one's summer house after it has been closed for the season is always an experience. How still lies the village which in summer was so full of pleasant sounds! From the chimneys of the farmhouses, a little blue wood-smoke floats into the cold, bright air; large crows walk about in the stubble of the cornfields, and, startled at an unusual presence, fly to the bare, purplish wood on vast, melancholy wings; in the deserted garden gusty breezes shake the gaunt stalks of withered flowers.

There is a brooding look about the house, and a dullness in its windows. One opens a door, which invariably sticks a little, and gropes into the cold, dark loneliness of the abandoned hall. Sometimes a forlorn overcoat, not quite good enough to be taken home, topped by a hat in the same sad case, hangs there in appallingly straight creases, like a dreadful ghost. The muffled furniture broods in suspended animation. Never could one possibly sit in that cold leather chair in the gloomy corner. A faint deserted odor—a blend of old chill air, the smell of woodwork, and the vague persuasiveness of moth-camphor—lies motionless.

One is sure to look for something forgotten, or to find something that shouldn't have been forgotten. One thinks, Shall I take it home? Shall I hear, 'Oh, I'm so glad you brought that back; I meant to speak to you about it before you went'? Or will it be the ungrateful, 'What on earth did you ever bring that thing back for?'

Yet sometimes there are treasures in the house. One may find in an old coat, worn on the day the ice-man's bill was paid, the cold, dull silver coins, tarnished pennies, and raglike bills which form the forgotten but ever-welcome residue of that transaction. Sometimes the treasure is a half-finished book, a fountain pen, or a leaf of two-cent stamps.

Conscientious as a watchman in a bank, the visitor makes the tour of the ghostly rooms. The skeleton-like furniture reveals its secrets: the bed in the blue room must have a new spring; the rocker needs repairing. Dining-room, chambers, bathroom, kitchen, all well: no moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor do thieves break through and steal. A little sigh of relief. One slams the front door; it's the only way it can be made to shut.

Yet in the spring, when the windows are opened to the warm sunny day, and a villager with a pail and mop begins her annual purification, the house will burst of a sudden into life.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

'The Third Window,' Anne Douglas Sedgwick's (Mrs. Basil de Selincourt) new story, will run through three numbers of the *Atlantic*. To William Beebe, Curator Emeritus of Ornithology at the New York Zoölogical Park, the National Academy of Sciences has recently awarded the Elliot Medal for 1918, on the completion of the first volume of his great work, *A Monograph of the Pheasants*. This distinguished honor is awarded annually, under the bequest of Daniel Giraud Elliot, to the author of the leading publication of the year in zoölogy or palæontology. In presenting Mr. Beebe to the Academy to receive the award, Professor Henry F. Osborn said, of the work in question:—

This is a profound study of the living pheasants in their natural environment in various parts of Eastern Asia. There are nineteen groups of these birds: eighteen were successfully hunted with the camera, with field-glasses, and when necessary for identification with the shotgun. The journey occupied seventeen months . . . [and] extended over 52,000 miles. . . . The monograph has important bearings on the Darwinian theories of protective coloring and of sexual selection, and on the De Vries theory of mutation. . . . The haunts of the pheasant are shown in the author's photographs, ranging from the slopes of the Himalayan snow-peaks, 16,000 feet above the sea, to the tropical seashores of Japan. . . . It is not the magnificence of this monograph, not the superb illustrations, not the delightfully written text, but the truly Darwinian spirit which animated the author and which sustained him through seven years of continuous research and his arduous labors in its preparation.

* * *

Edward Yeomans, is a Chicago manufacturer. Regarding his last *Atlantic* paper we should like to say that many dwellers in 'suburbs de luxe' have written to inquire concerning their friend, the author. It is hardly necessary for the editor to respond by saying that Toppington—the background of the group-portrait—is a purely imaginary capital of the fortunate classes. In fact, through the editor's sleight of hand, Toppington was inserted in place

of the town of the author's choice, which, by reason of an accidental similarity of name, would inevitably have been mistaken for a resort where too many *Atlantic* subscribers live to make such aspersions comfortable for the editor. John Galsworthy, eminent English poet, novelist, dramatist, and essayist, is a frequent contributor to these pages. Our readers will be glad to renew their acquaintance with Robert Haven Schauffler, who saw active service with the American Expeditionary Forces in France. After recovering from a severe wound, he served on the staff of General A. H. Smith in the Army of Occupation in Germany. 'Fiddlers Militant' is the first of a number of papers which he has written for the *Atlantic*, describing his adventures with his 'cello during the war. They form a warlike sequel to his delightful paper 'Fiddlers Errant,' which we printed in December, 1915. Fannie Stearns (Davis) Gifford a poet and essayist of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, is an *Atlantic* contributor of long standing.

* * *

Edwin Bonta, who 'lived in Russian,' with the American Y.M.C.A., and was attached to the North Russian Expeditionary Force at Archangel, contributed to the January number, the first of these novel 'Sketches in Peasant Russia'—'Vino-vát'—of which we have others in hand. The author of 'Intellectual America' desires, for obvious reasons, to remain anonymous. Hascal T. Avery, a member of the New York Bar, has more than once drawn upon his legal recollections for the delectation of our readers. Country-wise as well as city-wise in law and politics, he can tell tales of county elections in the spacious days of David B. Hill, calculated to stir the roots of any young reformer's hair.

* * *

Lisa Ysaye Tarleau, of New York, contributes the third of the present series of fanciful brief sketches—a *genre* in which

she has achieved genuine distinction. **Arthur E. Morgan** is a distinguished engineer of Dayton, whose services in the protection of the Ohio Valley from flood had large public importance. To the *Atlantic* for March, 1918, he contributed a paper summing up his educational theories and experiments, which attracted such wide attention that it has been reprinted separately as one of the series of 'Atlantic Readings.' **Ralph R. Perry**, a recent graduate of Columbia, was on the staff of the *Literary Digest* when the United States declared war. He entered the naval service and served, first, in command of a submarine chaser, No. 58, and after the Armistice on a transport plying between Norfolk and Bordeaux, St. Nazaire, and Brest.

* * *

Grace Fallow Norton is an American poet, best known, perhaps, by her *Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's*, which first appeared in the *Atlantic*. 'The Labor Policy of the American Trust' deals with another phase of the subject to the study of which the late **Carleton H. Parker's** efforts were largely devoted during his last years. The extraordinary public interest in Parker's life and work occasioned by the publication of his biography makes these papers of timely importance.

* * *

Alfred L. P. Dennis was for many years Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin. On leave of absence from the University, he acted as assistant to the Military Attaché of the American Embassy in London, and as *liaison* between that Embassy and the American Peace Mission in Paris. Last summer he made a special investigation of conditions in Ireland, of which the result appears in the present paper.

As to the connection of Ulster with the various projects of Home Rule for Ireland, Professor Dennis writes:—

These pledges were first given prior to the war; they were renewed in part by Lloyd George's pledge against the 'coercion' of Ulster, and even Asquith was willing to exclude, at least temporarily, six counties of Ulster from the operation of the Home Rule Act of 1914. But the position of the Ulster Unionists has been somewhat modified; for, whereas originally they were opposed to any

grant of Home Rule, many of them have shown signs of accepting a partition which would preserve either six counties or all of Ulster from the effect of a new Home Rule or Dominion act for Ireland. In the meantime the old Nationalist party had been almost wiped out; the historical Liberal party in Great Britain had been swamped; the attention of the Labor party was concentrated on domestic matters; the abstentionist Sinn Féin party had swept the polls in three quarters of Ireland, and the present Coalition Cabinet was practically dependent on a Unionist majority which was elected on war issues. The result was the apparent political *impasse* due to differences serious enough in themselves, which have been exaggerated and inflamed by party division and rancor outside as well as inside of Ireland.

* * *

F. W. Foerster, formerly of the faculty of the University of Vienna, now Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy at the University of Munich, is the author of a long list of educational works. During the war his courageous and independent attitude brought him into collision with his colleagues and with public opinion in Germany because of his accusations against the German 'Might-policy,' which he alleged to be chiefly responsible for the war. In 1916 he published an article against the policies of Bismarck and Treitschke, which brought forth a solemn protest against his views from the professors. A volume entitled *Weltpolitik und Weltgewissen* is to appear in an English translation in the spring. 'I will try to put down my essay in English,' he writes; 'but as I am out of practice since years, it must be translated into true English.' But to the editor it has seemed best to retain the individuality of his style. **Alfred Franzis Pribram**, a well-known Austrian historian, was delegated by the Republican authorities to search the Imperial archives, with a view to the preparation of a history of the Triple Alliance, including the secret treaties and the negotiations leading to them. Professor A. C. Coolidge of Harvard chanced to meet Professor Pribram in Vienna last summer, and made with him personal arrangements for an English edition of the work, which will shortly be issued by the Harvard University Press. The importance of the article speaks for itself.

* * *

Gino C. Speranza, formerly attaché of the American Embassy at Rome, and Chair-

man of the Committee on Crime and Immigration of the American Institute of Criminal Law, was a special correspondent in Italy during the war. **Frances Parkinson Keyes**, author of the widely commented 'Satisfied Reflections of a Semi-Bostonian,' in the *Atlantic* for December, 1918, is the wife of the present junior United States Senator from New Hampshire.

We need hardly say that, in publishing 'Written, but Never Sent,' we neither knew nor sought to know to whom the letters were addressed. Our interest was based on the human situation involved — the mesh of difficulties in which the world's inequalities, fair as well as unfair, entangle men and women. To us the letters seemed equally interesting, whether one accepted the point of view of the writer or that of the persons written to. We expected discussion, but what we did not expect was the following letter, which we print not without admiration for a tone and temper in trying circumstances rarely found in this irritating and irritated world.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC:

It is seldom that an unsent letter reaches its destination. As this one was received through your columns, may it not be answered in the same way? For your information, may I say that I am the wife of the 'Very Rich Neighbor'?

MY DEAR NEIGHBOR, —

I agree with you that we are not intimate friends, though friends I had felt we were. I do not agree with you, however, as to the cause.

Your 'Rich Neighbor' gives ten months of the year unreservedly to the task of administering his stewardship, to the end that the wealth entrusted to his care may bring enlarged opportunity, health, happiness, and comfort to his fellow men. His wife is his ardent supporter and feeble imitator.

The two months which he spends as your neighbor give him his only opportunity for play. During this time his aim is to become intimate with his children, to read the books he longs to read, to exercise out of doors, to get near to Nature, to have time to think, to meditate, to plan; in other words, to refresh his spirit. At such a time it is not that one does not want to see one's friends; it is simply that to be worth while to one's friends and the cause of righteousness, one must — so to speak — retire into the wilderness.

Moreover, during this vacation there are duties which interfere with a greater interchange of social visits, such as an enormous mail which persists in coming and must be answered. Under the circumstances, the mere fact that your 'Rich Neighbor'

prefers to spend his mornings chopping wood or riding and playing tennis with his boys, his afternoons driving or walking, — he and I together, — his evenings with the children, inevitably results in but little time remaining. It may seem selfish, but it has nothing to do with money.

Admiring your husband immensely, we sought for our boys his companionship. To offer compensation for his added responsibility seemed only fair.

Why my husband did not sell you the strip of land, I do not remember. I suspect, being mere man, he simply did n't want to. It was entirely impersonal.

Most rich people seem unresponsive, but it is not entirely their fault; they are not treated naturally. My husband and I were once asked to a simple home where I knew they had delicious baked beans; we were treated to poor roast chicken. The rich are given what they are expected to want, both intellectually and gastronomically. It may be flattering, but it is not stimulating or wholesome. A sense of humor and a good mind may be hidden beneath a tiara.

To their faces the rich are often accorded a respect that is not felt, and behind their backs a contempt that is not deserved.

Please, dear neighbor and dear reader too, help the deserving rich by not taking us too seriously and by forgetting that surplus money.

Sincerely, Mrs. 'ARISTOS.'

Readers of this Column have long since noted our alert interest in non-professional ideas concerning the theory and practice of therapeutics. Here is a pleasing suggestion which is sent to the *Atlantic* under the comprehensive title, 'What Parents Should Think Over.'

Dr. Dio Lewis is regarded by many as one of the greatest men of the last generation. Finding that the less medicine he gave his patients, the quicker they got well, he quit drugging and confined himself to surgery. Thereafter he told all applicants for drugs to cure their dyspepsia, insomnia, despondency, tuberculosis, etc., to reduce their obesity, and to prevent disease by toughening themselves with wrestling, fun games (laughter-compelling athletic games), and to play at least twenty minutes a day all winter. He prescribed these exercises as the best builders of bright eyes, moulders of manly men and women able to suckle twins.

Especially to the men upon whom the responsibility for the rising generation rests under the new order, the *Atlantic* offers this encouraging suggestion.

The pensive lyric published in the December Column finds echo in the following quatrain from a poet-critic in Jersey: —

TO THE LAMENTING PROOF-READER

We have waited long and laughingly to read your explanation;
 But even 'higher critics' may have traveled fairly far;
 And though we would not willfully cause further perturbation,
 Europe and the natives place the accent on the 'Spa.'

To which, as one poet to another, we would make rejoinder:—

Thanks for the sounding of this last alarm!
 But will it not on ears prosodic jar,
 Throughout the critical *orbis terrarum*,
 To find a rhymer rhyming *Spa* with *far*?



We frequently refer appreciatively to the offers of help which come to us in bewildering profusion. Here is one which, our readers will admit, is, to say the least, suggestive.

DEAR EDITOR,—

I am trying to find vent for a series of articles. These are a serious discussion of the fundamental principles upon which the important institutions of our present order are founded, of principles upon which our reconstruction ought to be founded, and of the fundamental principles of Socialism, one of the bidders for the new.

My deductions conspire to undermine Socialism, Prussianism, Materialism, Damnation and Total Depravity, Creeds (but not liberal Christianity), and the penchant for that pestiferous legislation based on the assumption that most of us are depraved and need the stewardship of militant goodness.

My devil is human ignorance, and my heaven is a continuous growth towards perfection. Therefore I am not a hater of any class; not a radical but an evolutionist. Of course I condemn some, to us, very 'respectable' things; but if we do not condemn, will not the future ages, studying our murderous, banal order, condemn us? Our deeds indict our theories. I see that what our social machine (and this involves all humanity) needs is not a screw tightened, a little putty, a little paint, but that something, somewhere is *fundamentally* wrong!

The 'fatal question' upon which I build my articles are such as these: Shall we organize for the material or spiritual welfare of Man? Shall we found our institutions and constitutions on the hypothesis that some natures are good and others bad, and that therefore the good are the keepers of the bad? Shall we foster individuality, or is it a lawless, evil thing to be subjected to state custom or society? That different views upon these would lead to [a] vastly different course in our present attempt at reconstruction no intelligent man need be told.

Yours very truly,
 J— K—.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC

SIR,—

Lord Dunsany's article in the September *Atlantic* reminded me of a fanciful explanation I recently heard concerning mirages of oriental cities, with elephants *moving* through the streets, which are sometimes seen in the vicinity of Muir Glacier. The old chief engineer who told me about these strange mirages said that they might be due to the following cause: The Muir Glacier, in the course of its movement for thousands of years, has no doubt passed entirely around the earth. While on this journey it passed within sight of several, perhaps many, oriental cities. The images of these cities were caught, and by a sort of photographic crystallization imprisoned in the ice. When, thousands of years later, the rays of the sun melted the ice, the images were left suspended in mid-air and thus formed a mirage.

Yours very truly, Wm. J. DEAN.

Is this, we wonder, Science—or Dunsany?



To many friends the *Atlantic* offers its heartiest thanks for the generous response to the appeal made in these columns for the important work of Abbé Ernest Dimnet in the city of Lille. Both Abbé Dimnet and the *Atlantic* trust that each individual has before this received an acknowledgment and a word of special thanks.



Quite the nicest thing of all is the growing intimacy between the *Atlantic* and its readers. But like other satisfactions, intimacy has its responsibilities, and the delicate attunement of heart to heart is something for which it behooves the editor to develop any natural aptitude he may have. Witness the following dramatic (and anonymous) request for advice which has come to us:—

If a lone married woman has a 'billiard-room' man sneaking into her home about 10 P.M. on many an evening, and the lights are immediately extinguished. If the man sometimes passes the house, puffs on his cigar as a signal for her to come out walking real late, and she slips out and walks up and down the street, and the pool-room gambler comes hurrying back after her, and they disappear together in the dark. If he has a private telephone in his gambling-place (but not published in the telephone directory) for such as she to use. If she pulls her window-shade down when she has other company, and that gaming man lurks around in the dark outside.

Would you tell her husband?

Sh-h!